Mar. 19, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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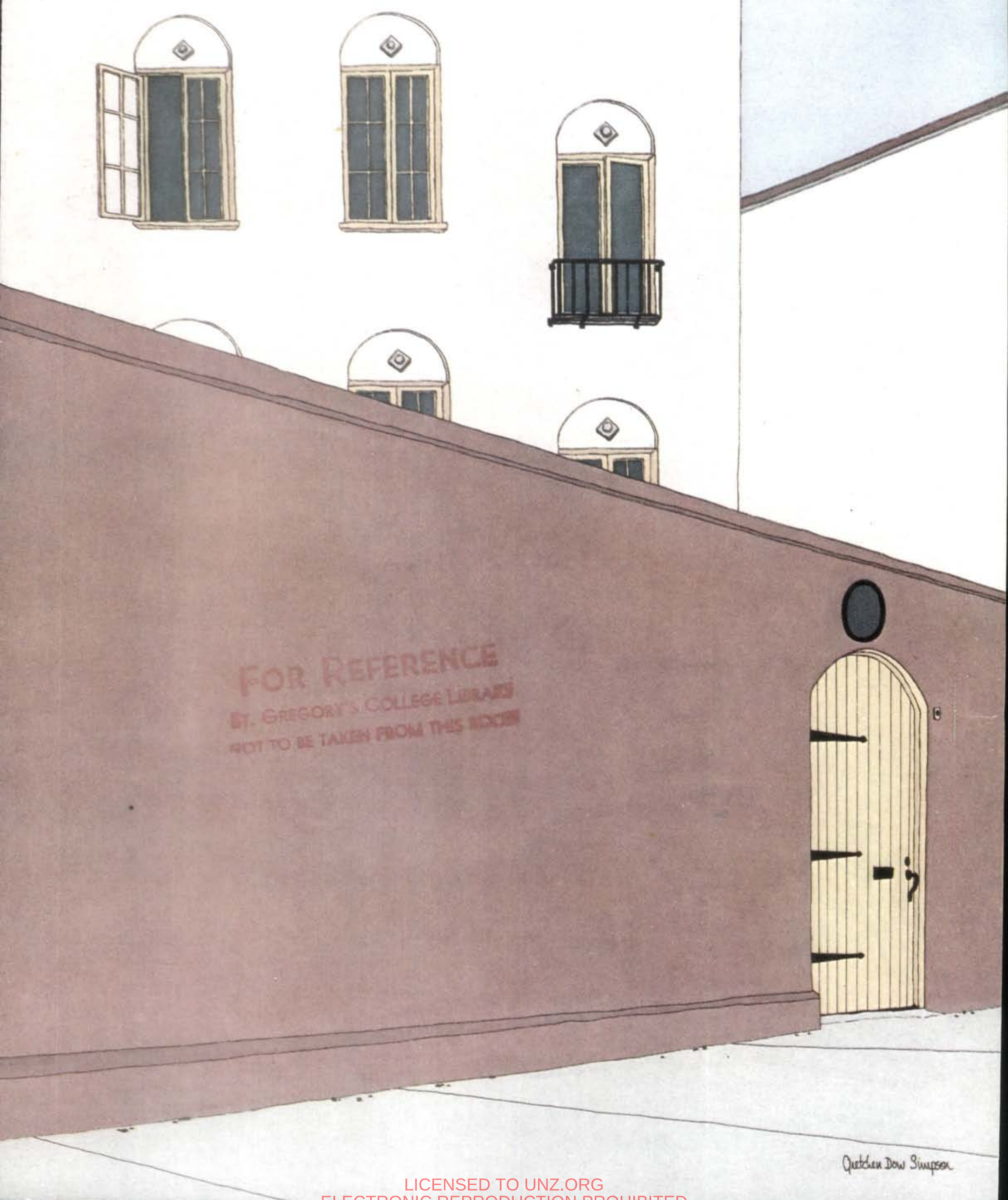
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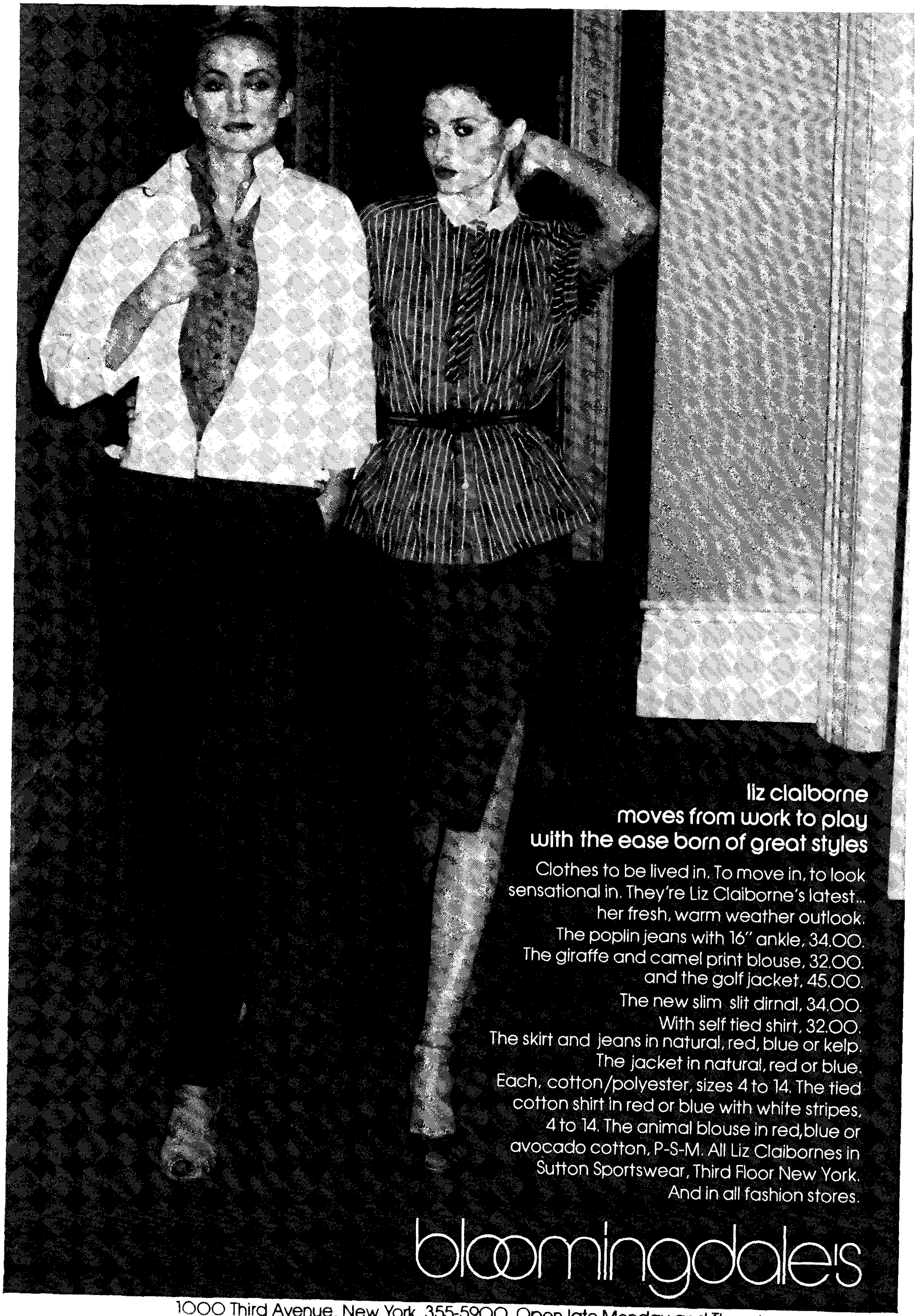

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Artichoke—A farm in Saskatchewan is the setting for this stylish, original comedy, by Joanna McClelland Glass, about sexual scandal and about the visit of an eccentric professor, whose specialty is Alexander Pope, to the farmer and his wife. The acting, under Lynne Meadow's direction, is all that it should be, and more. Patricia Elliott is the farmer's wife, Nicholas Hormann is the professor, Rex Robbins is the farmer, Amanda Michael Plummer is the farmer's daughter, Michael Higgins is his father-in-law, and Daniel Keyes and James Greene are a pair of scandalmongers. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/5/79.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 4 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Ballroom—A dead book and nearly dead music cannot be brought to life by Michael Bennett's choreography or by the sympathetic performances of Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. (1/1/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 24.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Candida—A revival of Shaw's comedy, directed by Harold J. Kennedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A tiresome, limp triangle play, WINTER SIGNS, by John Bishop, whose work is usually of good quality. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A revival of Jean Erdman's adaptation of Joyce's "Finnegans Wake," with music by Teiji Ito—and one song by Joyce. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Paxton Whitehead makes a splendidly crisp and authoritative Sherlock Holmes in this clever pastiche of A. Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes at St. Peter's on Sunday, March 18, and will reopen at the Booth, 222 W. 45th St., next month.)

Equity Library Theatre—The E.L.T. has unearthed a buried treasure in MARY, a little 1920 musical, with a score by Louis Hirsch and book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel. The show includes a couple of delightful, enduring hit songs, a delightful, silly script, and a few agreeable performances (though the performance as a whole is somewhat disappointing). Charming costumes and scenery by Jack McGroder and Wade Giampa, respectively. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 25. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Eubie!—A captivating old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. This music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-six. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Funeral Games and **The Ruffian on the Stair**—Murderously funny one-acters by the late Joe Orton. The performance is barely so-so, though. (Reviewed in this issue.) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Julius Caesar and **Coriolanus**—The first two productions of a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe composed of experienced, highly proficient black and Hispanic actors, under the excellent direction of Michael Langham. JULIUS CAESAR, with Roscoe Orman, Robert Christian, Mary Alice, Morgan Freeman, and Jaime Sanchez, among others. (2/5/79)

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Fridays and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3. . . . **CORIOLANUS**, with Morgan Freeman and Gloria Foster, opens Wednesday, March 14. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

The Kingfisher—Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose have a fine time showing off in this insubstantial but amusing comedy about a writer deciding, after fifty years, to marry a woman whom he once upon a time wished only to make love to. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, March 25: **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

My Old Friends—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nevis Mountain Dew—Steve Carter's powerful, tragic, and often very funny play about a man in an iron lung and his West Indian family in their house in Queens. The acting, under Horacena J. Taylor's direction, is in every way a match for the script. Graham Brown gives a splendid performance in the leading role, and Arthur French, Frances Foster, Ethel Ayler, Barbara Montgomery, Samm-Art Williams, and Charles Brown are very good, too. The title refers to a brand of Caribbean rum. (12/18/78) (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Re-Arrangements—This celebration of life—a collaborative effort of the remarkable Joseph Chaikin (director) and his nimble company of actors-writers, with additional material by Sam Shepard and Susan Sontag—is as exhilarating as any show in town. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 25.)

Saravá—Can a woman find happiness with two concurrent husbands, especially if one is a ghost? Not according to this oversized and overheated musical, which stars Tovah Feldshuh. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spokesong—An Irish play by Stewart Parker, with music by Jimmy Kennedy. The cast includes Josef Sommer, John Lithgow, and Maria Tucci. Kenneth Frankel directed. Previews Wednesday, March 14. Opens officially on Thursday, March 15, and will run through Sunday, May 20. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Streetsongs—Geraldine Fitzgerald as singer in an enchanting one-woman show. (3/5/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sweeney Todd—A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Taken in Marriage—All the action of Thomas Babe's witty, probing, and ultimately mysterious play takes place in a church basement, where five women—a bride, her family, and an entertainer—wait all day for a wedding rehearsal that never comes off. The performance, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is distinguished. Meryl Streep, Elizabeth Wilson, Kathleen Quinlan, Nancy Marchand, and Dixie Carter are the fine actresses. (3/12/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

They're Playing Our Song—A two-speed musical with Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Whoopee!—A musical that is over half a century old, and looks and sounds its age. Poor little Charles Repole is its hapless star, in the role once played by once-famous Eddie Cantor. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wings—Constance Cummings gives a superlative performance as an old lady who has suffered a stroke and is determined to regain her place in the world. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO:** A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA:** In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Stacy Keach. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA:** Raúl Juliá co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FAMILY BUSINESS:** A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,848 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheer-

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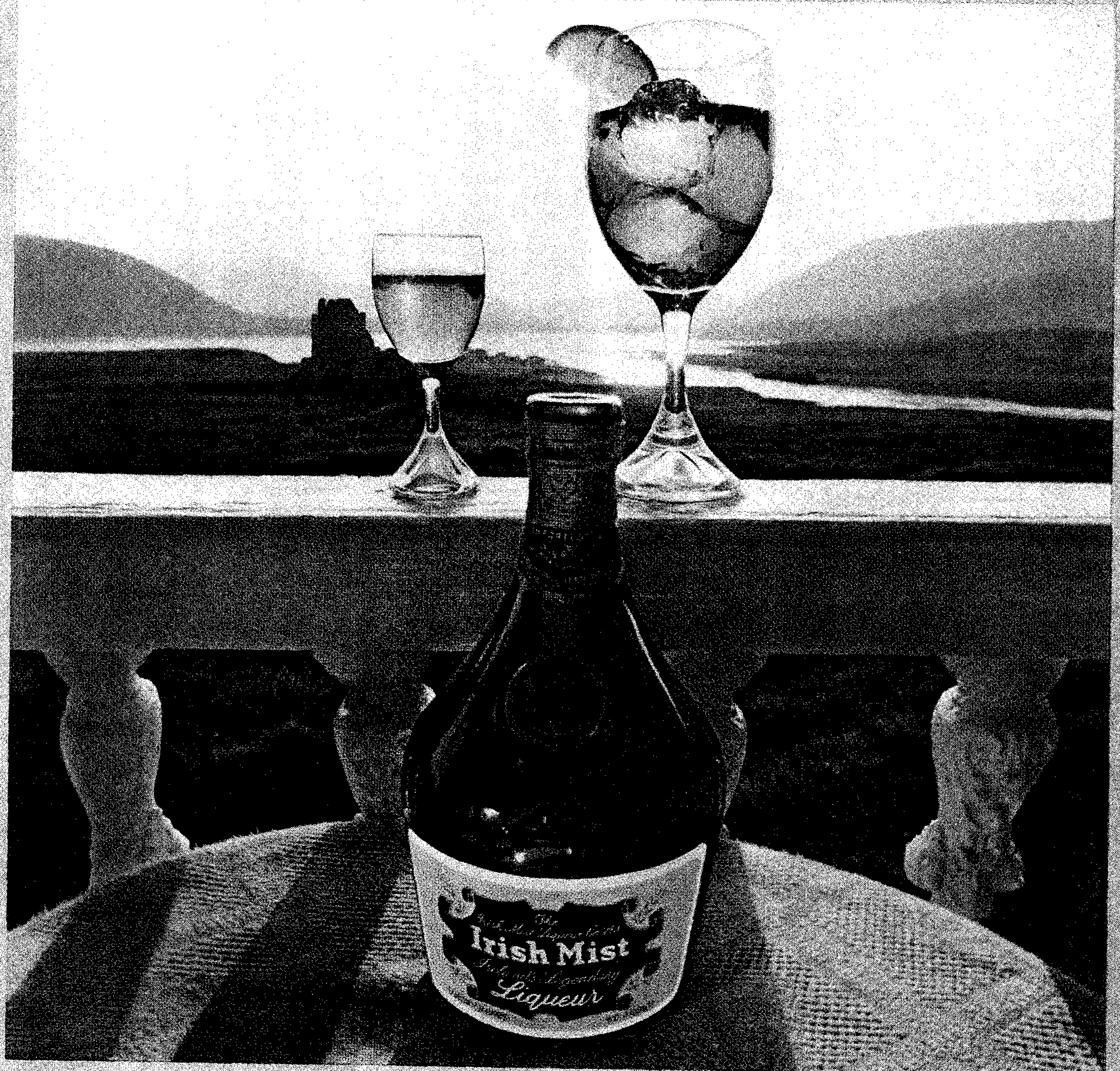

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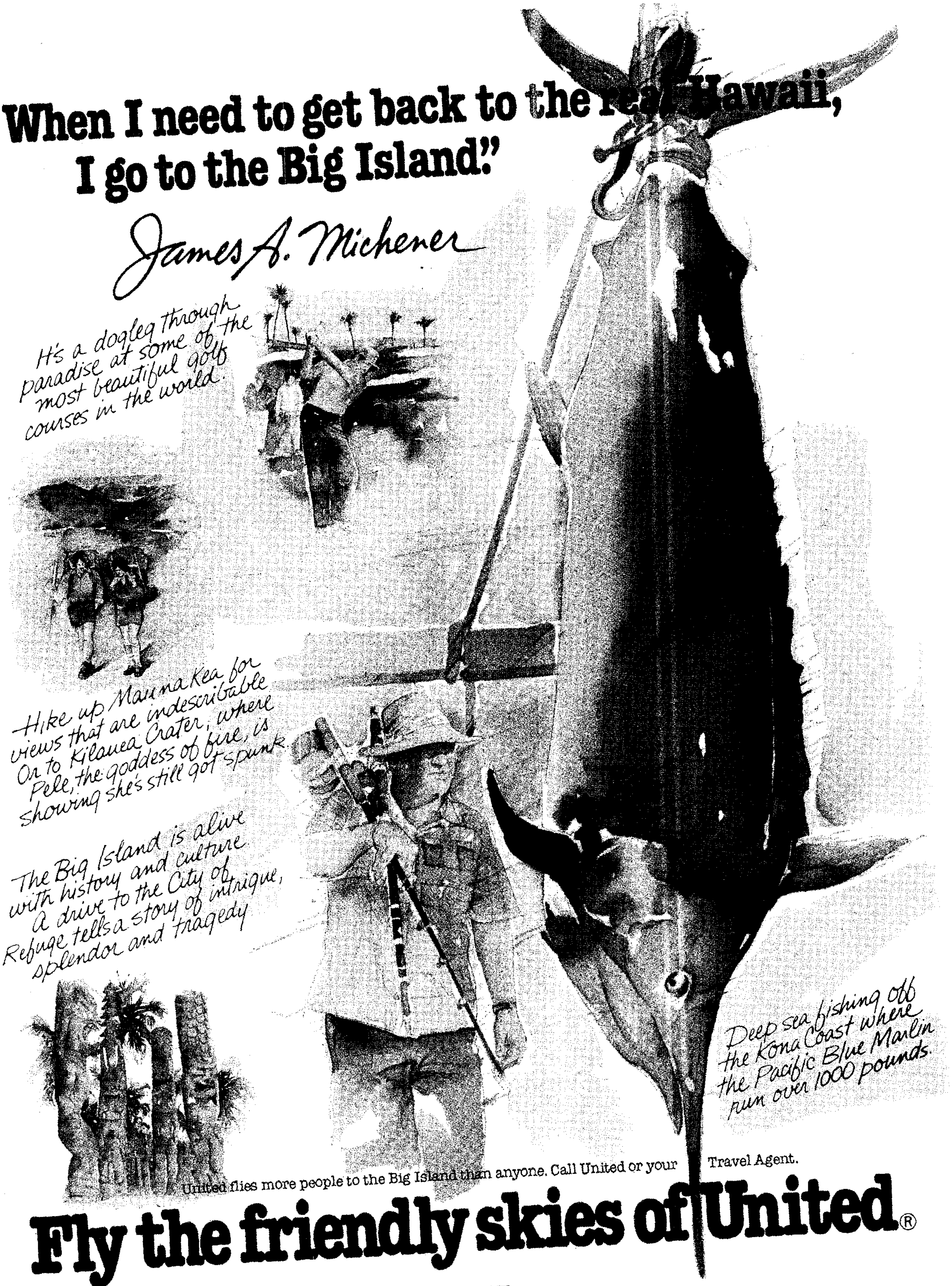

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leaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF MAGIC & ILLUSION—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Town Hall, 113 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

COQUELICO—A program of theatre, film, music, and dance, created and performed by the National Theatre of Prague. (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6152. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

HASTY PUDDING SHOW—A musical, "Overtures in Asia Minor," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 3 and 8. For tickets, call 617 495-5205.)

DANCE

NUREYEV AND THE JOFFREY BALLET—In a program entitled "Homage to Diaghilev": "Petrouchka," "Parade," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 1.)

MAURICE BÉJART'S BALLET OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—Wednesday evening, March 14, and Saturday evening, March 24: "Gaîté Parisienne," "Life," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Bolero."... ¶ Thursday evening, March 15; Saturday evening, March 17; Tuesday evening, March 20; and Thursday evening, March 22: "Amor di Poeta."... ¶ Friday evening, March 16: "Petrouchka," "Teak," and "Gaîté Parisienne."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 17: "Petrouchka," "Life," and "Gaîté Parisienne."... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 18: "Gaîté Parisienne," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Bolero."... ¶ Sunday evening, March 18: "Petrouchka," "Duo," and "Bolero."... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 21: "Petrouchka," "Life," "Teak," and "Gaîté Parisienne."... ¶ Friday evening, March 23: "Petrouchka," "Duo," and "Gaîté Parisienne."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 24: "Petrouchka," "Life," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Weeknights at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Closes Sunday, March 25.)

DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY—"Patina," "One Guiding Life," "Dance for One Figure, Four Objects and Film Sequence," "Finisterre," and "Traces." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 15, and Saturday and Sunday, March 17-18, at 8.)

JEAN ERDMAN—With her company and others, in three programs. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Program A, Monday, March 19, and Wednesday, March 21; Program B, Tuesday, March 20, and Tuesday, March 27; Program C, Monday, March 26, and Wednesday, March 28; all at 8.)

PEARL PRIMUS—With her company. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, March 21-24, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This is SoHo, and the dark, brooding potholes and cobblestone streets around here are among the most fashionable in the city. Trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH** *heads up a vigorous quintet through Saturday,* March 17; on Tuesday, March 20, **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**, who played electric guitar with Ornette Coleman a while ago, will begin leading a quartet that will feature tenor saxophonist **FRANK WRIGHT** and drummer (and proprietor) **RASHIED ALI**. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

BACK PORCH, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A comfortable glassed-in corner restaurant. The interior is one large room that covers three levels and includes a bar; consequently, there is a bit too much going on for one to be able to see and hear the wonderful singer and pianist **DARDANELLE** from any but a few tables. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A double bill through Saturday, March 17: Peggy Hewett, Norman Rollings & Miss Faun make up half of it. Norman Rollings plays the piano and sings, Peggy Hewett is a cheerful Gilbert and Sullivan soprano and also plays droopy alto sax, and Miss Faun (Stacy) is a deadpan, décolleté cellist. They go on at eight-thirty Wednesday and Thursday, and at eight-thirty and ten-thirty on Friday and Saturday. The other half of the bill belongs to a singer and comedienne from Chicago named Pudgy, who works the late shift—ten-thirty on Wednesday and Thursday, and at midnight on Friday and Saturday. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream sextet, the Rising Sun, are here Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Pianist and composer **HERBIE HANCOCK** leads his quintet through Thursday, March 15; on Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, pop singer Nicolette Larson will alternate with folkie Steve Forbert; Sunday, March 18, will belong to percussionist and new-music composer **STEVE REICH**; on Monday, March 19, electric keyboardist Jan Hammer will drop by with his group; on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 20-21, Oregon, a raga-jazz-rock outfit, will share the stage with dancer Margaret Beals; on Thursday, March 22, two local jazz combos, Spyro Gyra and Double Image, will trade sets; and on Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, the Babys, an English rock group, will be onstage. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. Pianist and singer **JIMMY ROWLES** performs through Sunday, March 18; on Monday, March 19, pianist and composer **DAVE FRISHBERG** will begin a rare New York engagement. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Nightly *homage to Brazil's Tin Pan Alley,* which, with composers like Jobim, Bonfa, Gil, and Gilberto, is more like a *rua d'ouro.* The room is chic and urbane, cleverly done up with mirrors, plants, and subtle lighting—it all somehow suggests a nighttime view of Rio. A capable trio and a singer perform bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Monty Alexander is at the piano in the Café Carlyle, playing, singing a little, and leading a trio. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty.... ¶ The Bemelmans Bar belongs to pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** and her bassist, **GEORGE DUVIVIER**, nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to twelve-forty-five.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the great instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Weeknights until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This punk-rock headquarters is known affectionately to its patrons as CBGB's, but very few of them probably remember that CBGB *stands for country, bluegrass, and* blues, since there has been little if any bluegrass or country music played here in years. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

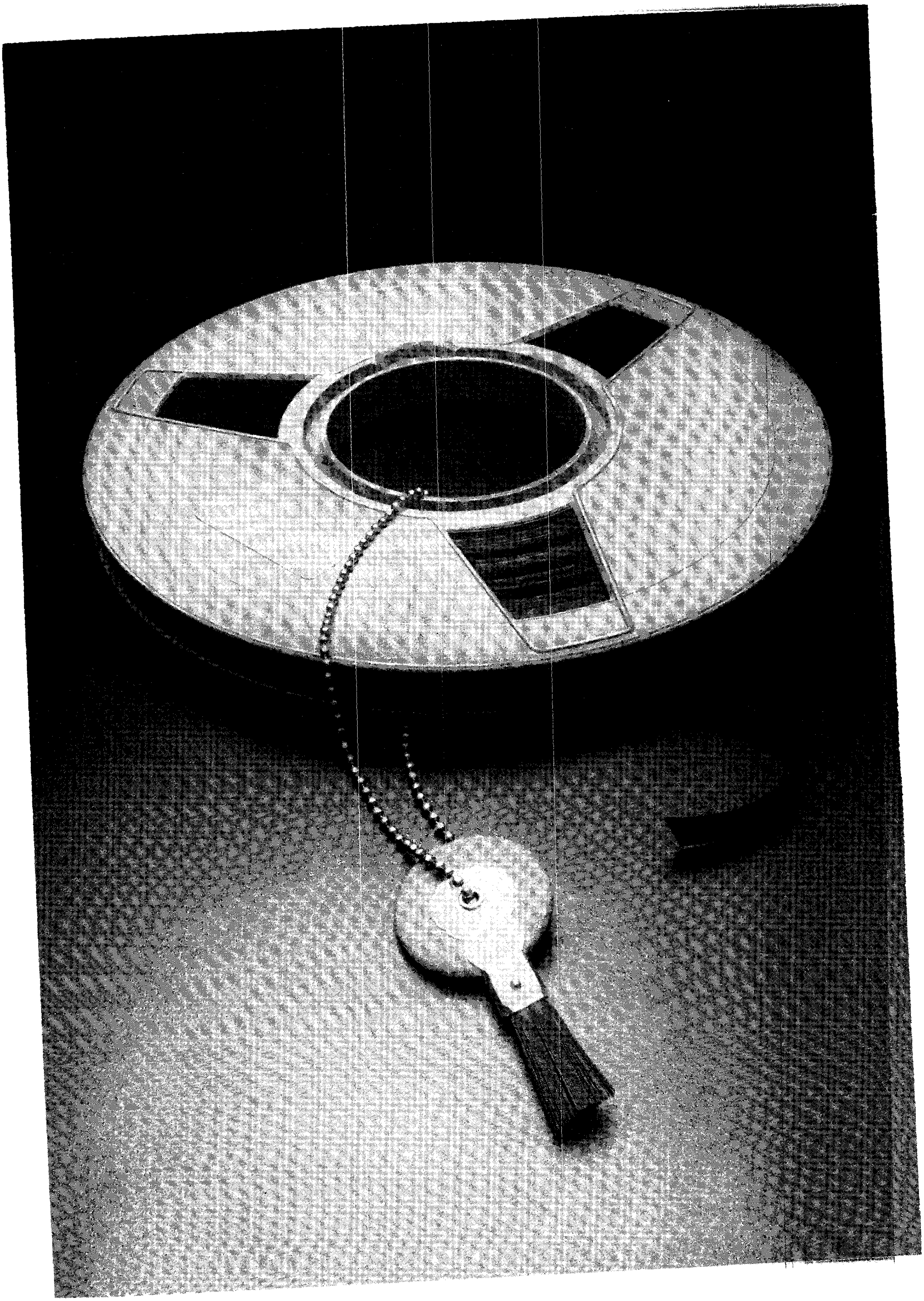
COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, performs with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are now given over to stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL**, who perform from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** is currently ensconced in this New Orleans-style restaurant, but he and his trio are probably steering clear of Dixieland, Cajun, and any other such regional music. Procope, who worked *in Duke Ellington's orchestra* for over thirty years, still rather likes those old arrangements, and he's not averse to playing Ellington and Strayhorn material here. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer, holds forth in this singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive. He works from nine to two every night but Monday.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 18, trombonist George Masso will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. On Tuesday, March 20, soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will sit in with the regulars. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays here have been allotted to



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ATTILA ZOLLER, a neglected, all but unknown jazz guitarist. He works with two other fine players—**DON FRIEDMAN**, a pianist and composer, and **HARVIE SWARTZ** on bass. On Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with **HOD O'BRIEN** on piano, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman begin at seven. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—A view with a room. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening, dancing, and rubbernecking out the windows from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. **DILL JONES** plays solo piano while the trio takes its break.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere. It may not look like *everybody's* living room, but there are a working fireplace, couches, chairs, and pillow furniture: one just stretches out while the musicians—competent unknowns and some famous ones, too—perform on the stand. The guest artist on Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, will be pianist **KENNY BARRON**; on the following Friday and Saturday (March 23-24), alto saxophonist **CHRIS WOODS**. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine. Soft drinks and snacks.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland-style quintet. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner piano-bass depot. **JUNIOR MANCE**, who likes to play bluesy crescendos, is here with a bassist through Saturday, March 17; on Tuesday, March 20, powerhouse pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will arrive with a bassist. The music, which begins at ten, is well miked, so that even when the place bustles, one can actually hear it—no mean achievement in the night-club business. Dining. No music on Sundays or Mondays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A dense concentration of Texas accents, Lone Star beer bottles, and good, solid country and rock music. Some highlights from the current lineup: **DOUG SAHM**, a fine rock singer who draws on blues, Cajun, and Tex-Mex sources for his music, will be here with singer and fiddler Alvin Crow through Thursday, March 15; on Sunday, March 18, Kinky Friedman, a stand-up folkie-humorist, will be present; and on Monday, March 19, guitarist Link Wray will show up with his band. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—It's so peaceful in Michael's Pub: pianist **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** and her trio and singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK** are paying tribute to composer Alec Wilder. Through Saturday, March 17; on Tuesday, March 20, singer Fran Warren will begin a tribute to Sammy Cahn. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. Music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown hangout with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, who worked with King Oliver a season or two ago and who is about to pounce on his eightieth year. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Carolyn Mas, an up-and-coming rock singer, works with her band through Thursday, March 15; on Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL**, a Western-swing band, will be onstage; and Thursday through Saturday, March 22-24, singer Esther Satterfield will perform. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

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RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—For the mere price of a ginger ale—in the bar area—one can watch the likes of singer Barbara Cook, who is currently performing in the next room at eleven. The eight-thirty show belongs to Weeden, Finkle & Fay—who sing satirical songs. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Mondays are showcase nights.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned. The highlights in the current schedule are bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and his new group, who will be here on Wednesday, March 14. Percussion wiz **RAY BARRETTO** will bring in his solid Latin-jazz quintet on Thursday, March 22. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Trumpeter **CLARK TERRY'S** quintet is in charge here through Saturday, March 17; on Wednesday, March 21, the **HEATH BROTHERS**—saxophonist **JIMMY**, bassist **PERCY**, and drummer **ALBERT**—and **STANLEY COWELL**, a pianist and a family friend, will move in for two weeks. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Flugelhornist **ART FARMER** heads up a quartet through Saturday, March 17; on Sunday, March 18, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will drop by with a quartet; Monday, March 19, will belong to bassist Frank Tusa; and Tuesday through Saturday, March 20-24, saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** will co-pilot a hard-bop ensemble. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup: Saxophonist Andrew White leads a quartet Thursday through Sunday, March 15-18; Thursday through Sunday, March 22-25, drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN** will perform with a quintet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY**, a neo-vaudevillian duo, perform slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime; Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and composer-arranger, and Suzy Williams mugs and sings. Thursday, March 22, at nine and eleven, and Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at nine and midnight. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**DANNIE RICHMOND**, who was the late Charles Mingus's drummer, is on hand with the quintet he's been touring with over the last several months. The group lovingly plays all-Mingus charts, and the bass parts are handled by **EDDIE GOMEZ**. Through Sunday, March 18. On Tuesday, March 20, bassist **RED MITCHELL**, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, and tenor saxophonist **NILS SANDERSTROM** will come in. Mondays are **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Most of the patrons of this comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant make a special point of coming—they don't just stroll by and decide to drop in. After all, this isn't a Village club, which thrives on a casual passerby clientele; this is a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way (unless one is a trucker or in the slaughterhouse business) corner. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Sadik Hakim. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM'S** quartet performs through Thursday, March 15; Snags Allen, a guitarist who used to back up the Supremes, leads a combo on Friday, March 16, and on Friday, March 23; and trumpeter Franc Williams will lead his quartet on Saturday and Sunday, March 17-18, and on Saturday, March 24. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Two concerts by the Buddy Rich band and Lance Hayward. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, March 15, at 7:30 and 9:30.)

SANTANA and **EDDIE MONEY**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, March 15, at 8.

GIL SCOTT-HERON and **ANGELA BOFILL**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, March 15, at 9.

BARRY WHITE AND THE LOVE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA and **GLORIA GAYNOR**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 7 and 11.

TWISTED SISTER—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (DOLLAR BRAND) QUARTET—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 11.

DICK SUDHALTER—Lecturing ("Bix's Legacy") and performing at Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. 477-3077. Sunday, March 18, at 3.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The fifth in a series of six benefit concerts, this one performed by Zoot Sims, Ruby Braff, Jimmy Rowles, Major Holley, Bobby Rosengarden, and Bucky Pizzarelli. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 18, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

STEPHEN STILLS—Palladium. Sunday, March 18, at 8.

LIZ GORRILL—Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 8:30.

TRIBUTE TO EUBIE BLAKE—Mr. Blake will be there, along with William Bolcom and Joan Morris, Honi Coles, the Hines Brothers, Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion, and the Moffet Family. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Monday, March 19, at 7:30.)

SARAH VAUGHAN—The first two in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8 and 11, with Mel Tormé and Gerry Mulligan; and Friday, March 23, at 8, with Betty Carter and Eddie Jefferson.

KENNY ROGERS, THE OAK RIDGE BOYS, and **DOTTIE WEST**—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.

U.K. and **SAD CAFÉ**—Palladium. Friday, March 23, at 8.

OLD AND NEW DREAMS QUARTET—Ed Blackwell, Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, and Dewey Redman. (Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 11.)

BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS SEXTET—A benefit concert, with Stéphane Grappelli. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BENNY ANDREWS—Another set of his "Women I've Known" collage paintings. Most of them have three-dimensional paper noses and a

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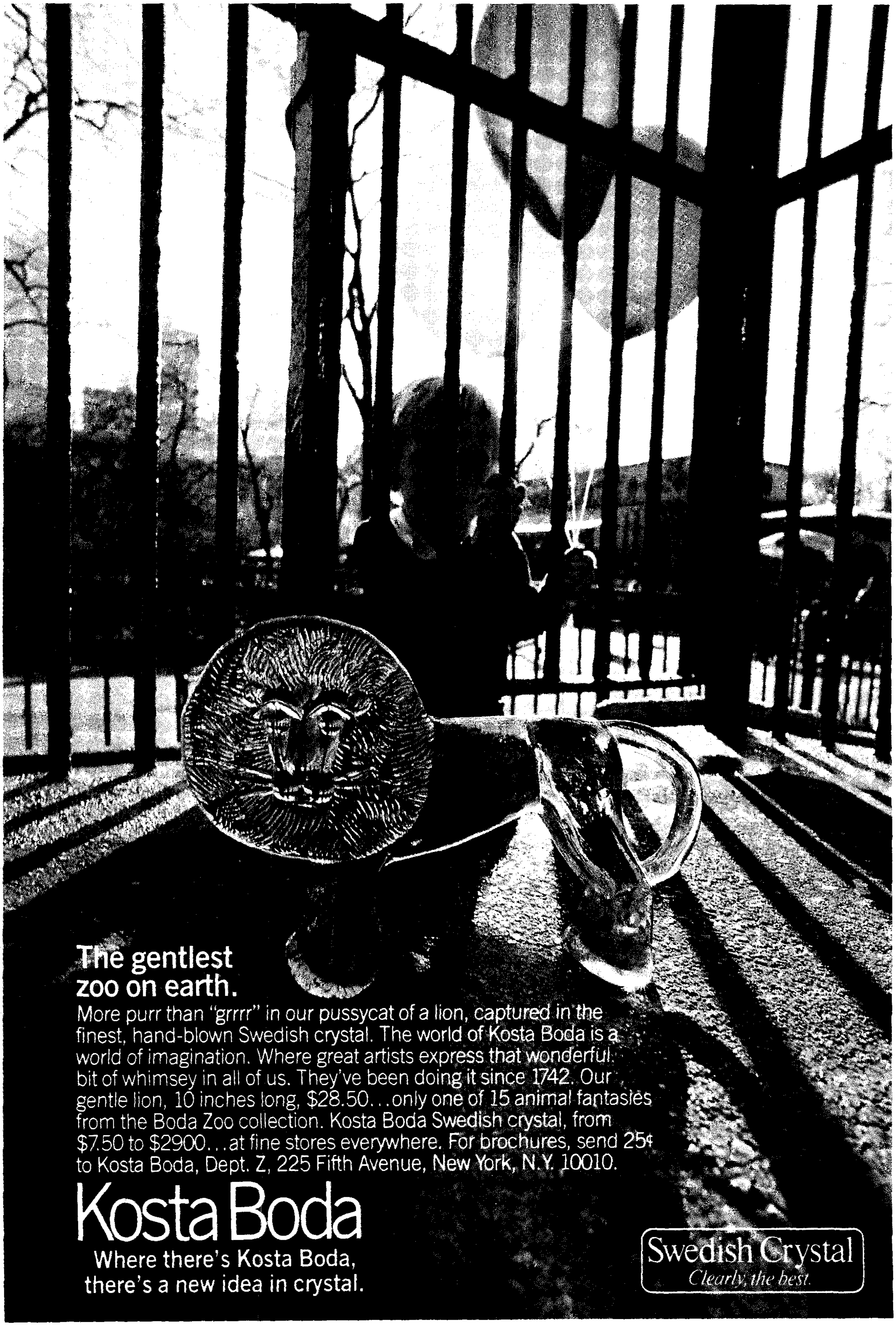

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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good deal of patchwork construction. Through March 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Eleanor Antin—In her incarnation as the Ballets Russes dancer Eleanora Antinova, the artist is exhibiting stage and costume designs and other documents from a "lost" ballet. Through Saturday, March 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Nieves Marschaleck Billmyer—Abstract charcoal drawings done in a Hans Hofmann class in the fifties. Through March 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Nineteen sculptures by an Englishwoman who was born in India and specializes in writhing, serpentine works. This group is cut out of laminated aluminum and painted. Through Saturday, March 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Harvey Breverman—Figures seated in directors' chairs seen from the back are done over and over in paintings and drawings of various sizes. Through Saturday, March 24. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Harold Bruder—Filling stations in Queens and the lower Bronx by a realist. Through March 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Tony DeLap—Solid-color shaped canvases. Through April 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Herbert Ferber—Bronze, copper, and Corten-steel sculptures in a range of sizes. Through March 29. (Knoedler, 19 E 70th St.)

James Grashow / Henry Chodkowski—Sculptures made of polyester-resin-coated fabric in which trees are dressed up like people and seated in chairs in the middle of a circular grove of naked trees. / Precise oils and gouaches in which foreign railway cars and the back ends of foreign trucks are arranged in colorful, almost abstract, patterns. Through March 28. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Michael Heizer—Massive abstracts painted roughshod on unstretched canvas, which is later stretched. The works are taken from nature and evoke huge trees with thick, shaggy bark. Through March 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Bryan Hunt—Recent sculptures, two of them freestanding cast-bronze representations of waterfalls, and the others dart-shaped pieces, two or three feet long, that appear to have flown into the walls and stuck there; these are made of wood and covered with silk and metal foil—gold, silver, or copper. Through Saturday, March 24. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twenty-four portraits by a Russian modernist. Through March 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Julio Larraz—Realist still-lifes, for the most part, whose sardonic titles add a metaphorical significance. Through March 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Rafael Mahdavi—Works in mixed mediums, chiefly photographs of interiors printed on linen and touched up with acrylics. Through Friday, March 16. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St.)

Jan Matulka (1890-1972)—Paintings and drawings. The figures are Synchromist, the still-lifes Cubist, and the drawings Precisionist. Through Saturday, March 17. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Nickle—Fragments of paper, stray envelopes, shipping labels, tarpaper—the grimier and more weathered the better—assembled into collages that are low-key in color and solid in composition. Through Saturday, March 17. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Bob Paige—Paintings of outsize Concord grapes, and other still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 17. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Oil paintings of creatures of the imagination—birdlike things and people from nightmares—painted in carnival colors by a Danish artist who is a member of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, March 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Katherine Porter—Large abstract paintings. Through April 14. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes of Mexico, the Cape, and New Jersey. Through March 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Edith Schloss—A series of semi-abstract watercolors and oils called "Sunsets." Through April 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Karl Schrag—New oil paintings—Maine hillsides covered with blossoms, Jamaican landscapes heavy with fruit and flowers, plus several figurative paintings. Through Saturday, March 17. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Donald Sultan—Paintings done in oil on linoleum tiles fixed to Masonite, plus drawings in roofing tar on paper. The style is reductionist, and in one seascape of a sailboat and an iceberg the two look pretty much alike, being simple white triangles on a black field. Through Thursday, March 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Sandy Walker—This artist attacks his subjects with slashes of color that coalesce (in the viewer's eye) into vistas of Sea Island, in Georgia, the Carolina coast, the Grand Tetons. Through Thursday, March 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sibyl Weil—Neat pencil drawings, made with compass and straightedge, that look like problems (or maybe the answers) in plane geometry, plus long columns of straight pins creeping along the gallery walls and ceiling—this artist's hallmark. Through March 31. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **ARSENAL GALLERY**, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: A loan show, selected from the collections of the Metropolitan Museum, of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by twenty-five black artists, among them Alma Thomas, Alvin Loving, and Gordon Parks. Through March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "A Century of Venezuelan Landscapes: 1845-1945" begins with a watercolor by Camille Pissarro and includes forty paintings by twenty artists. The works were chosen by Alejandro Otero, a Venezuelan painter and sculptor. Through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Works by ten artists include a frieze of paper strips twenty-nine inches long and six inches wide on each of which a progression of seven strange faces has been drawn with colored crayons (by David Middaugh), and a lively urban landscape in which, among many other events, an airplane crashes into a rooftop and furnishings come flying out of the building (by Phyllis Bramson). Through April 4.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of paintings (forty-five) and drawings (twenty-two) by French artists. The works, by La Tour, Boucher, Renoir, and others, are in the collections of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Through April 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

William Allan—This watercolorist specializes in fresh-water fish—speckled trout, sockeye salmon in its fiery spawning colors—but he has lately encountered, and painted, such salt-water creatures as an iridescent albacore and the curious dolphin fish, which is not to be confused with the dolphin mammal. Through March 31. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Anuszkiewicz—New paintings devoted to the centered square, which in each case occupies half the total canvas area. Sometimes it is seen against a solid-color background and sometimes against beams of color radiating from the center of the composition. Through April 14. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Siah Armajani—Architecture in its purest form is represented in "First Reading Room," a carpentered installation of Shaker-like plainness in which the visitor makes his way through a sort of maze to a dark, quiet, restful bench in a corner. Models of covered bridges and open trestles are also in the show, plus related drawings. Through April 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Helane Aylon—This artist's "Formations" are made by pouring linseed oil onto heavy brown paper backed with Plexiglas and laid out on the floor. In time, the oil crusts over, forming a skin that contains pockets of uncoagulated oil, and when the composition is put on its side and the pockets are punctured, the oil dribbles down the surface. Finished "Formations" are on view at Parsons, 24 W. 57th St., through Saturday, March 24, and works in progress are at 112 Workshop, 325 Spring St., through April 10.

Beck & Jung—These two Swedish artists (Holger Bäckström and Bo Ljungberg) have known each other since childhood and have been painting as a team since the mid-sixties. They do acrylic paintings in which a large form (a disc or a triangle, say) seems to have been cut out of the heart of the picture and placed somewhere else in the composition. Trompe-l'oeil. Through April 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Barton Lidice Beneš—The handwritten word is a tool of drawing for this artist, who fills in large patterns of blank labels with words—"penpoint," "glass bead," "button," "stamp"—or transcribes passages from his Aunt Evelyn's letters on the insides of broken eggshells. And so on. Through March 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Brown—New autobiographical enamel-on-canvas paintings. Through April 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Reginald Case—Collages made up of clippings from various publications—advertisements for Oriental rugs, an exhibition announcement for a Balthus show, and so on. Through March 31. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Dan Christensen—New abstract paintings. Through March 29. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Gene Davis—A retrospective of drawings from the past quarter century, ranging from child-like abstract scribbles to his familiar compositions made of ruled parallel vertical lines drawn with colored pencils. Through March 31. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Norris Embry—Expressionist paintings and drawings. Through March 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sam Gilliam / Robert Murray—Thickly painted abstract oils. / Red-painted aluminum sculptures. Through March 31. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Tapestries and assemblages. Through April 7. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Hayward—Canvases done in simple black-and-white patterns—stripes, half and half, all white, all black. The surface in every case is as taut and polished as a drumhead. Through Saturday, March 24. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Thirty or so painted aluminum cutouts of the artist's friends and relatives, many of them life-size, others doll-size, and still others in between, but all freestanding. It was intended that one's sense of perspective be thrown out of kilter in a gallery full of these disproportionate figures, and it is. Through

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Saturday, March 17. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne—Functional sculpture, so to speak. For instance, a huge cast-stone gorilla has a safe in his stomach; a giant fibre-glass frog has a recess in his back that serves as a seat. Through Saturday, March 24. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Rex Lau—Carved-and-painted wood reliefs, abstract in style. Through March 31. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Ninety bronzes and two dozen drawings make up this survey of the artist's small works. Most of them depict mythical figures. Through March 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Markman—Wood cutouts joined to wood and covered with figures, buildings, and landscape details. Through March 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Frank Metz—*Landscapes and drawings of the* Penobscot Bay area. Through March 29. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Hayes Miller (1876-1952)—This artist was born as the result of a scientific genetic experiment in a utopian center at Oneida, New York. His parents violated the principles of the community by falling in love, and rebelled when his mother was assigned a different mate. With the dissolution of the cult, they were married and made their way to New York City, selling Community Plate tableware, which originated at Oneida, and their son made his way to the Art Students League. He ultimately became a popular teacher there, and his influence was widely felt. Traces of it show clearly in the works of Reginald Marsh and Yasuo Kuniyoshi. A two-gallery exhibition of Miller's work is now in progress. Paintings and drawings of New York women and shoppers, dating from the late twenties to the forties, at Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. (open Mondays), and etchings and drypoints—again, mostly of women—at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. (open Mondays). Both shows through March 31.

Margaret Miller—Sculptures that double as games. A version of hopscotch, for instance, involves chalk lines and ceramic markers. Also drawings. Through March 31. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Large flower paintings dating from 1964 to the present. Through March 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Beverly Pepper / Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Cast-steel sculptures made from antique industrial molds that the artist ran across in an Italian foundry and adapted to her own uses, plus some forged-steel oddments and preparatory drawings. Through March 28. / A show of the pictographs (1941-53) for which the artist became famous. Through April 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Reginato—Abstract mild-steel sculptures supported by three legs. Through March 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—An exhibition of drawings never shown before, all of them done in the nervous, wire-edged brush line that worked in counterpoint with the stark simplicity of his draftsmanship. Through Saturday, March 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—Brightly colored interiors drawn in crayon with childlike naïveté by an artist who has a highly idiosyncratic sense of perspective. First solo show in New York. Through March 31. (Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St.)

D. Jack Solomon—Colorful wall pieces made of carved Styrofoam mounted on plywood and decorated with modelling paste, paint, and shellac. Through Saturday, March 24. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan—Crayon and pastel drawings by an artist who catches with equal facility a fashion model at her makeup table or barnyard pigs nuzzling up against a wire fence. Through March 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Thon—Wave-tossed sailboats and frozen forests in Maine, plus an intimate glimpse into a herring smokehouse by a watercolor stylist. Through March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Huge realist landscapes portraying the rugged quality of interior Maine, with its bright groves of birch and its boulder-strewn white-water streams. Through April 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Early Russian nonobjective art dated 1912-25. A two-sided Malevich pencil drawing on graph paper, a large gouache by Vesin, and a watercolor by Rodchenko are three of the works. Through April 7. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Linda Bastian—Flower paintings, drawings, and prints by an artist who often derives her patterns from Renaissance tapestries by a photographic projection and adds her own touches of blossoms, birds, and beasts. Through Wednesday, March 21. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Joseph Beuys / Richard Long—Black-and-white drawings by this influential German artist, a member of the Fluxus group, who uses felt and sometimes fat in his sculptures. / A circular arrangement of slender slabs of Tennessee stone, twenty-one feet in diameter and laid out on the floor. Through Saturday, March 24. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jon Borofsky—New paintings on canvas, including self-portraits, combined with paintings and notations on the gallery walls. Through April 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Howard Buchwald—Five large oils. Through April 5. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

David Budd / Nancy Genn—A review of his monochromatic paintings of the past three years. / Handmade paper works. Through March 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Fran Bull / Alan Dworkowitz—Large watercolors done on vertical strips about two inches wide of scenes at Versailles and Lincoln Center, and a watering place crowded with storks, done with enormous fidelity. / Details of bicycles—the handlebars and sections of the front tire, usually—in five pencil drawings so precisely executed that it took the artist two years to complete them. Through Saturday, March 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum / Ed McGowin—Three sculptures, one of them a vast curtain made up of strips of blued spring steel an inch and a quarter wide, which hangs in an eighty-five-foot crescent across this big gallery. Through April 7. / Two large maquettes for much larger outdoor pieces. One is a pyramid with an exterior mural tracing the life of a metalworker, and an interior room—a sort of shrine seen through windows—showing some of his tools and things he made. The other piece is a sort of kiosk, fifteen feet tall, with an interior tableau commenting on the aging process. Through March 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Morris—A two-gallery show at 420 West Broadway: At Castelli, on the second floor, are six handsomely constructed mirror works that look like advanced telescopic gear but are really just descendants of Coney Island distorting mirrors. One flight up, at Sonnabend, are some felt wall pieces and a set of chilling black-and-white drawings of imaginary places for confinement and torture. Through Saturday, March 24.

Dennis Oppenheim—This artist has installed three new sculptural works, including an outdoor (in the street) four-story miniature elevator on which a small car rides, and (indoors) a three-hundred-pound glass house suspended from the ceiling by a cable. Through March 31. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Art and Margo Rosenbaum / Adolph Rosenblatt—Two Georgia artists who describe themselves as folklorists. He is showing paintings, she is showing photographs. / Clay sculptures, one set representing Miami Beach denizens taking the sun. Through March 28. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Charles Ross—Six sculptural pieces in which the viewer looks through a Plexiglas prism eight feet tall at a spotlighted, bright-colored column of the same height and is subjected to spectacular, even alarming, prismatic effects. In one room the columns are red, orange, yellow, and white, and in another they are black and white. Through March 27. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

George Schneeman—Forty-two portrait heads of people in the art and literary world painted in fresco on cinder blocks a foot square. Through Saturday, March 24. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Anthony Sorce / John Clem Clarke—This artist lays down layers of paint on a polyethylene surface, peels them off (just the paint), and reassembles them in abstract compositions, which he then transfers to a shaped wooden panel. / Well-known masterpieces—a Rembrandt self-portrait, an Ingres odalisque, a Parmigianino Madonna—seem to be floating just beneath a translucent surface on which splotches of raw color are applied. An incredibly complicated stencilling process is involved, requiring a separate stencil for each color—sixty or more in each composition. Through Saturday, March 24. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Ursula von Rydingsvard / Mimi Smith—Sculptures made up of raw cedar poles and wedges of cedar, shaped with a chisel and a hand grinding wheel. / Working on black paper, this artist puts down in pastel strips the colors she sees on her television set, and in white ink writes some of the words she hears. Through Saturday, March 17. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Architectural Drawings—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches (one is over twenty feet long) done in bright pastels to illustrate a series of Columbia lectures on urban planning. Through May 5. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **PRETTO**, 150 Spring St.: A showing of works by Conceptualists and Minimalists includes an abstract stage design of painted wood by Farrell Brickhouse; a wall piece of black-enamelled aluminum by Dan Edge; and a vaguely reptilian sculpture made of slate by Livio Saganic. Through March 31. (Opens at 1.)... **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: Ten contemporary artists, among them John Lees, with a colorful painting of a mullet; Ralph Humphrey, with a nicely balanced wooden wall piece in red and blue; and David True, with an abstracted seascape from Savannah. Through Saturday, March 24. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Margaret Israel—Painted earthenware containers. Through Saturday, March 24. (Greenwich House, 16 Jones St., between Bleecker and West 4th Sts. Opens at 1.)

Claude Marks—A retrospective of drawings and paintings by an artist who has sketched numerous theatre personalities, among them Laurence Olivier, Maureen Stapleton, and James Earl Jones. Through Saturday, March 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Michael Singer—Drawings. Through March 26. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Group Show—Abstract paintings by Porfirio Di Donna, Gordon Hart, Linda Levit, Catherine L. Porter, Sean Scully, and Ted Stamm. Through March 31. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—The Museum of Modern Art is showing his early works (from the sixties), depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David A. Hanson—This photographer-filmmaker-bookbinder chooses a subject (ornithological specimens, travels to the Rio Grande), takes the necessary pictures, and then mounts them in handbound books. Twenty-three books and thirty-five wall-mounted prints make up his show. Through Saturday, March 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Kenneth McGowan—Among the new Cibachrome additions to his œuvres: a large portrait of Jack La Lanne clad in a glowing red jumpsuit, flanked by a light-gray statue of the Winged Victory on one side and a black statue of himself on the other. Through Saturday, March 24. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Ray Metzker / Bart Parker—Formalist black-and-white abstractions. / Photographs in pairs and in groups (of crushed cans, cancelled checks, clotheslines), plus text, by a Conceptualist. Through March 31. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

New York Seen—The Museum of the City of New York has mounted an ambitious show of two hundred photographs ranging from early daguerreotypes of Brooklyn homesteads to NASA satellite pictures of our dense metropolis. In some of the prints, the city's landmarks are seen as backdrop to historical events—in one, City Hall is draped in black bunting for the funeral of Ulysses S. Grant. . . . ¶ For those who are relentless in their pursuit, there are another three hundred photographs to see at the New York Public Library. This second group is from the *News* archives, and covers the past fifty years. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

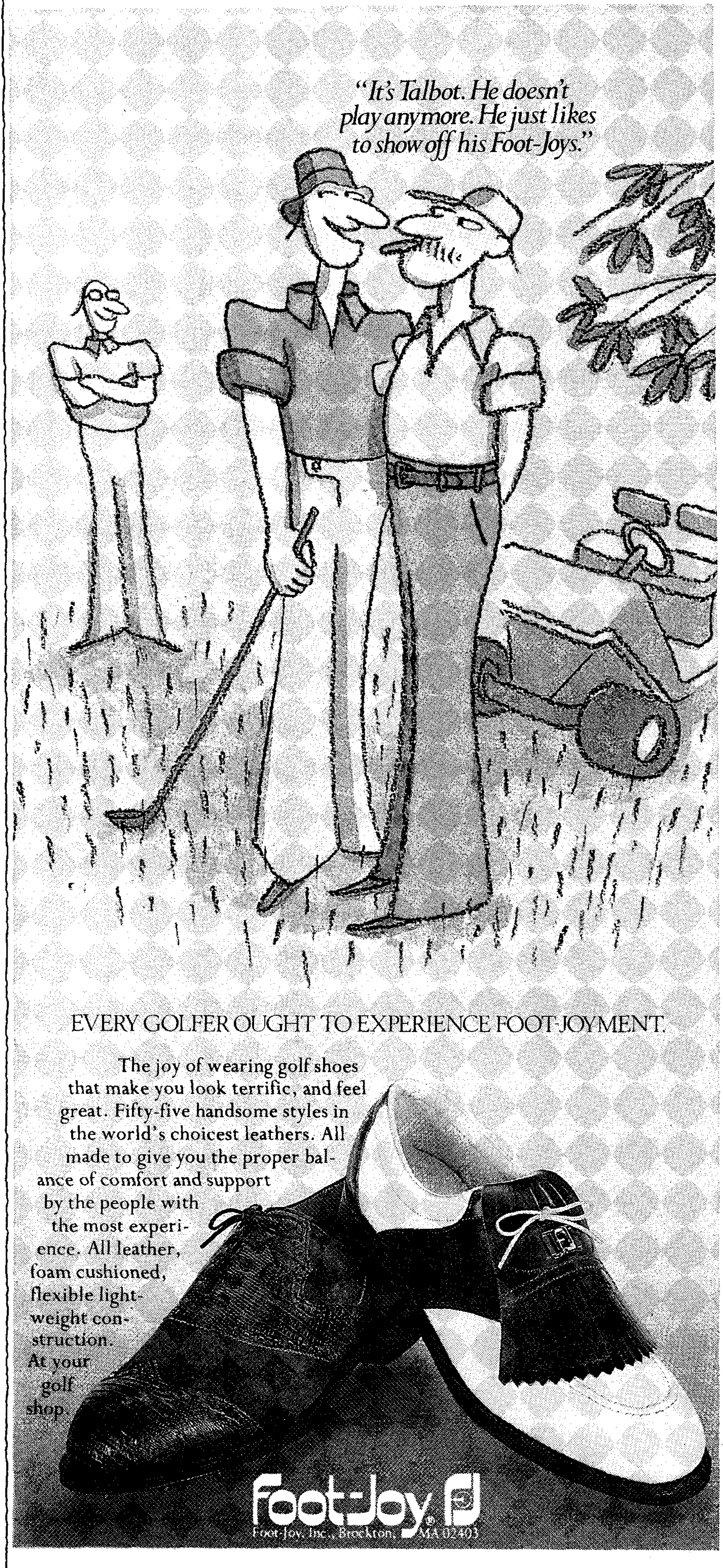
Group Shows—At the **Neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: Forty young Australians showing photographs of the aborigines, coral reefs, desert vegetation, and small-town life on their continent. Through April 7. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **The New Museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "The Invented Landscape" includes works by ten contemporary photographers. Through April 14. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **Wolf**, 30 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century Chinese panoramas (mostly harbor views) by European photographers, plus handcolored genre scenes by W. Saunders. Through April 7. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. Through April 15. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-two paintings that were part of the Edvard Munch exhibit at the National Gallery of Art, in Washington. Also other Munch paintings and prints. Starts Thursday, March 15. . . . ¶ "Transformations in Modern Architecture," a show of primarily black-and-white photographs of buildings constructed in the past twenty years. Through April 24. . . . ¶ Ten small unpainted maquettes by Frank Stella. Through May 1. . . . ¶ Paul Klee prints. Through April 3. . . . ¶ Bottle caps, paper clips, rubber bands, and other objects (two thousand of them) transformed by Donald Lipski into tiny sculptures that are pinned in rows on the wall. Through Sunday, March 18. . . . **Photography:** About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Planar Dimension: Europe 1912-1932" is an exhibit that examines the synthesis of painting and sculpture in two-dimensional works of art by Picasso, Archipenko, Calder, Lissitzky, and others. Through May 6. . . . ¶ A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian, dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through May 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8,



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with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1979 biennial consists of works in a wide range of styles and mediums by eighty-eight artists of all ages and all levels of fame, more than a third of whom work outside the New York area. Through April 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Auto-Icons" is an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, prints, and videotapes by artists (Rosenquist, Sonneman, Oldenburg, Linn, among them) who were inspired by the automobile. Through April 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the paintings, reliefs, and drawings of Ben Nicholson. Starts Saturday, March 17. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by four British Victorian artists: George Frederic Watts, Frederic Leighton, Albert Moore, and Alfred Gilbert. Through April 8. . . . ¶ Thirty-one works by Wang Ming, including paintings on rice paper and rag board and three accordion-folded books whose opened leaves span twenty feet. Through April 8. . . . ¶ A selection of more than twenty-five handwoven bedspreads, cushion covers, and wall hangings produced in Scandinavian countries between 1650 and 1925. Through Wednesday, March 21. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-six contemporary American artists who are candidates for art awards. Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A half-scale model of a teahouse that is not only a half-scale model of a teahouse but an application of the Japanese principle of *ma*, which postulates that time and space are one. (Further description is impractical here.) Other *ma* constructions will be unveiled periodically in an exhibit that will not be fully open until April 3. . . . ¶ A show of designs for buildings, interiors, and objects commissioned by King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Also costumes, furniture, porcelains, and textiles that were actually used by the king. Through March 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and graphics of Arik Brauer, an artist associated with the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through April 29. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of more than a hundred handmade bookbindings, representing the full range of the library's collection, in such materials as gold, silver, and ivory. Through April 8. . . . ¶ More than three dozen single leaves from medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts, one of them from a Bible illuminated at St. Swithin's Priory, Winchester, England, in the last quarter of the twelfth century. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Mrs. John Jay's white satin shoes (circa 1785) and a red straw hat that Sally Victor designed in 1942 are part of a sizable collection of shoes and hats on view here. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** New York City in pictures over the past hundred and thirty years. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection has put together an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and first editions by Henry James, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and other authors active in the eighteen-nineties. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Pictures of New York from the past fifty years. Through March 28. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Jim Sutcliffe (performance), Thursday, March 15, at 8:30; Newton & Helen Harrison (reading), Thursday, March 22, at 8:30; books by Dick Higgins and the Something Else Press, through Saturday, March 24.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Christian Boltanski (slide installation), Wednesday, March 14, at 8:30; Jean Dupuy (performance), Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 8:30; documentary video from FIVF, Sunday, March 18, at 8:30; a program of seven videotapes from Synapse Video Center in Syracuse, through Saturday, March 17; dancers on video (Doris Chase, Merce Cunningham, others), starts Tuesday, March 20; Fluxus (reconstructed performance works), Saturday, March 24, at 8:30; Dennis Oppenheim (metal sculptures incorporating sound tracks), through Saturday, March 24.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—At least twenty individual exhibits and several group shows are currently housed in this three-story onetime school building. Through April 1.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 14: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Loretta Di Franco, Stuart Burrows, Dale Duesing, Jerome Hines, Nico Castel, and John Shirley-Quirk; conducted by John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 15: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, Allan Monk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 16: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, José van Dam, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 17: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and Paul Plishka; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 17: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, May Sandoz, Loretta Di Franco, Stuart Burrows, Dale Duesing, Jerome Hines, Nico Castel, and John Shirley-Quirk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 19: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, May Sandoz, Loretta Di Franco, Stuart Burrows, Dale Duesing, Jerome Hines, Nico Castel, and Allan Monk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 20: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, José van Dam, William Lewis, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 21: "Eugene Onegin," with Makvala Kasrashvili, Yuri Mazurok, Neil Shicoff, Paul Plishka, and Isola Jones; Naami Yarvi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 22: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and Paul Plishka; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 23: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, José van Dam, René Kollo, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 24: "Eugene Onegin," with Makvala Kasrashvili, Yuri Mazurok, Neil Shicoff, Paul Plishka, and Isola Jones; Naami Yarvi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 24: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Lenus Carlson, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 14, at 2: "Faust," with Mariana Niculescu, Kathleen Hegierski, Luis Lima, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Sharon Daniels, Ermanno Mauro, and David Holloway; Elyakum Shapirra. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Faye Robinson, Gwenlynn Little, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Spiro Malas, Abram Morales, and Philip Booth; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Ruth Falcon, Elizabeth Hynes, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, Robert Hale, Charles Long, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 18, at 1: "Faust," with Glenys Fowles, Faith Esham, Richard Taylor, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 18, at 7: "Andrea Chénier," with Maria Coronada, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 21, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Ermanno Mauro, Frederick Burchinal, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8: The première of Dominick Argento's "Miss Havisham's Fire," with Rita Shane, Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Elaine Bonazzi, Alan Titus, Richard Cross, Ralph Bassett, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Awilda Verdejo, Sandra Walker, Jacque Trussel, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Faye Robinson, Jane Shaulis, Ermanno Mauro, Frederick Burchinal, and John Macurdy; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

Manhattan Opera Singers—Three one-act operas, with orchestra: Argento's "The Boor," the première of Martin Kalmanoff's "The Harmfulness of Tobacco," and Vittorio Giannini's "Beauty and the Beast." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Claudio Abbado conducting—Performances of Mahler's Sixth Symphony Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, at 8:30, and Tuesday, March 20, at 7:30 (no soloists); and a varied program on Thursday, March 22, at 8:30; Friday, March 23, at 2; Saturday, March 24, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 27, at 7:30 (all with Maurizio Pollini, piano).

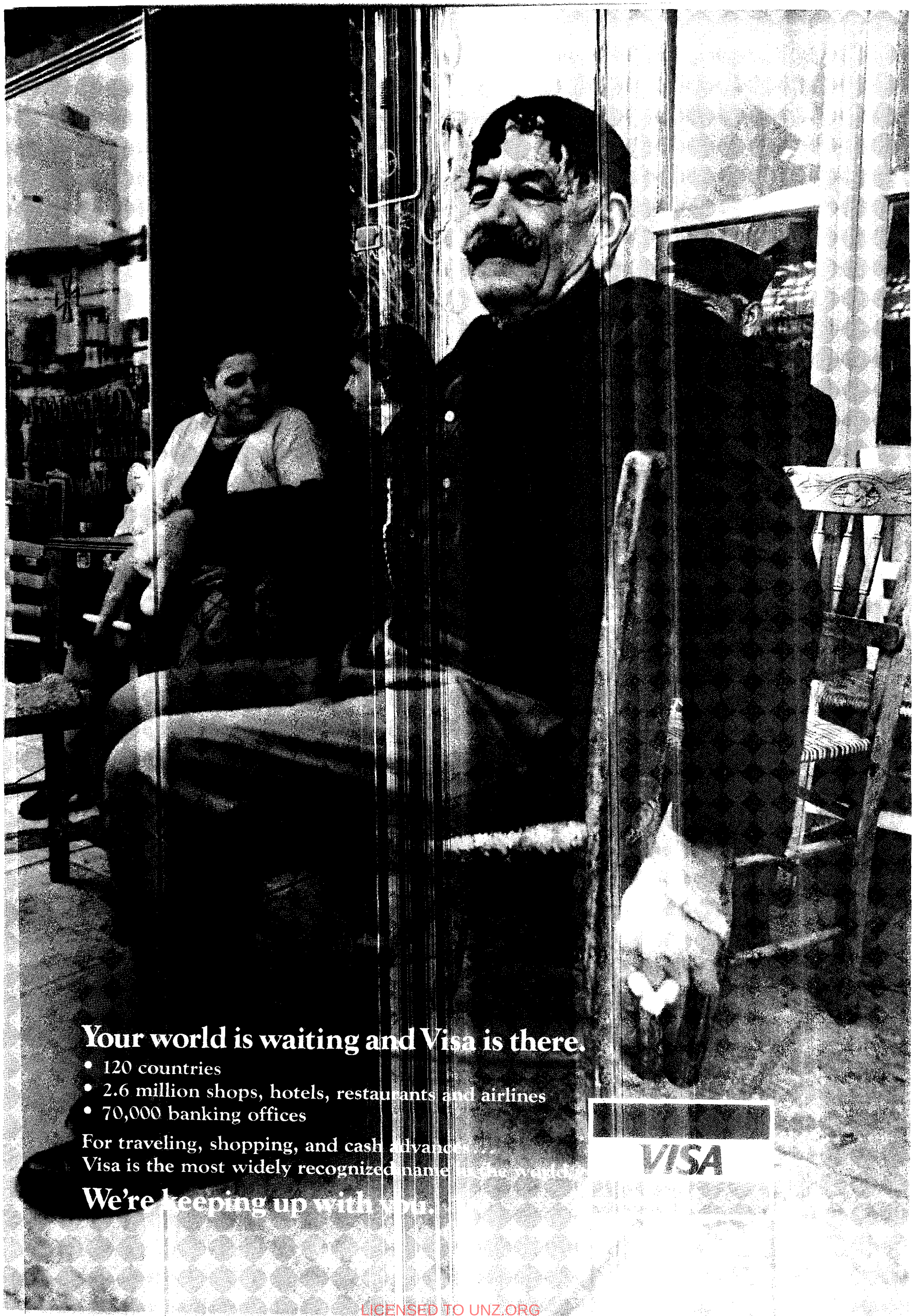
Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8, an all-Beethoven program; Friday, March 23, at 8, a Brahms-Beethoven program; and Sunday, March 25, at 3, an Elgar-Beethoven program.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts by this chamber group that performs without a conductor. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, March 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a Bach-Handel program and acting as piano soloist, with Bonita Glenn, soprano, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 8, and Sunday, March 18, at 3.)

All-Schubert Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Richard Du-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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fallo conducting a program of American music, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Cristina Ortiz, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 3.)

Harlem Philharmonic Orchestra—Karl Hampton Porter conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, March 18, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Benefit Concert—Leon Fleisher conducting an orchestra composed of fifty members of the New York Philharmonic, with Nina Beilina, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 7:30.)

Orchestra of the 20th Century—Arthur Weisberg conducting the inaugural concert by this orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 20, at 8.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting, with Paul Sperry, tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 23, at 8, an all-Copland concert, with Mr. Copland conducting two of his own works, and with Mr. Davies as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8, an all-Haydn program, with Janos Starker, cello.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 24, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 2.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing an all-Mozart program, with Judith Blegen, soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 7:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Peter Eros directing the final performance of the season, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale—Johannes Somary directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, March 18, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

RECITALS

Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman—Violin and violin/viola. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Josephine Mongiardo—Soprano, with Syoko Aki, violin; Toby Appel, viola; Alvin Brehm, bass; Virginia Brewer, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord and piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Melos Quartet—The last in a series of all-Schubert recitals, this one with Joseph Kalichstein, piano, and Julius Levine, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Trio di Milano—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 16, at 8:30.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—A program of sonatas played on original or copies of original baroque instruments. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, March 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4087.)

Waverly Consort—A program entitled "Masters of the German Baroque." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Early Music at the Cathedral—The last in a series of concerts, this one played by the Ensemble for Early Music. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, March 18, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Tokyo String Quartet; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Richard Goode, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 5, and Tuesday, March 20, at 7:30.)

Frederica von Stade—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 8.)

Marylène Dosse—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 19, and Monday, March 26, at 8.)

Brigitte Engerer—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 19, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 19, at 8, an all-Chopin recital postponed from Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30, an all-Bach program.)

Trio d'Anches, Cologne—A trio of reeded instruments. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Monday, March 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 20, at 8.)

Trio d'Accordo—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 20, at 8.)

Zola Shaulis and Jane Shaulis—Piano and mezzo-soprano, in the second of two all-Bach programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 2.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 21, at 8, the fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 3, the last in a series of all-Schubert concerts, this one with Julius Levine, bass; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Alexander Heller, bassoon; and Robert Routch, horn.)

Manhattan String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Raymond Murcell—Baritone, with the Da Capo Chamber Players, in a program of twentieth-century American songs and chamber music with voice. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

Flavio Becerra—Tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—A program of twentieth-century music, performed by Linda Quan, violin; Janet Steele and D'Anna Fortunato, sopranos; Robert Miller, piano; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The third in a series of concerts presenting the Haydn cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Beverly Somach—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

Concert Royal—A program entitled "Virtuoso Concertos on Original Instruments," with Michael McCraw, baroque bassoon and recorder; James Richman, harpsichord; and others. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, March 24, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Les Menestriers—Four minstrels from France in a program of early music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Wall-to-Wall Bach—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Pinchas Zukerman and Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; Eugenia Zukerman and Karl Kraber, flute; Susan Belling, soprano; Ronald Anderson, trumpet; Samuel Sanders, harpsichord; and the American Symphony Orchestra. Amateur instrumentalists will be invited to sit in and play during orchestral sessions, and any singers will be able to participate in the grand finale, the B-Minor Mass, at 8. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, March 24, from 11 to 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, March 20, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, March 24, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Detroit, Tuesday, March 20, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, March 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, March 18, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, March 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 17. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, March 24. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 17, and the Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 24. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31. The Bowie, Saturday, March 17, and the John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 24.

Tennis—Avon Championships: Tracy Austin, Chris Evert, Martina Navratilova, and five others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 21, at 10:30 A.M.; Thursday and Friday, March 22-23, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match, Saturday, March 24, at noon; and final singles matches, Sunday, March 25, at noon.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 21. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Cynthia Macdonald and Gerald Stern reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 19, at 8.)

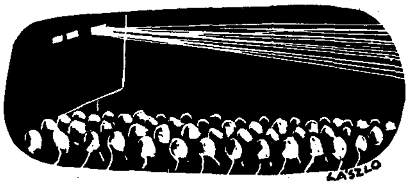
Cartier Vintage Aircraft Exhibit—Fifteen pioneer aircraft, dating from 1904 through the First World War, in a tribute to the Brazilian aeronaut Alberto Santos-Dumont, who built and flew aircraft in France at the turn of the century. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Tuesday, March 15-20, from 10 to 9. Free.)

Lecture—John Ashbery on the writings of Giorgio de Chirico. (Third Street Music School, 233 E. 11th St. Thursday, March 22, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 674-0910, Mondays through Thursdays.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, March 14, at 2, and Thursday, March 15, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, including ceramics, paintings, snuff bottles, and textiles; from various sources. . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 22-23, at 2: Contemporary paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and multiples; from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 17. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, March 15, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 17.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
March 14: "Roger Corman: Hollywood's Wild Angel."
March 15: "The Intruder."
March 16: "The Little Shop of Horrors" and "A Bucket of Blood."
March 17: "Gas-s-s-s."
March 18: "Tales of Terror."
March 19: Theatre closed.
From March 20: "Tent of Miracles."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Autumn Sonata."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 15: "The Lord of the Rings" and "Allegro Non Troppo."
March 16-18: "Girl Friends" and "Lies My Father Told Me."
March 19-22: "Violette" and "Dear Inspector."
From March 23: "California Suite" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 15: "The Passage."
From March 16: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Norma Rae."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 15: "The Passage."
From March 16: "Murder by Decree."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through March 21: "The Great Train Robbery."
From March 22: "Old Boyfriends."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Hardcore."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Voices."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Deer Hunter."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 15: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."
From March 16: "Bread and Chocolate."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through March 20: "Agatha."
From March 21: "The Bell Jar."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Real Life."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through March 20: "Same Time, Next Year."
From March 21: "Agatha."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Despair."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Remember My Name."

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
"Norma Rae."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
"Days of Heaven."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The French Detective."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
March 14: "Ice Castles."
March 15: Theatre closed.
From March 16: "The China Syndrome."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Autumn Sonata."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 15: "The Great Train Robbery."
March 16-22: "The Passage."
From March 23: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Fast Break."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Hardcore."
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "The Warriors." From March 23: "Boulevard Nights."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 15: "In Praise of Older Women."
March 16-20: To be announced.
From March 21: "Agatha."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 15: "The Last Wave." From March 16: "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 2: "The Great Train Robbery."
Theatre 3: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Theatre 4: Through March 22: "The Great Train Robbery." From March 23: "The Last Wave."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 22: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."
From March 23: "The Great Bank Hoax."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Promise."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Hair."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Wifemistress."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Picnic at Hanging Rock."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Innocent."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Coming Home."

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Remember My Name."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Your Turn, My Turn."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through March 20: "Death on the Nile."
From March 21: "Agatha."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 2: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Theatre 3: "Same Time, Next Year."
Theatre 4: "The Great Train Robbery."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Autumn Sonata."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 15: "The Lord of the Rings" and "Coma."
March 16-22: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and "Who'll Stop the Rain."
From March 23: "California Suite" and "Casey's Shadow."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through March 15: "The Great Train Robbery." (†)
From March 16: "Murder by Decree." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Midnight Express."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through March 15: "The Last Wave." (†) From March 16: "Hardcore." (†)
Theatre 3: Through March 22: "An Unmarried Woman." From March 23: "The Great Bank Hoax." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coming Home." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Norma Rae." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through March 15: "Hardcore." (†)
From March 16: "The China Syndrome." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"The Passage." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through March 22: "Fast Break." (†)
From March 23: "Boulevard Nights." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through March 15: "Ice Castles." (†)
From March 16: "Bread and Chocolate." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Warriors." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 14: "The Mattei Affair" (1973), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Gian Maria Volonte; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976), directed by Elia Kazan, with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, and Jack Nicholson.
March 15: "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "Shoe-Shine" (1946), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
March 16-17: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya.
March 18-19: "Casque d'Or" (†); and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
March 20: "Pebble by the Wayside" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Seiji Hisamatsu; and "Snow Country" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda.
March 21: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.
March 22: "A Piece of Pleasure" (†) and "The Last Woman." (†)
March 23-24: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 14: "La Chanson de Roland" (1978), in French, directed by Frank Cassenti; and "Zoo Zero" (1978), in French, directed by Alain Fleischer.
March 15: "Un Balcon en Forêt" (1978), in French, directed by Michel Mitrani (who will be present at the 7:15 showing); and "Utopia" (1978), in French, directed by Iradi Azimi.
March 16: "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural.
March 17: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian) and "The Clowns" (1971; in Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

March 18: "A Slave of Love" (1978), in Russian, directed by Nikita Mikhalkov, with Yelena Solovei; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, and Stefano Satta Flores.

March 19: "The Wind and the Lion" (†); and "The Real Glory" (1939), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Gary Cooper, David Niven, and Broderick Crawford.

March 20: "Time Without Pity" (1957), directed by Joseph Losey, with Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd, and Peter Cushing; and "The Servant" (1963), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox.

March 21: "Nju" (1924; "Husbands and Lovers"), a German silent film, directed by Paul Czinner, with Elisabeth Bergner, Emil Jannings, and Conrad Veidt; and "The Human Beast" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Simone Simon, Jean Gabin, and Fernand Ledoux.

March 22: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, Dennis Price, and Joan Greenwood; and "The Promoter." (†)

March 23: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Zabriskie Point." (†)

March 24: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 15: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

March 16-17: "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman; and "The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid" (1972), directed by Phil Kaufman, with Cliff Robertson and Robert Duvall.

March 18-19: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970) and "Fata Morgana" (1971), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

March 20: "Hamlet" (†) and "Macbeth." (†)

March 21-22: "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976), in French, directed by Francis Giacobetti, with Sylvia Kristel.

March 23-24: "Nosferatu" (†); and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

March 14: "The Freshman" (1925), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Brooks Benedict; and "Chaplin Revue," three short silent films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923).

March 15: "City Lights" (1931), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "The Strong Man" (1926), a silent film, directed by Frank Capra, with Harry Langdon, Priscilla Bonner, and Gertrude Astor.

March 16: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "College" (1927), a silent film, directed by James Horne, with Buster Keaton, Florence Turner, and Ann Cornwall.

March 17: "The Navigator" (1924), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp, with Keaton, Kathryn McGuire, and Frederick Vroom; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (1926), a silent film, directed by Harry Edwards, with Harry Langdon and Joan Crawford.

March 18: "Limelight" (†) and "Battling Butler." (†)

March 19: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†); and "Girl Shy" (1924), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Richard Daniels.

March 20: "The Gold Rush" (1925), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and "Our Hospitality" (1923), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Jack G. Blystone, with Keaton, Natalie Talmadge, and Joe Keaton.

March 21: "Safety Last" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Bill Strothers; and "Go West." (†)

March 22: "Seven Chances" (1925), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton and Ruth Dwyer; and "Why Worry?" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.

March 23: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Anna Townsend; and "The General" (1926), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender.

March 24: "The Circus" (1928), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Merna Kennedy, and Betty Morrissey; and "Sherlock Jr." (1924), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton, Kathryn McGuire, and Joe Keaton.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through March 14: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "Out of the Past" (1947), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Jane Greer, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas, and Rhonda Fleming.

March 15-17: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, and John Williams; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Marion Lorne, Leo G. Carroll, and Ruth Roman.

March 18-20: "Anatomy of a Murder" (†) and "The Spiral Staircase." (†)

March 21-24: "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Dark Passage" (1947), directed by Delmar Daves, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through March 15: "The Killers" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Burt Lancaster, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, and Sam Levene; and "The Killers" (1964), directed by Don Siegel, with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, John Cassavetes, and Ronald Reagan.

March 16-17: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.

March 18: "Hamlet" (1948), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Eileen Herlie, Basil Sydney, Jean Simmons, and Stanley Holloway.

March 19: "Touch and Go" (†); and "Le Magnifique" (1976), in French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jacqueline Bisset.

March 20: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "King, Queen, Knave" (1972), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with David Niven, Gina Lollobrigida, and John Moulder-Brown.

March 21-22: "The Phenix City Story" (1955), directed by Phil Karlson, with John McIntire, Richard Kiley, and Kathryn Grant; and "Kansas City Confidential" (1952), directed by Phil Karlson, with John Payne, Coleen Gray, and Preston Foster.

March 23-24: "The Rainmaker" (†) and "A Woman Rebels." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 14: "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941), directed by Alexander Hall, with Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, and James Gleason; and "Down to Earth" (1947), directed by Alexander Hall, with Rita Hayworth, Larry Parks, James Gleason, and Edward Everett Horton.

March 15: "My Name Is Julia Ross" (1945), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Nina Foch, George Macready, and Dame May

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Whitty; and "So Dark the Night" (1947), *directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Steven* Geray, Ann Codee, and Micheline Cheirel.

March 16-17: "That Night in Rio" (1941), directed by Irving Cummings, with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda; and "Doll Face" (1946), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Vivian Blaine, Dennis O'Keefe, Perry Como, and Carmen Miranda.

March 18: "Red-Headed Woman" (1932), directed by Jack Conway, with Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, and Charles Boyer; and "Personal Property." (†)

March 19: "Little Miss Marker" (†); and "Now and Forever" (1934), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Gary Cooper, Shirley Temple, and Carole Lombard.

March 20: "These Glamour Girls" (1939), directed by S. Sylvan Simon, with Lana Turner, Lew Ayres, and Anita Louise; and "Johnny Eager." (†)

March 21: "The Valley of Decision" (1945), directed by Tay Garnett, with Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, and Donald Crisp; and "Julia Misbehaves" (1948), directed by Jack Conway, with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

March 22: "Mandalay" (1934), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Warner Oland, and Lyle Talbot; and "British Agent" (1934), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Kay Francis, Leslie Howard, Irving Pichel, and J. Carroll Naish.

March 23-24: "The Case of the Howling Dog" (1934) and "The Dragon Murder Case" (1934), both Philo Vance mysteries, with Warren William as the detective.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 15 at 2:30: "The Narrow Margin" (1952), directed by Richard Fleischer, with Charles McGraw and Marie Windsor.... ¶ March 15 at 6: "Born to Kill" (1947), directed by Robert Wise (who will be present), with Claire Trevor, Lawrence Tierney, and Walter Slezak.... ¶ March 15 at 8:30 and March 16 at 2:30: "Blood on the Moon" (1948), directed by Robert Wise (who will be present on March 15), with Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Preston, and Walter Brennan.... ¶ March 16 at 6: *"Berkeley Square" (1933), directed by Frank* Lloyd, with Heather Angel, Leslie Howard, Valerie Taylor, and Alan Mowbray.... ¶ March 17 at noon: "The Boy with Green Hair" (1948), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dean Stockwell, Pat O'Brien, Robert Ryan, and Barbara Hale.... ¶ March 17 at 2:30: "The Narrow Margin."... ¶ March 17 at 5: "Deadline at Dawn" (1946), directed by Harold Clurman (who will be present), with Susan Hayward, Paul Lukas, and Bill Williams. ... ¶ March 18 at noon: "The Boy with Green Hair."... ¶ March 18 at 2:30: "Cornered" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Dick Powell, Walter Slezak, and Morris Carnovsky.... ¶ March 18 at 5: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970), directed by Leonard Kastle, with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco.... ¶ March 19 at noon: A program of sponsored films and television commercials, 1963-78.... ¶ March 19 at 2:30: "Born to Kill."... ¶ March 19 at 6: "The Woman on Pier 13" (1949), directed by Robert Stevenson, with John Agar, Robert Ryan, and Laraine Day; and "My Forbidden Past" (1951), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Ava Gardner, Robert Mitchum, and Melvyn Douglas.... ¶ March 20 at noon: A program of sponsored films and television commercials, 1963-78.... ¶ March 20 at 2:30: "The Berliner" (1949), in German, directed by Robert H. Stemmie, with Gert Frobe; with English subtitles and some English narration. ... ¶ March 20 at 6: "Waterground" (1977), directed by Frances Morton; and "It's Grits" (1978), directed by Stan Woodward.... ¶ March 22 at 2:30: "Nocturne" (1946), directed by Edwin Marin, with George Raft. ... ¶ March 22 at 6: "The Capture" (1951), directed by John Sturges, with Lew Ayres, Teresa Wright, and Victor Jory.... ¶ March 22 at 8:30: "Underwater" (1955), directed by John Sturges, with Jane Russell, Richard Egan, and Gilbert Roland.... ¶ March 23 at 2:30: "Deadline at Dawn."... ¶ March 23 at 6: "The Berliner."... ¶ March 24 at noon: "Higher and Higher" (1943), directed by Tim Whelan, with Frank Sinatra, Michele Morgan, Jack Haley, and Leon Errol.... ¶ March 24 at 2:30: "My Forbidden Past." ... ¶ March 24 at 5: "Nocturne." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—In conjunction with the 1979 biennial exhibition, video works made during the past two years are being shown in the first-floor lobby gallery through April 1. The programs change hourly; our best advice is to phone the museum for exact video titles and time schedules and ticket information. ... ¶ In the second-floor film-video exhibition space, starting March 20, "Last Chants for a Slow Dance (Dead End)" (1977), directed by Jon Jost, with Tom Blair. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 7:30 on Tuesday evening). Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 15-18: A program of four short films by Peter Hutton.... ¶ Starting March 22: "Shadow of Doubt" (1975), in Dutch, directed by Rolf Orthel, English commentary and subtitles; and "Sighet, Sighet" (1964), directed by Harold Becker. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—The first programs in a seven-week, fourteen-film program of operetta films, 1930-40. March 17 at 1 and March 20 at 6: "Operette" (1940), in German, directed by Willi Forst, with Maria Holst, Leo Slezak, and Curt Jürgens; no English titles.... ¶ March 17 at 3 and March 20 at 8: "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.... ¶ March 24 at 1: "The Great Waltz" (1938), directed by Julien Duvivier, with Miliza Korjus, Luise Rainer, and Fernand Gravet.... ¶ March 24 at 3: "One Hour with You" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier, Genevieve Tobin, and Charlie Ruggles.

Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St.—A program of films by Andrzej Wajda. March 16 at 7:30: "Birchwood" (1970).... ¶ March 16 at 9:30: "The Wedding" (1972).... ¶ March 17 at 3:15 and 8: "Man of Marble" (1976; reviewed in this issue).... ¶ March 17 at 6: "Landscape After Battle" (1970).... ¶ March 18 at 4: "Birchwood."... ¶ March 18 at 6: "Everything for Sale" (1968; reviewed in this issue).... ¶ March 18 at 8: "The Promised Land" (1975). All films in Polish, with English subtitles. (For information about tickets, call 594-9486.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery, which purports to be about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. The movie has a general air of knowingness, and some of the incidental dialogue is clever, but it seems to be missing the scenes that would explain why it was made. It doesn't have a story—it's from a musing. The talent of the director, Michael Apted, is for the tactile, the plangent, the indefinite; when the action dawdles, he lets the cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro, take over. The rooms look smoked, and everything is in soft movement; this is the rare movie that is too fluid. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. The script is credited to Kathleen Tynan and Arthur Hopcraft. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (Cinema I; through March 20.... ¶ Gemini 1, Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 21.)

Allegro Non Troppo (1977)—A six-episode animated and live-action musical film, directed by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 15.)

All Things Bright and Beautiful—With John Alderton and Colin Blakely, directed by Eric Till. (D. W. Griffith; through March 15.... ¶ Guild; through March 22.)

Anatomy of a Murder (1959)—Otto Preminger wheels slowly, in the slow-wheel Preminger style, around a courtroom story of a rape-and-murder case. James Stewart, Lee Remick, George C. Scott, and Arthur O'Connell as a lawyer on the bottle. *Duke Ellington's* score. Plodding stuff, but the cast is good, and courtroom drama always works. The judge is played by, of all people, Joseph N. Welch, celebrated opponent of Senator McCarthy; it is almost as if he wrote his own sage and pungent lines. (Regency; March 18-20.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and New Yorker.)

Battling Butler (1926)—Rarely seen Buster Keaton film that he sometimes said was his favorite but that is probably no one else's favorite; the story is slight enough to hang gags on (including a famous duck shoot), but there's some discomfort—almost masochism—built into it. Keaton plays puny, defenseless Alfy Butler, a rich, soft simpleton whose father sends him into the woods to make a man of him; through love (for broad-faced Sally O'Neil) and mistaken identity, he becomes embroiled in prizefighting and is pitted against the sadistic world champion. He wins, of course, but not until after he's taken a cruel beating. Keaton directed, and there are cleverly worked out compositional techniques, including the sort of deep focus that was later to be associated with Orson Welles and *Gregg Toland. With Snitz Edwards* as the valet. (8th St. Playhouse; March 18.)

The Bell Jar—Based on the Sylvia Plath novel, with Marilyn Hassett, directed by Larry Peerce. (Cinema I; starting March 21.)

Boulevard Nights—With Richard Yniguez and Danny De La Paz, directed by Michael Pressman. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting March 23.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. (In Italian, with subtitles, at the D. W. Griffith; starting March 16.... ¶ In dubbed English at the R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting March 16.)

A Bucket of Blood (1959)—Roger Corman made this inexpensive variation on the old "Mystery of the Wax Museum;" this time, the setting is southern California, and the sculptor who kills in order to cover the corpses and exhibit them as art is a busboy in a Venice West coffee house. Unpretentious, and with some show of grisly humor in the midst of the bloodletting. (Little Theatre; March 16.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doc-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting March 23.)

Casey's Shadow (1978)—Walter Matthau, full of his usual wit and humor, and with his appealing crumpled face, in a horse movie that is one of the nicest things in a long time to take a child to. (Olympia; starting March 23.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 18-19.)

The China Syndrome—With Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas; directed by James Bridges. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2; starting March 16.)

Coma (1978)—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. And single-handed, she begins to investigate. The story—about the body-snatching of the living—is essentially sleazy, yet this thriller shies away from sleazy jokes. It glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, and it holds you. But it doesn't give you a lift—all you get is a knot in the gut. Michael Crichton directed and did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Olympia; through March 15.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Paramount, and Embassy.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Loews New York 2.)

Dear Inspector—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (St. Marks Cinema; March 19-22.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 20.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Coronet.)

Despair—With Dirk Bogarde and Andrea Ferréol, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini 2.)

Fast Break—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through March 22.)

The French Detective—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Gas-s-s-s (1971)—A world where no one is over twenty-five. Directed by Roger Corman. (Little Theatre; March 17.)

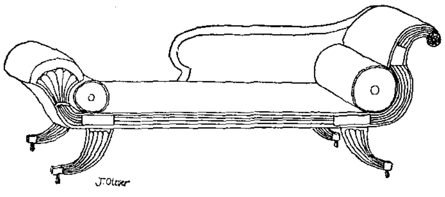
Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

Girl Friends—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is the interesting one of the counterpull between the wish for sociability and the wish to be alone, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (8/21/78) (St. Marks Cinema; March 16-18.)

Go West (1925)—Unique among the Buster Keaton comedies in that it aims for intense pathos; however, it's sad and funny at the same time—which wasn't true of Chaplin's pathos. Keaton plays Friendless—a lonely, buffeted, uncomplaining drifter without home, country, or dime. Having found the city's heart cold, he hides in a freight train going to Arizona, and there among the cacti he finds his first and only comfort and fellowship in a sad-eyed cow. Together they weather it through storm and sunshine. Keaton is so unembarrassed and so unself-consciously stoic in adversity that the pathos is never offensive—not even when a dog he tries to pat moves away from him. It's a strange, beautiful movie, directed and partly written by Keaton right after the breakup of the team he had been working with since his two-reeler days. There's an extraordinary finale, in which Friendless and Brown Eyes the Cow round up hundreds of steers that are bellowing through the streets of Los Angeles. (8th St. Playhouse; March 21.)

The Great Bank Hoax—With Richard Basehart, Ned Beatty, Charlene Dallas, Burgess Meredith, Michael Murphy, and Paul Sand; directed by Joseph Jacoby. (Guild, and Embassy; starting March 23.)

The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea; the film is a fictionalized version of what, according to Michael Crichton, who directed, and adapted from his own novel, was the first train robbery. There's a total absence of personal obsession—even moviemaking obsession—in the way Crichton works; he never excites us emotionally or imaginatively, but the film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. With Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Criterion; through March 15. . . . ¶ Sutton; through March 21.)



Hair—Based on the Broadway musical, with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Ziegfeld.)

Hamlet (1969)—Bearded, and with a nasal twang, Nicol Williamson is a surly Hamlet, deliberately, wretchedly unattractive. Williamson's acting is all pathos and vituperation, snarls and tantrums, and he stares so much that he's in danger of wearing out his eyeballs. The tension is gone, because this Hamlet is not a man who is destroyed by the events we see and by his own divided feelings; he is weak at the outset. The play collapses not only as drama but as poetic drama. Williamson's morose, self-pitying Hamlet lacks heroism, and Hamlet's speeches, as Williamson delivers them, lack beauty. This movie, directed by Tony Richardson, isn't a reinterpretation of "Hamlet" but an exploitation of what's worst in Nicol Williamson as an actor; it isn't tragic or absurdist—it's just cheap Jacobean-Mod, sexed up whenever possible. The movie was shot in the Round House, the old London engine shed converted into a theatre, where Richardson also staged the play, and it is done almost completely in oppressive closeups. There are a few fine moments: Roger Livesey's entrance with the players provides a touch of humanity, and Anthony Hopkins is an appealing though very young Claudius—one rather wishes he were left in peace to rule the country, since Hamlet is obviously unfit. (Cinema Village; March 20.)

Hardcore—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; through March 15. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting March 16.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Bay Cinema, and Forum.)

Ice Castles—With Robby Benson, Colleen Dewhurst, Tom Skerritt, Jennifer Warren, David Huffman, and Lynn-Holly Johnson; directed by Donald Wrye. (Loews Tower East; March 14. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through March 15.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast (in a role that suggests a male Anna Karenina), but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act; toward the end he's all over the place acting. Antonelli gives the picture some amusing sexual suspense. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza, and Cinema 3.)

In Praise of Older Women—With Karen Black,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Susan Strasberg, and Tom Berenger; directed by George Kaczender. (Greenwich; through March 15.)

The Intruder (1962)—Roger Corman's one attempt at a socially conscious message movie. William Shatner is a neurotic racist rabble-rouser in this melodrama about school integration, shot in Missouri in a documentary style. The townspeople and the atmosphere are more compelling than the implausibly resolved story. (Little Theatre; March 15. Corman will speak after the 7:30 showing.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Olympia; March 16-22.)

Johnny Eager (1942)—Lana Turner, in her dimpled prime, as a débutante girl friend of a handsome, arrogant racketeer (the uniquely unconvincing Robert Taylor). This glossy, full-dress gangster melodrama from M-G-M is best known for Van Heflin's ingratiating, picture-stealing performance as Taylor's loyal friend. With Barry Nelson, Edward Arnold, and Glenda Farrell. Mervyn LeRoy directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 20.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy; through March 15. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 23.)

The Last Woman (1976)—Directed by Marco Ferreri, of "The Grande Bouffe." Another of the many films of our time that are about male chauvinism, and yet made by men, with the chief male characters as the most fully explored ones. The film has a horrific ending: be warned. Before that, like "The Grande Bouffe," it is a hyperbolic fiction about appetite on the rampage—in this case, male sexual appetite, not appetite for ornamentally prepared food. This is a portrait of masculine swinishness as a cartoonist might draw it, with Gérard Depardieu as a hero whose stomach seems swollen with pride and wine, and Ornella Muti as the sweet-natured latest of his string of mistresses, who looks after his baby son borne of another woman and ministers to his jealous demands for toddler care for himself. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 22.)

Lies My Father Told Me (1975)—Set in Montreal in the twenties, about a seven-year-old Jewish boy, his grandfather, and his father. Directed by Jan Kadar. (St. Marks Cinema; March 16-18.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden); in the darkened theatre after she has performed he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (8th St. Playhouse; March 18.)

Little Miss Marker (1934)—You've never seen anything like it; that doesn't mean you need to. Tiny tot Shirley Temple is left as a "marker" with a bunch of gambler-racketeers, who talk in the coy Broadway low-life argot invented by Damon Runyon, on whose story the film is based. Adolphe Menjou is the head hoodlum; he and the others bedeck themselves as King Arthur's knights in order to please wee Shirley, and at her instigation he also recites "Now I lay me down to sleep." No one can deny that the infant Shirley Temple was a trouper; she delivers her lines with a killer instinct, and she sings, natch. Alexander Hall directed this exceedingly popular whimsy. (Remade in 1949 as "Sorrowful Jones;" another remake is now in the works.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 19.)

The Little Shop of Horrors (1960)—Amateurish yet funny, in a gross way. A simpleton (Jonathan Haze) who works in a florist shop has a prize plant that becomes a voracious blood-seeking man-eater. It cries, "Feed me! Feed me!" The film is notable for the performance that Jack Nicholson gives in a minor role; as a pain freak who is in ecstasy in a dentist's chair, he shows the comic intensity that later made him a star. Directed by Roger Corman, from a script by Charles B. Griffith. (Little Theatre; March 16.)

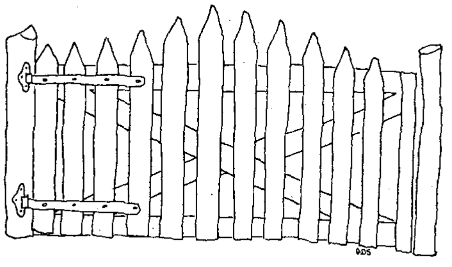
The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through March 15.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The well-acted production is a bloody melodrama that reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. With Jon Finch. (Cinema Village; March 20.)

Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but as unconvincing as he is in his other roles. And, as Hopkins has written the role, this Holmes seems less a master of deduction than a wet-eyed saintly firebrand trying (ineffectively) to save mankind from the corruption of those in power. This Holmes also patronizes the common man, in the form of Dr. Watson, with whom he lives in an "odd couple" relationship that is the film's best comic resource. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. With Geneviève Bujold, who does one of her finest child-woman numbers, and Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, David Hemmings, Susan Clark, Frank Finlay, and the tedious-as-usual Anthony Quayle—luckily his reddish foliage hides most of his bland face. The dialogue is fairly lively, though the plot is impenetrable. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Criterion; starting March 16.)

Norma Rae—With Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges; directed by Martin Ritt. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1.)

Nosferatu (1922)—Directed by F. W. Murnau, the original, superbly loathsome German version of Bram Stoker's novel "Dracula" is a concentrated essay on horror fantasy, full of weird, macabre camera effects. Though ludicrous at times (every horror film seems to become absurd with the passage of years, and many before—yet the horror remains), this first important film of the vampire genre has more spectral atmosphere, more ingenuity, and more imaginative ghoulish ghastliness than any of its successors. The movie often seems more closely related to demonic painting than to the later, rather rigid vampire-movie genre. Because Murnau concentrated on scenes of suggestive and horrible beauty and didn't make the narrative line very clear, those who have had little contact with bloodsuckers may be helped by a bit of outline. Henrik Galeen's adaptation of the novel changes the setting from Victorian England to Bremen in 1838. A real-estate agent in Bremen sends his young, recently married clerk to the Carpathian woods to settle some property matters at the castle of Nosferatu (the Vampire). An emaciated skeleton of a man with a rodent face, Nosferatu spends his days in his coffin, his nights sucking blood. The clerk, though weakened by the nightly loss of blood, escapes and returns to his wife. But Nosferatu follows: he boards a sailing ship for Bremen and, incarnating and carrying pestilence, he infects the whole crew. The phantom ship reaches Bremen, and Nosferatu meets the wife, who, knowing that vampires cannot survive the dawn, surrenders herself to him. As the morning sun breaks into her bedroom, Nosferatu dissolves. The influence of this film can be seen in movies as disparate as Bergman's "The Magician" (the opening sequences of the coach) and Godard's "Alphaville" (the use of negative film). With Max Schreck as the vampire. (Cinema Village; March 23-24.)



Old Boyfriends—With Talia Shire, Richard Jordan, John Belushi, and Keith Carradine; directed by Joan Tewkesbury. (Sutton; starting March 22.)

The Passage—With Anthony Quinn, James Mason, and Malcolm McDowell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Rivoli. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Eastside Cinema; through March 15. . . . ¶ U. A. East; March 16-22.)

Personal Property (1937)—H. M. Harwood's comedy "The Man in Possession" was pleasant enough in the 1931 movie version, starring Robert Montgomery, but this one, starring Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, is a dud, despite the efforts of Una O'Connor, Reginald Owen, E. E. Clive, and Cora Witherspoon. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 18.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—With Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard, directed by Peter Weir. (Little Carnegie.)

A Piece of Pleasure (1976)—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous time together, apparently: country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 22.)

The Promise—With Kathleen Quinlan, Stephen Collins, and Beatrice Straight; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Music Hall.)

The Promoter (1952)—Denry the audacious—the opportunist who rises from washerwoman's son to town mayor through devious and ingenious scheming—is probably Alec Guinness's most winning role. He even gets the girl (Petula Clark, looking very pretty at this stage in her career, though she doesn't sing). His performance is neatly matched against Glynis Johns's portrait of a female opportunist—a babyfaced, husky-voiced dancing teacher who latches onto wealth and a title. Eric Ambler adapted Arnold Bennett's 1911 satire on business methods and class barriers, originally called "The Card;" it makes a blithe, wonderfully satisfying comedy. With Valerie Hobson as the Countess of Chell. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 22.)

The Rainmaker (1956)—The cowtown spinster suffering from drought is Katharine Hepburn, and the man who delivers the rain is Burt Lancaster. The casting is just about perfect. Lancaster has an athletic role, in which he can also be very touching. The con man isn't a simple trickster; he's a poet and dreamer who needs to convince people of his magical powers. Hepburn is stringy and tomboyish, believably plain yet magically beautiful. This is a fairy tale (the ugly duckling) dressed up as a bucolic comedy and padded out with metaphysical falsies, but it is also genuinely appealing, in a crude, good-spirited way, though N. Richard Nash, who wrote both the play and the adaptation, aims too solidly at lower-middle-class tastes. Once transformed, the heroine rejects the poet for the deputy sheriff (Wendell Corey); if there were a sequel, she might be suffering from the drought of his imagination. With Lloyd Bridges, Earl Holliman, Cameron Prud'homme, and Wallace Ford. The director is Joseph Anthony, who also staged it on Broadway. (Thalia; March 23-24.)

Real Life—With Albert Brooks and Charles Grodin, directed by Brooks. (Cinema II.)

Remember My Name—With Geraldine Chaplin, Tony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Beekman, and Cinema Studio 1.)

Roger Corman: Hollywood's Wild Angel—A documentary on the director, featuring interviews with Martin Scorsese, Jonathan Demme, David Carradine, and others. Directed by Christian Blackwood. (Little Theatre; March 14. Corman will speak after the 7:30 showing.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through March 20.)

The Spiral Staircase (1948)—Set in New England in 1906, it's about the activities of a finical strangler engaged in eliminating young women who don't measure up to his ideas of physical perfection. His preoccupation sets him in murderous pursuit of Dorothy McGuire, a harmless, attractive mute who serves as companion to gruff Ethel Barrymore, the bedridden mistress of a spooky mansion decorated with the hides of various wild animals and full of creaking doors, gates, and shutters. Robert Siodmak directed this little horror classic; it has all the trappings of the genre—a stormy night and a collection of psychopaths—but the psychopaths are quite presentable people, and this, plus the skillful, swift direction, makes the terror convincing. With George Brent, Kent Smith, Sara Allgood, Elsa Lanchester, and Rhonda Fleming. (Regency; March 18-20.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father is ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone, and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Riesner. (8th St. Playhouse; March 19.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Tales of Terror (1962)—A group of grotesque and ghoulish Poe stories, directed in a literal-minded way by Roger Corman, and featuring Peter Lorre as a macabre madcap. Vincent Price leers his way through all of them, and in one turns into an oozing liquid. With Basil Rathbone and Debra Paget. Some of the horror effects are rather repellent. (Little Theatre; March 18.)

Tent of Miracles—A Brazilian film, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre; starting March 20.)

Touch and Go (1971)—Philippe de Broca takes on the Second World War and a serious theme about friendship among three people accidentally thrown together in an intimacy that we are asked to believe to be deep-running. But de Broca's gift is for a particular kind of monkey-on-a-stick farcical humor; when he tries to show us characters who really bleed in war and really suffer the wound of a friendship's ending, he can't escape his old habits of *joie de vivre* among farcical stereotypes. His three chief figures—Michel Piccoli as a French gunrunner, Marlène Jobert as a Swiss consul's wife, Michael York as a Bertie Woosterish English officer speaking fractured French—inhabit a sentimental mode that allows no room for the very grown-up and bitter rage that seethes under, say, Richard Lester's films; they are reduced to existing simply as the instruments of whimsy. In French. (Thalia; March 19.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; March 19-22.)

Voices—With Michael Ontkean, Amy Irving, and Alex Rocco; directed by Robert Markowitz. (Baronet.)

The Warriors—Walter Hill's spectacle that takes its story from Xenophon's Anabasis and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids out of them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. (3/5/79) (Victoria. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through March 22.)

Who'll Stop the Rain—An interesting film by Karel Reisz—the Czech-born director of "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," "Morgan!," "The Loves of Isadora"—made from an uninteresting piece of pulp called "Dog Soldiers," by Robert Stone. The original book is full of clichés about the social ills that followed Vietnam; the film is thoughtful about the impact of stimulants and soporifics and random noise on a culture. With Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty. (9/4/78) (Olympia; March 16-22.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Festival.)

The Wind and the Lion (1975)—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt, Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American, but Milius is not a gifted storyteller. His characters talk incessantly, and toss away the information the audience needs to make sense of the action. People are killed so arbitrarily that the whole epic seems dissociated; there isn't enough conviction behind this movie to hold it together. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 19.)

A Woman Rebels (1936)—Arguably Katharine Hepburn's worst picture (most serious rival: "Mary of Scotland"), and the central issue—the freedom of women—is made to seem tired, dated, and convictionless. This time Hepburn is Pamela Thistlewaite, daughter of an autocratic judge (Donald Crisp). After an affair (with Van Heflin), she has an illegitimate child; though she's the crusading editor of a women's magazine and a campaigner for women's rights, she fibs about the baby. After much suffering, she realizes she's in love with her longtime faithful suitor (Herbert Marshall). Mark Sandrich directed, from Netta Syrett's "Portrait of a Rebel." (Thalia; March 23-24.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Léotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 23.)

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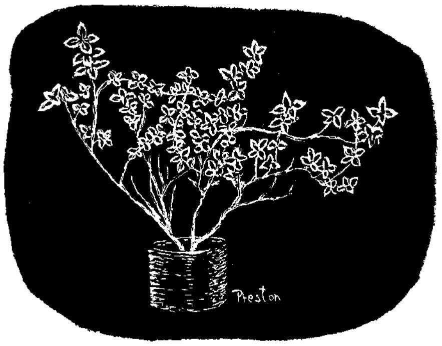
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the strangest aspects of the Vietnam War—the Vietnamese-American War, that is, not that eerie sequel the Vietnamese-Chinese War—was the North Vietnamese government's steadfast denial of the well-known fact that its troops were carrying the main burden of the fighting in South Vietnam. For several years, a large part of the North Vietnamese Army vanished into the oblivion that totalitarian governments provide for events whose existence they wish to erase from the historical record. Death is itself a kind of disappearance, but the men in these campaigns had disappeared from the face of the earth even before they risked their lives in battle. Of all this century's unknown soldiers, they were perhaps the most unknown: they were deprived even of the brave soldier's last consolation of feeling that he dies in the sight of the nation for which he is fighting. Considerably more information was, of course, available on the American side. Our government was hardly presenting the whole truth to the world, either, but our press eventually filled in many of the missing pieces. At any rate, it was possible over the long run to put together from American sources a fairly accurate picture of the war. In the current Vietnamese-Chinese War, by contrast, *both* armies are lost in the totalitarian darkness, and it may be that no satisfactory record of what has happened will ever be made known. To be sure, the two governments have admitted that their forces are at war, but beyond that they have supplied almost no information. From time to time, one side or the other has released a photograph of the corpse of a young man alleged to have been a soldier of the other side, but it has been hard to see just how these grim dispatches, in which nothing but the bare fact of death was disclosed, were supposed to inform or otherwise satisfy the jittery world. The only aperture into this bloody enclosed realm has been provided by American satellites, which have been trying to peer at the battlefield from heights of hundreds of miles. In order to find out what is going on in a war between two totalitarian states, the best the rest of us can do is look down, like extraterrestrial aliens, from outer space.

When war occurs, it is advantageous for the world at large if a democratic public is involved on one side or the other. A democratic public demands facts from its government, and the world can listen in. Further, a democratic public can exact promises, set limits on tolerable actions, and hedge its leaders about with restraints, all of which may help prevent the war from spreading. It's also true that an inflamed public can demand reckless action, but even in those cases the world can be helped by domestic free discussion. Free discussion does more than illuminate events; it endows them with significance. Since so much of politics consists of signals and counter-signals, an uninterpreted move can be literally meaningless—a gesture in the dark. Even war, that supposedly most concrete of all political activities, is often a largely symbolic game, and great powers wage campaigns merely to "teach a lesson" or "demonstrate resolve." The meanings of such actions are arrived at by decision. In our Vietnam War, for example, a meaning and even a sort of emotional valence were, in effect, agreed upon for every step of the escalatory process, and these gradations then served as firebreaks in the path that could have led to nuclear destruction. In the Vietnamese-Chinese War, distinctions of this kind have been frighteningly lacking. Motives, causes, and future intents have, like facts, been left in obscurity. The "lesson" the Chinese were bent on teaching was disturbingly bereft of particulars. Moreover, the Sino-Soviet rivalry in which the new war appeared to be somehow grounded had also proceeded for years without the benefit of open discussion, and had remained only half real to international onlookers. Its reasons and justifications had been more concealed than disclosed by the propagandistic tirades that the two nations directed at one another. In the United States, few people believed in it at all. Now the Chinese had suddenly seemed to drive off the edge of every approved map of geopolitical possibilities, and the world began to slide with sickening ease down an unsignposted road toward general war—and then, we've been told, with equally little explanation, the Chinese started to draw back again.



The one small indication of public scrutiny of the war appeared within China, where protests against the invasion of Vietnam were heard. The Chinese people had been permitted a small degree of freedom in recent months by Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, and now a certain number of them made bold use of it to oppose his war policies. Having launched a new war in Vietnam, the Chinese government, like ours a decade ago, found that it had an antiwar movement as well. According to a report in *Newsweek*, several antiwar rallies were held, and antiwar posters went up in nearly every major city in China. It was a development to gladden lovers of liberty everywhere, and it held promise, however faint, that one day trustworthy observers on earth—Chinese observers—would take over from the eavesdroppers in outer space and start reporting and interpreting Chinese events to the world.

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Eclipse

IN Montana, twelve men and women and a large black dog named Stryker watched the recent eclipse from a nine-thousand-foot peak. The spot was not particularly high or remote, by local recreation standards, but, because there was deep snow, and because the nearest road was several miles away and the top hundred yards of the peak were a bit too icy and steep to be climbed on cross-country skis, even sidestepping, the twelve people felt certain they would have the view to themselves. To be on top by 9:24 A.M., when totality was scheduled to begin, they had skied in the day before and camped overnight on the snow, leaving for the morning only a short climb—with their skis off—out of the trees and then up the face of the peak. They had also indulged in a campfire, digging down to the ground for a place to put it and creating a black-floored hole in the snow which could have hidden a brace of Volkswagens.

An early start in the morning brought them all to the peak with nearly an hour to spare, and as they cooled off from the climb they stamped their feet and vigorously discussed the wisdom of having arrived so early. No one criticized the weather, however—not even the solid banks of high cloud which were covering the sun almost steadily. Whatever happened above, the view under the clouds was reward enough—sixty miles in every direction of the Rockies in winter, all the way to the horizon. This trip had a special feel only because people carried watches, had awakened to an alarm, and, all morning, checked the minutes as avidly as commuters.

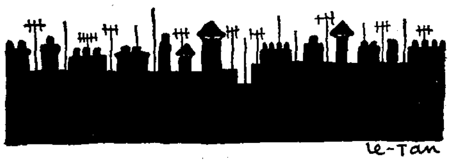
The eclipse happened right on time, with the prescribed rush of wind and starlit darkness, and just at that moment the clouds thinned enough for a full view of the white corona, including an unexpected bright-red streamer on the bottom. (Stryker, who was presumably unprepared, had no noticeable reaction; his credentials as a representative of the natural kingdom were somewhat in doubt, though, since for two days he had happily followed a group of skiers with backpacks through the snow.) The effect was quite as impressive as it was supposed to be. And, seen from such vantage, the eclipse provided another sight, perhaps even more awesome: the roll of darkness from the west across the mountains and valleys underneath the clouds, as though an invisible, impossibly wide front of thunderheads were advancing at impossible speed (the real cloud banks did not move at all); the street lights in a distant town came on even while the peak was still in sunlight. Then, during darkness, daylight could be seen advancing just as powerfully from the same direction.

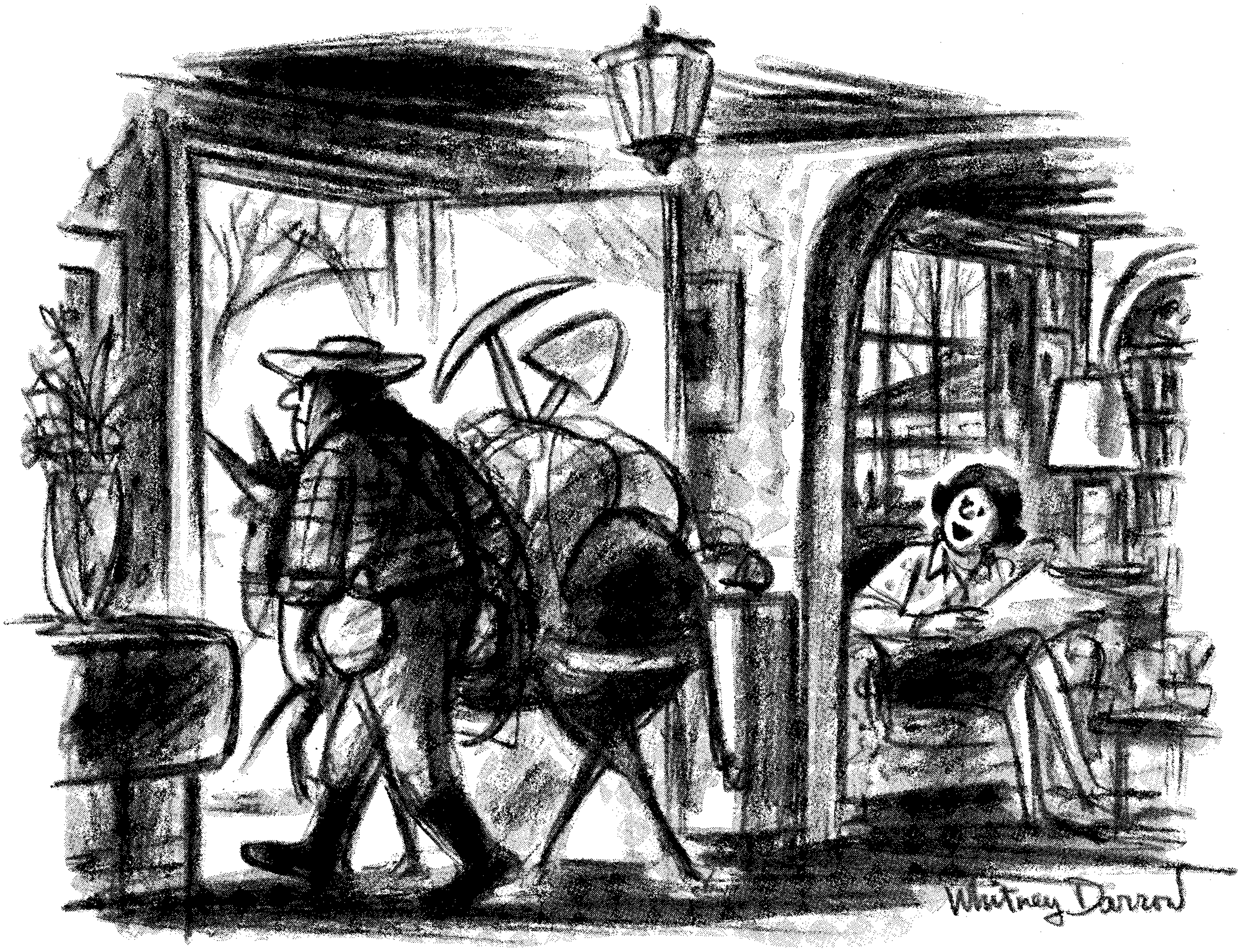
When the sun came back, it did not seem ordinary at all but, rather, just as wonderful as the eclipse, as wonderful as always. Instead of letdown among the watchers, there was a sudden, inspired sprint, which, of course, had nowhere to go but down. The group whooped and skidded off the peak, one young man turning an exuberant headlong somersault down the slope, backpack and all, and, as several people regained their skis, there were some zooming runs and some spills. It was warmer immediately, and, with activity and descent, the day warmed steadily to a brilliant, perfect, shirtsleeve winter noon in the wilderness.

Inner Circle

WE'D like to report once again on the Inner Circle show, the annual municipal divertissement that draws politicians and power brokers to the Hilton each spring like moths to a flame. The latest one-night stand was called "What—Me Worry?," and the program was decorated with a smiling, freckled Mayor Koch (a look-alike for Alfred E. Neuman, the *Mad Magazine* mascot) surrounded by buildings that were collapsing in flames. The cast and crew consisted of some seventy-five past and present City Hall reporters, and the invited guests included nearly everybody of importance in local politics. This year's script was a bit sharper than some previous efforts, reflecting, perhaps, the tensions that have come to the surface during the first year of the Koch administration. Jokes were barbed (Sample: Clerk: "The Association for a Better New York called." The Inner Circle's Koch: "What do they want?" Clerk: "They want you to move." Second Sample: The I.C.'s City Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite: "Now, straight from the back room at Gracie Mansion— What's your name again?" The I.C.'s Vincent McDonnell, former labor mediator: "Shea, Gould, Climenko & Casey"—his new law firm. Cuite: "What do you do?" McDonnell: "Everybody we can"), and lyrics bristled with inside information (Sample: Councilman Eugene Mastropieri, wearing a large sign that said "TILT," singing "Took a trip to the Catskills. Didn't cost me a cent. Had a hell of a weekend. Pinball games pay the rent"). There were moments of nostalgia (The Sunshine Boys—Arthur Levitt, the former State Comptroller, and Louis Lefkowitz, the former State Attorney General—singing "Yes, We Remember It Well"), bits of burlesque (Joseph Bragg, of WHN, as Jimmy Carter in an angel's white robe with a quivering silver halo, and a wonderful soft-shoe routine by Joe Famiglietti, WABC reporter, who, as the Manhattan Republican leader, Vincent Albano, twirled across the stage with a straw hat and a cane singing "Give 'em that old soft soap").

Act I began with the forced emigration of E. Irving Koch from the planet Krapton to City Hall ("More powerful than Meade Esposito! Faster than the Long Island Rail Road! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's a bird! No, it's *Supermensch!*"). The Mayor arrived first as a stuffed figure plummeting from the ceiling ("Because of the danger inherent in the flight," a passerby explained, "the role of the dummy was played by Herman Badillo, as usual") and then turned up live (John Toscano, of the *News*, dressed in electric-blue tights, red satin shorts, and a red cape) to greet his startled constituents. They included Lois Meyerson ("I'm the consumer-affairs editor of the *Daily Planet*. I also just happen to represent General Motors, Bristol-Myers, Chase Manhattan, Philip Morris, Coca-Cola, Miller High Life, and Con Edison"), Carol Bellamy and Jay Goldin (Tarzan and Jane in matching leopard skins), Herman Badillo (Tom Poster, of the *News*, in a spangled gray toreador outfit, dancing a manic tango and singing "Just below Yonkers, the South Bronx today. That's where I got my start and lost my heart the Riverdale way"), the five borough presidents ("They wouldn't know a bus shelter from a tax shelter"), five labor leaders, who entered jogging ("We're running to keep up with inflation"), a group of present or potential M.T.A. officials (Planning Commission Chairman





"Have you said goodbye to the children?"

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Robert Wagner, Jr., to Transit Police Chief Sanford Garelik: "Sandy, what kind of Transit Police Chief are you? You've never been on a subway." Garelik: "Are you kidding? A guy could get *killed* down there"), a dishevelled Police Commissioner Robert McGuire ("I've just been having an encounter session in Borough Park"), and a chorus line of black-suited, black-hatted Brooklyn Chassidim, who sang their version of "Chattanooga Choo Choo" ("Koch won't excuse A little riot at the precinct, But boys will be boys And all we did was make noise").

Act II consisted of a Gong Show starring Thomas Cuite (Bill Beutel, of WABC) and some of his spaced-out City Council colleagues. (Sample dialogue: Cuite to a group of young Council mavericks, all of them dressed like children: "What are you people against *this* week?" Council people: "Westway! Battery Park! Apple pie! Motherhood! Sex! *Breathing!*")

Act III took place at the Metropolitan Museum's King Tut exhibit. The set consisted of an upright blue-and-gold mummy case (the mummy inside bore a striking resemblance to Richard Nixon), which was flanked by two enormous tomb paintings. People waiting in line included Bella Abzug (Mary Alice Williams, of WNBC, in a slinky red dress, lamenting, "Was the greatest star. Still am by far"), Hugh Carey (Jimmy Ryan, of WNBC, in a cutaway, explaining the strategy of his Presidential campaign in a song with the line "I'm a Democrat, But I won't stand pat"), Robert Cardinal Wagner, the Ambassador to the Vatican, wearing a jewelled mitre and a glittering ecclesiastical robe, Stanley Steingut in a Yankee uniform, Pat Moynihan in a green leprechaun outfit, and a couple of ringers named Ping and Pong (Assistant Fire Commissioner John Mulligan and Owen Fitzgerald, of the *News*, respectively), who invited the Governor and the Mayor to visit China and suggested that they bring along that "high religious leader the Mitchell Lama." (Sample dialogue: Koch to Carey: "Why are you going to Peking?" Carey to Koch: "It might be a short cut to Washington." President Carter to Koch: "Who's paying for *your* trip?" Koch to Carter: "I'm raising the money from the private sector. Anthony Scotto is the chairman of my Committee to Cement Relations.")

The show ended with the real Mayor Koch's traditional rebuttal ("I haven't had so much fun since Andy Stein offered me a cup of Kool-Aid," said Koch, looking benignly at the audience) and a musical-therapy session in which the gloomy Mayor ("Sometimes you feel as if everyone is against you, as if you're all alone") was cheered up by Little Orphan Annie and six fellow-orphans, from the real cast of "Annie," who announced that they represented the five boroughs and Roosevelt Island. After a brief song-and-dance number, Daddy Warbucks also put in an appearance, to introduce the President (F.D.R., in a wheelchair, who said, "We have nothing to fear but bankruptcy, crime, unemployment, potholes . . .") and Sandy, who trotted out with a sign around his neck that read "Tomorrow." "Ah," said the Mayor. "Tomorrow. And that's a firm commitment. Ask me tomorrow, and I'll tell you the same thing." Then everybody sang a chorus of "Tomorrow," and we all went home.

Birds

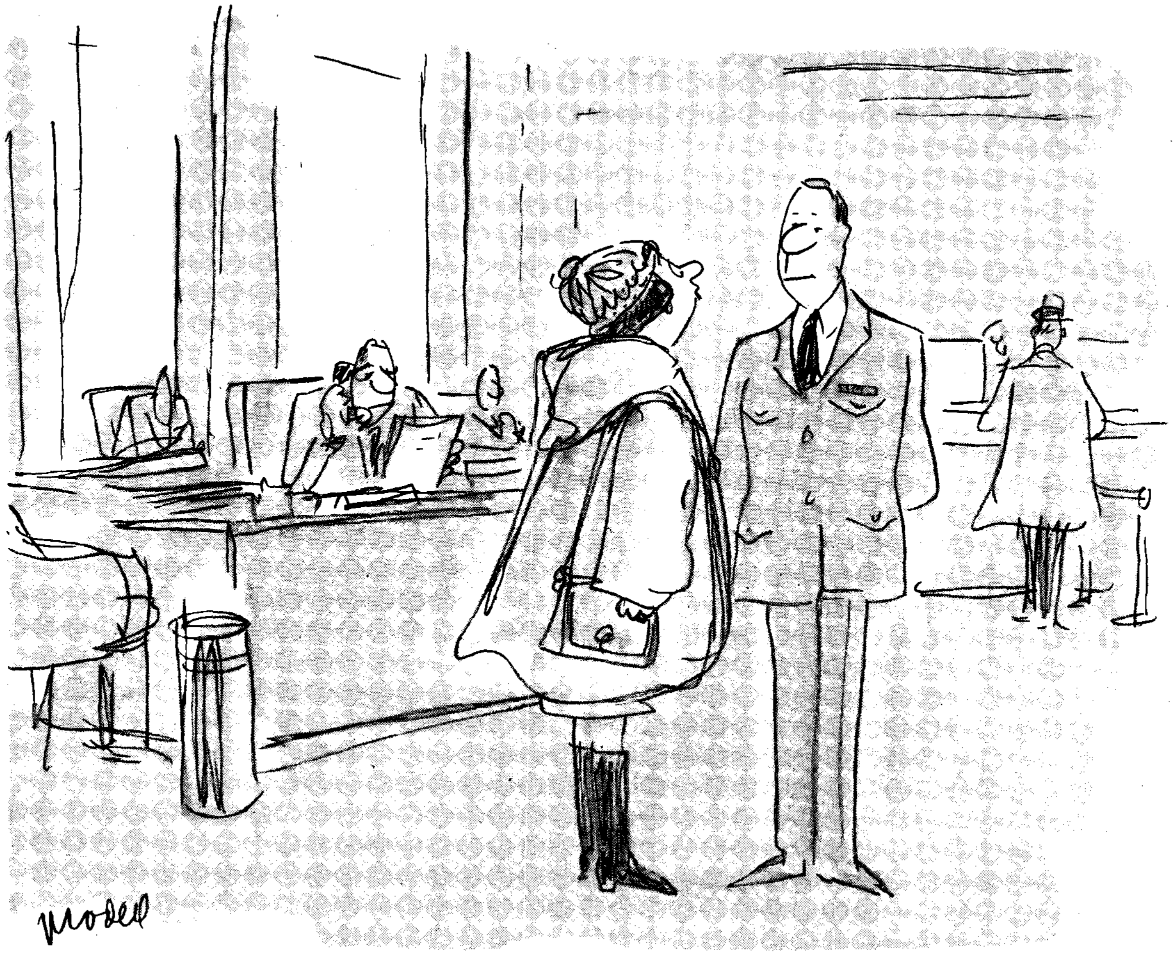
AT around five o'clock on a Friday evening not long ago, Arlene Slavin, a tall young woman with a lively face and long, flowing brown hair, was putting the finishing touches on a ninety-foot mural that covered all eleven walls of one room of the Milliken Gallery, at 141 Prince Street. To the left, as one entered, the wall was painted a dark royal blue that grew lighter toward the ceiling; to the right, it was a deep crimson that also lightened; and in between—all the way around the room—it progressed from blue to green to yellow to orange to red, like a flaming sunset that ran through all the colors of the spectrum. Water birds—swans, geese, gulls, storks, stilts, cormorants, herons, pelicans, and flamingos, all painted in solid colors—stood or flew around the walls, the swans pale green and the geese red against the blue, the stilts brown and the storks orange against the green, the cormorants black where the wall shifted from green to yellow, the pelicans electric blue where the wall turned orange, and the flamingos green where it turned bright red. Miss Slavin and a male and a female assistant, Susumu Sakaguchi and Lydia Okumura, had started painting the morning before, as soon as the previous show in the Milliken Gallery was removed; the paint had to be dry by the time Miss Slavin's own show opened, the following Tuesday. "When I woke up yesterday morning and realized that I had some eight hundred and twenty square feet of wall to cover in three days, my stomach turned over," she said. (She is normally a slow painter.) "However, once I got the drawings, which I had been planning for about a month, actually onto the walls, I felt better; and now that Susumu, Lydia, and I have got the colors on, I feel the walls are mine." They wouldn't be hers for very long, because after three weeks, when the show ended, the mural would be obliterated by a fresh coat of white paint on the gallery walls.

We asked Miss Slavin, who was standing heronlike in the middle of the room, her eyes darting from cormorant to swan to stork—she was dressed in bluejeans, a black polo shirt, and brown moccasins, which were only lightly spattered with crimson, orange, green, and purple—how she had got herself in for such a marathon job of painting a mural with such a low life expectancy.

"I guess I wanted an opportunity to envelop myself in my work, so when the Milliken Gallery offered me its walls I jumped at the chance," she said, dropping her brush (a house painter's) into a can of blue latex house paint (it had taken her four days of traipsing from store to store with color swatches and price lists to assemble all the paint). "I couldn't have this sweep in even a whole series of paintings. I could have lined the room with canvas to preserve the mural, but I didn't want to worry about the canvas's seams breaking into the composition; also, it is unlikely that anyone would have a room just this size and shape to move the mural into. Anyway, murals are out of fashion these days—they went out when art became minimal. I want to get back to the idea that art can be beautiful and decorative, and I want to get this across in as large a way as I can."

We asked if she had always done decorative, realistic paintings.

"My art used to be geometric," she said. "My abstractions were often flying forms, such as triangles that seemed to float through the air. Gradually, I guess, they turned into birds. I found I could do more with birds: they are mysterious, and they can be anthropomorphic, suggesting vulnerability or aggression or curiosity—simply in the way a head is turned or a neck is cricked. Birds can be abstracted, too—I can make a swan blue or red, if those colors are needed in that part of the painting. I convey the birdness, or character, through the drawing, separately from the color. *These* birds, I hope, convey the sort of joy and elation I like to see in art. I think that that



"Whom do I speak to if I'm not sure I have the right bank for me?"

yellow goose is most joyous: his wings are extended, he's floating free—it's a nice day out. That little brown cormorant up there, squashed between the top of the window and the ceiling, is probably the least joyous; he's not sure he's coming to the party. I particularly like the herons—perhaps because they have long legs, long necks, and long beaks, like me."

She stopped in front of an unfinished seagull, partly painted blue, and frowned. "What's this?" she said. "It's supposed to be yellow."

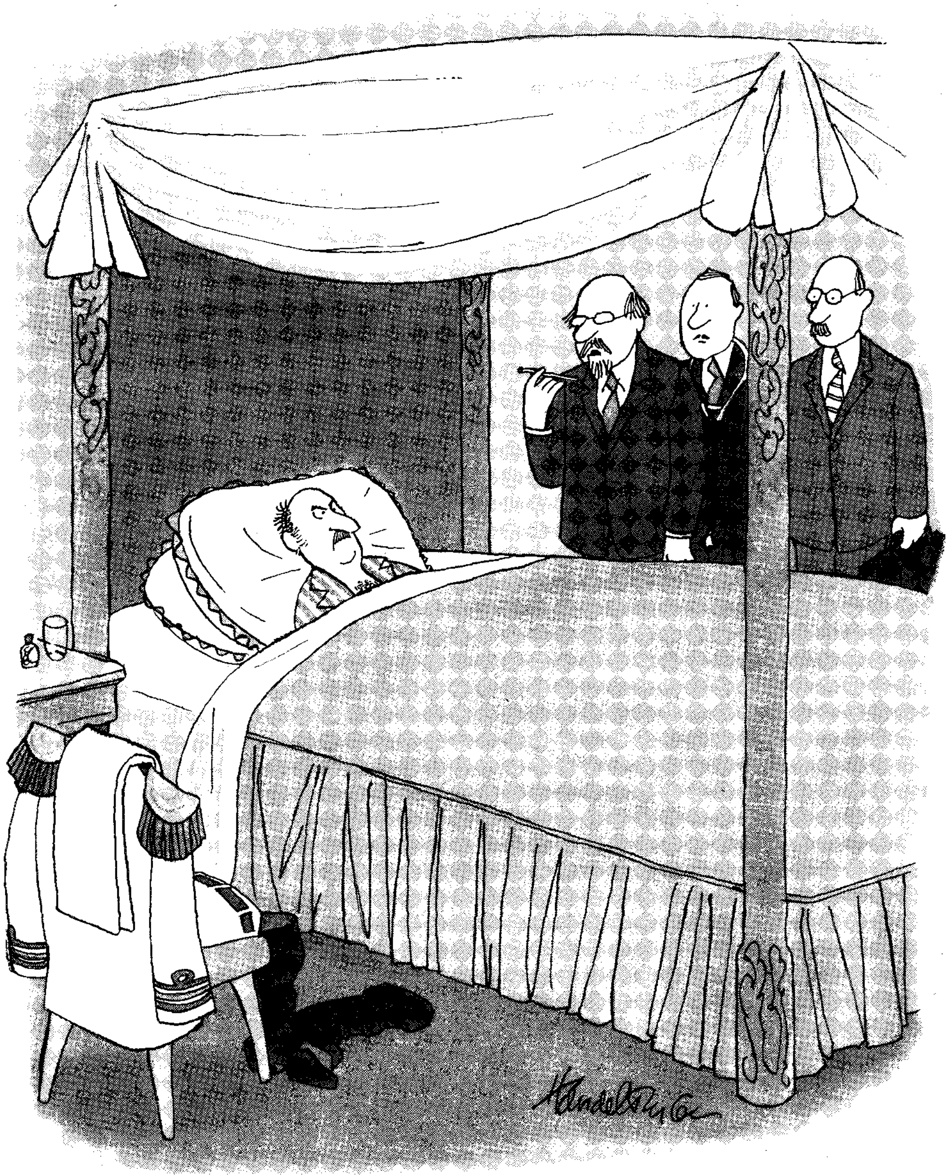
Her assistants put down their brushes and came over to look; unlike Miss Slavin, they were both very short, with straight black hair, but, like her, they were wearing bluejeans flecked here and there with every color of the rainbow.

"Why don't you see what it looks like *all* blue before you make me paint it yellow?" Mr. Sakaguchi said.

Miss Slavin said she would.

"I find that coming from abstract art to concrete art can be useful," she went on. "It gives you freedom. I find that people who start with realism often get stuck with the object and don't have the freedom to move the paint—the colors—around."

She looked again at the gull, now entirely blue, and said that it was fine. "You know," she said, "part of me hopes that someone will come along and buy the entire gallery, just to preserve the mural."



"I fear, Excellency, that you picked up a bug from one of those people you seized power from."

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G-L-O-R-I-A

AT a party that Doubleday (the publishers) gave for Gloria Vanderbilt, the author of a new book called "Woman to Woman":

.... (*Sharp intake of breath*) "Gloria!"

.... "Gordon."

.... (*Sharp intake of breath*) "Gloria!"

.... "Ruth."

.... "Margaret."

.... "Tammy."

.... "Sean."

.... (*Sharp intake of breath*) "Gloria!"

.... "Remember when she dieted down to a hundred pounds?"

.... "Today, as you know, publishing is packaging."

.... "From where I stand, I can see a book titled 'Beyond Defeat.'"

.... "That is Gloria Jones."

.... "You mean . . . ?"

.... "Yes. There are an awful lot of famous Glorias here tonight. I am the least famous of them."

.... (*Sharp intake of breath*) "Gloria!"

.... "Jerry."

.... "Did Gloria design the suit and blouse she is wearing?"

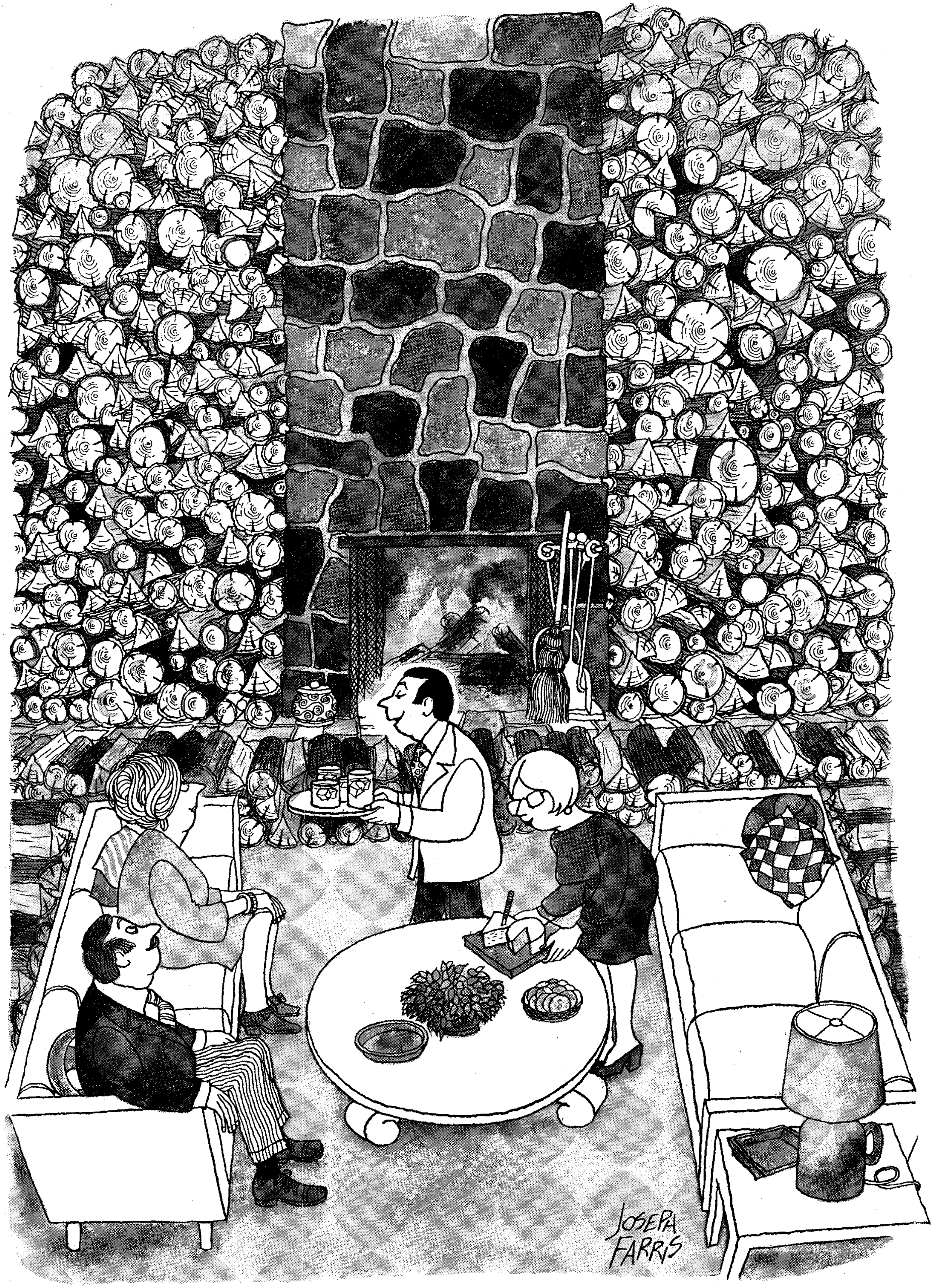
.... "Gloria only designed the blouse."

.... (*Sharp intake of breath*) "Gloria!"

.... (*Sharp intake of breath*) "Gloria!"

Titles of some chapters or sections of Gloria Vanderbilt's book: "The Bright Garden of Memory—and Taste," "Early Me," "Learning More About Myself," "The Romance of the Self: Fortuny, Karinska, Adolfo," "Discovering Yourself," "The Spirit of the Artist," "Menus and Recipes."

There are many pictures in Gloria Vanderbilt's new book. Almost all of them have captions, and all of the captions perfectly describe the photographs: "Gloria in 1941." "Gloria in 1953—in a publicity photo for 'The Swan.'" "At sixteen Gloria on the brink of Hollywood." "Gloria dressed as a medieval damsel, Old Westbury, 1935." "The famous Sphinx photograph—Gloria wearing a Mainbocher gown." "Gloria in 1971—'the past few years have greatly expanded our sense of what we can be.'" "Gloria, with Carter Vanderbilt Cooper, wearing one of her Faraway coolie hats." "Gloria at work in her studio." "Gloria returns Wyatt Cooper's smile at a Broadway opening." "Gloria in the Ten Gracie Square days."


JOSEPH FARRIS

"Let OPEC *tighten the screws. The Larned A. Corys are ready."*

THE PRESIDENT'S RESIGNATION

EARLY this evening the President announced his resignation. Though his rise to power was meteoric, he was not a popular leader. He made no promises before taking office but speculated endlessly about the kind of weather we would have during his term, sometimes even making a modest prediction. And when, as it happened from time to time, his prediction was not borne out, he would quickly conceal his disappointment. His critics accused him of spending too much energy on such exercises, and were especially severe about his wasting public funds on a National Museum of Weather, in whose rooms one could experience the climate of any day anywhere in the history of man. His war on fluorocarbons, known as the "gas crusade," is still talked about with astonishment. Among those attending the President's farewell address were: the First Minister of Potential Clearness & husband, the Warden of Inner and Outer Darkness & husband, the Deputy Chief of Lesser Degrees & wife, the First Examiner of Ambiguous Customs & two secretaries, the Chief of Transcendent Decorum & friend, the Assistant Magistrate of Exemplary Conditions & two friends, the Under-Secretary for Devices Appropriate to Conditions Unspecific & mother, the Lord Chancellor of Abnormal Silences & father, the Deputy Examiner of Fallibility and Remorse & daughters, the Chief Poet Laureate and Keeper of Glosses for Unwritten Texts & follower.

THE PRESIDENT'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

LADIES and gentlemen, friends and colleagues, thank you for coming this evening. I know how difficult for you the past few days have been and how sad you must be tonight. But I came to the Presidency from the bottom of my heart and leave it with the best will in the world. And I believe I have weathered my term without betraying the trust of the people. From the beginning I have preached melancholy and invention, nostalgia and prophecy. The languors of art have been my haven. More than anything I wished to be the first truly modern President, and to make my term the free extension of impulse and the preservation of chance.

(*Applause*)

Who can forget my proposals, petitions uttered on behalf of those who labored in the great cause of weather—measuring wind, predicting rain, giving themselves to whole generations of days—whose attention was ever riveted to the invisible wheel that turns the stars and to the stars themselves? How like poetry, said my enemies. They were right. For it was my wish to make nothing happen. Thank heaven it has been so, for my words would easily have been wasted along with the works they might have engendered. I have always spoken for what does not change, for what resists action, for the stillness at the center of man.

(*Applause*)

Thus we have been privileged to celebrate fifty-one national holidays, the fifty-one days I hesitated before taking office—the glorious fifty-one that now belong to the annals of meditation. How lovely the mind is when overcast or clouded with indecision, when it goes nowhere, when it is conscious, radiantly conscious, of its own secret motions.

(*Applause*)

And the hours spent reading Chekhov aloud to you, my beloved Cabinet! The delirium of our own unimportance that followed! How we sighed and moaned for the frailty of our lives! Not to be remembered in two hundred years, or even in two! And the silence that was ours, each of us overtaken with a feeling of moments prolonged, magically chronicled in the stillness of windows beyond which the minute changes of the world went on.

(*Applause*)

Friends, how can I tell you what weather has meant! The blue sky, its variations and repetitions, is what I look back on: the blues of my first day in office, the blues of my fifth day, the porcelain blues, the monotonous blues, the stately blues, the ideal blues and the slightly less than ideal blues, the yellow blues on certain winter days. Always the great cupola of light, a vague yet luminous crown, spread with tireless regularity, turning the prose of my life into exultation and desire. And then it would dim into twilight and the green edge of the world would darken. Finally the weather of night would arrive, under which I drifted as if my bed were a ship—the monstrous openness of night, in which birds become lost, in which sounds travel with a melancholy beyond tears, in which my dreams of a golden age seem, for a moment, diminished and hopelessly exiled. I have sailed and sailed my whole life.

(*Applause*)

I remember each morning, when I was young, setting out to cross the plains of boredom, over which small islands of shadow drifted according to the caprice of clouds. Little did I know that those days had historical importance. Airy monuments, blurred remembrances were being built, suggested, removed almost in the instant of their occurrence. Each morning, crossing those plains, armed only with desire for sympathy and adulation, I was even then forming the role I would play as President. The emptiness of those days was relentless and unfathomable as the breathing of parents. When would the world awake and acknowledge its light, that airy gold in which strange domes of gray paraded soundlessly, far off?

(*Applause*)

I have never ceased looking up at the sky and I never shall. The deep azures and ultramarines of disappointment and joy come only from it. The blessings of weather shall always exceed the office of our calling and turn our words, without warning, into the petals of a huge and inexhaustible rose. Thank you and goodbye.

—MARK STRAND

FOR SCALE

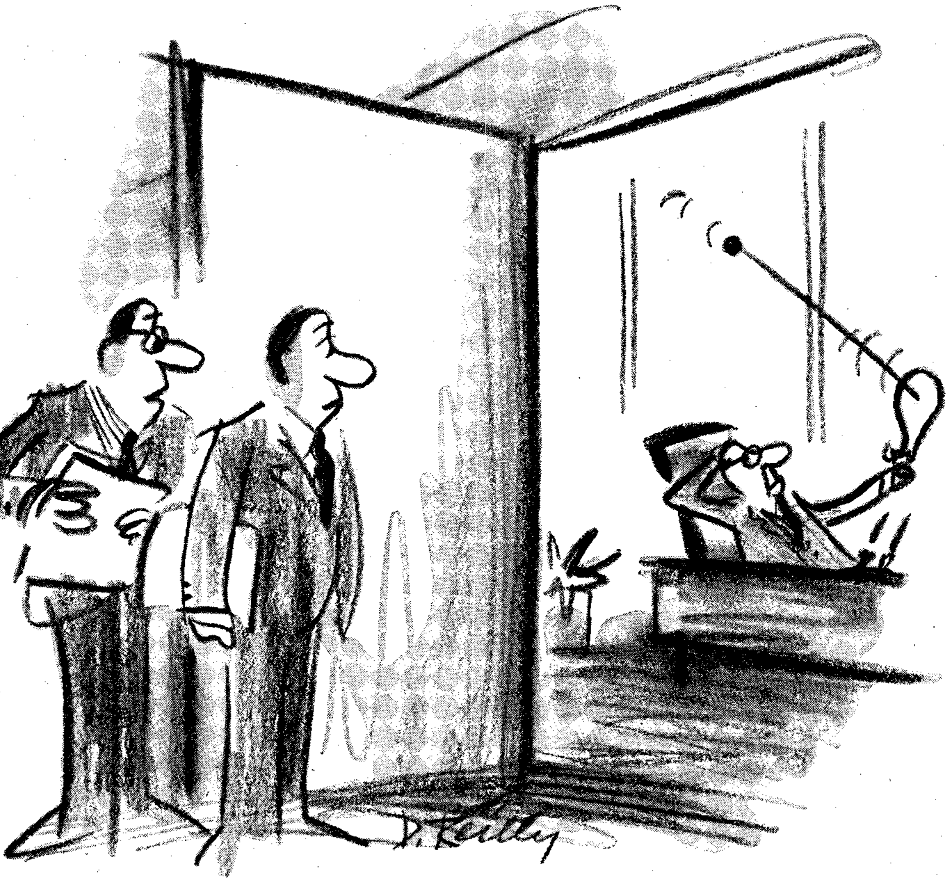
I WAS moving far away, leaving the East for the first time. My sister and I arranged to meet at the Port Authority to take an evening bus to the Berkshires, to visit our parents at their summer house. We would stay one night.

At the bus station, I looked in Whelan's for postcards of New York, and I thought of the people I was leaving. I would send them cards from my stops on the long drive South. I saw my sister at another postcard rack, one aisle down from mine. She was turning the rack discontentedly, as if she wanted a view of Manhattan they hadn't taken. I watched her for a few minutes, waiting for her to notice me, but I'd ordered a coffee to go and gotten it from the counterman before she looked up from the cards.

We rode through a sultry Indian-summer evening, leaving the Hudson, leaving the Bronx River, until we reached the green places, the one where I'd gone to camp, the towns in Connecticut and Massachusetts too small for a post office, gone in a wink. The green became deeper as we rode, and by the time we arrived in Great Barrington it was nearly dark. I could just make out my father standing across the street at Melvin's Pharmacy, where he'd told us the bus would let us out. He was waiting for us to see him, waving to be sure we knew where we were. He waited for the light to change and came across the street to help us with our bags. The town looked black and green to me, so quiet after the city.

On the drive to the house, I could barely make out the woods. The house is shaped like a cuckoo clock; the light coming through the windows made it look inviting. The lawn felt cool as we walked the small incline to the front door. My stepmother had lit a fire for us in the stone fireplace and held two portions of supper. My sister and I were seated next to each other so we both faced the fire as we ate. My sister left the table twice to be sure her oboe was warm enough in the bedroom where she'd left it. She keeps the oboe wrapped in a Mylar blanket in its case, but still she worries that it will crack when there are changes in the temperature. We went to sleep right after dinner, and it was a deep sleep for me, one minute into darkness.

In the morning, my sister and I woke at the same time. We were sleeping in the back room, the one most sheltered, and it was impossible to tell if it was early or late. The house is set in the woods under ancient pines that steal the sun. The curtains were drawn, and the panelling gave off a slight smell of pine. My parents bought the house when I was in college, and I hadn't spent many nights there. I thought about packing up my own place—what I should take, what I would leave.



"Don't laugh—he was doing that the day he figured out how to scoop up Trans-American Ramex, Inc."

My stepmother had eaten hours before and wasn't in the house, so my father made eggs and English muffins for the three of us, and served them on the screened-in porch. He talked about the trip to Europe he and my stepmother had made last spring.

"We thought we'd play it by ear," he said, "not make any reservations, but we didn't count on several obstacles—one of which was Easter. Everyone told us, 'Oh, we can't help you now, we're getting ready for Easter,' and after Easter it was just the same."

But eventually they reached the navel of the universe—Delphi—and travelled to Crete, visited Minoan ruins, loved the Cretan people, drove on switchback roads to the high hidden villages.

Why is it so difficult for me to listen to other people's tales of travel? Am I jealous of their good times without me or are the stories badly told? Rather than listen, I watched my father and thought what a good picture it made—him in his plaid shirt and golf cap against the background of screen and pines.

The talk went from Greece to Latin, a language all three of us had studied with varying degrees of success. My father was the best of us. I never understood as he helped me struggle with Caesar and Cicero how he could remember anything when he'd been out of school so long. My sister had one year of Latin, all in tutorial, but never got past Caesar. Soon my father and I were remembering lines from Vergil:

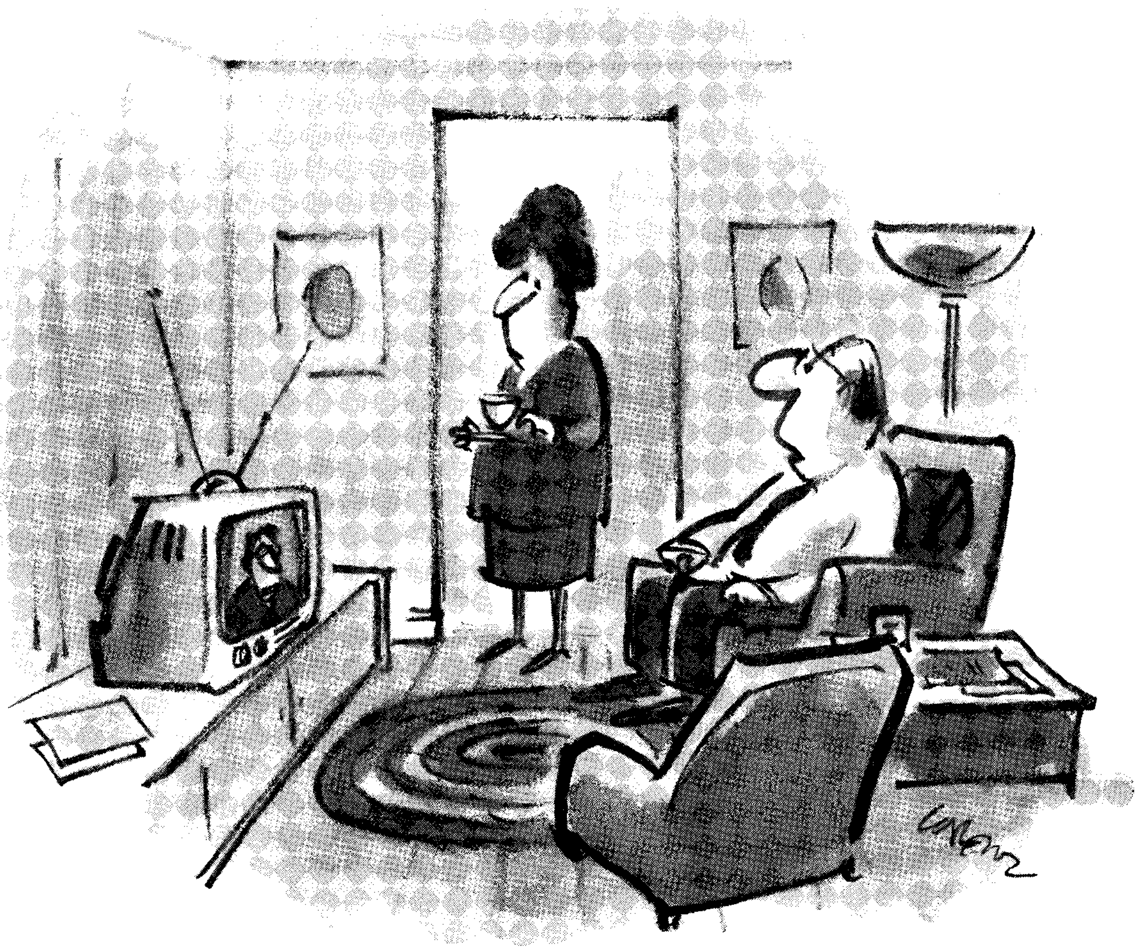
> *Forsan et haec olim meminisse*
> *juvabit.*

"The ship is sinking," my father said, "and sea monsters are rising up to meet the crew. All seems lost. And Aeneas says, 'One day we'll look back even on this and smile.' "

I couldn't remember where my lines came from, but I remembered what they meant:

> *En Priamus. Sunt hic etiam sua*
> *praemia laudi;*
> *Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem*
> *mortalia tangunt.*

"Ah, Priam," Aeneas says. "Even here there's praise for you, and human tears for human things, and mortals being held in mortal memory."



"If I understood him correctly, North Dakota has just invaded South Dakota."

AFTER we cleaned up the breakfast dishes, my sister and I went outside. We walked around the house, surveying the lawn our parents had smoothed and extended, the woods they'd thinned, the paths they'd carved for walks. Then we found our stepmother on the new patio out front. She was sitting in a lawn chair, listening on her portable radio to the House Assassinations Committee. She'd been listening to it all month, she said. My sister and I pulled up aluminum lawn chairs and formed a half circle with her, our faces up to the sun that trickled through the trees. I remembered coming home from school at lunchtime during a certain spring of my childhood to find my mother listening to the HUAC hearings then being broadcast. Years later, when I saw a famous documentary on HUAC and Joe McCarthy, I misunderstood what I saw, and thought it must be a continuation of the lunchtime show my mother had liked.

My father appeared with his camera and started circling us to get the photos he wanted—of me and my sister, then my sister and stepmother, then the three of us together. He asked us to turn our heads, then to look as if we were talking to one another. When my sister protested having her picture taken, he said what he really wanted was a picture of the house and the pots of tomatoes and flowers on the stone steps. We were only serving as figures in the foreground, for scale.

Enough. After a few more pictures, my sister and stepmother had had enough. My stepmother turned off the radio and we all walked into the woods to see the new gazebo.

The gazebo sits on a cliff deep in the woods overlooking a rushing brook—a good spot for trout, my father says. The previous winter, vandals had destroyed the original gazebo, and now, after the insurance claims had been made and my stepmother had been diligent in looking for bargains in gazebos, there was this new screened-in structure, bigger and sturdier, better in every way. The roof was yellow and white, like a circus tent. We admired it from the outside, then went in. The furniture was new also, redwood and chrome with yellow cushions. The chairs had been delivered ready to assemble, my stepmother said, with some necessary nuts and bolts left out; she'd made three extra trips to Pittsfield to collect the missing parts.

My father took one more photo; then I asked for the camera to take a picture just of my parents. I stood as far back as I could in the gazebo, and my father told me to stop fooling around with his camera. "It's focussed," he said. "I focussed it for you." But I had to bring together the double image between my parents of the pine trees and the screen, and a little bit of my father's shoulder. After that, I handed the camera back to my father.

"How many shots are left on that roll?" my stepmother asked, and my father said there was only one.

"Then take a picture of the sound of the brook," she said.

My father said he would use the last shot for a study of the woods, and he went to the door of the gazebo. I told him I guessed he would really take a last picture of the three of us sitting on the new furniture.

"No," he said. "You can't get a picture through the screens."

I could tell that my sister was getting restless, that she was ready to move on to friends with whom we were visiting for the rest of the weekend. I didn't mind any of it—the gazebo, the woods, the photographs. I wanted copies of every one of them. After all, I was going so far away.

—LAURA FURMAN

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lafayette (Ind.) Journal & Courier*]

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Pamela Segarra was just walking along a downtown street when a running man thrust a brown paper bag into her hands and said, "Take this."

THE FIG TREE

I CHECKED the greenhouses, saw the hose taps were turned off, fed the Alsatian, and then put the bar on the main gate to the Nursery and left by the side door for my flat. As I changed out of my working clothes I looked down on the rows of labelled fresh green plants. What a pleasure to see such an orderly population of growing things gambling for life on my behalf, and to see my name on one of our vans—"Ed. Ormerod, Nurseryman." How surprising that twenty years ago the sight of so much husbandry would have bored me.

When I was drying myself in the bathroom I noticed Sally's bath cap hanging there and I took the thing to the cupboard in the bedroom, and then in half an hour I picked up Mother at her hotel and drove her to Duggie and Sally's house, where we were to have dinner. I supposed Mother must have seen Sally's bath cap, for as we passed the zoo she said, "I do wish you would get married again and settle down."

"Dutch elm disease," I replied, pointing to the crosses on one or two trees in the park.

The zoo is my halfway mark when I go to Duggie and Sally's; what vestiges of embarrassment I feel become irrelevant when I pass it.

"It worries your father," Mother said.

Mother is not failing. She is in her late seventies, and Father was killed in the war, thirty-five years ago, but he comes to life in a random way, as if time were circular for her. He blows by, sowing the only important guilt I have; I have very little memory of him. Duggie has said once or twice to Sally that though I am in my early forties, there are still signs that I lacked a father's discipline. Duggie, a speculative man, puts the early whiteness of my hair down to this. Obviously, he says, I was a late child, and probably low in vitality.

Several times during this week's visit I have taken Mother round the shops she likes in London. She moves fast on her thin legs, and if age has shortened her by giving her a small hump on her shoulders this adds to her sharp-eyed, foraging appearance. She was rude, as usual, to the shop assistants, who seemed to admire this, perhaps because it reminded them of what they had heard of "the good old days." And she dressed with taste; her makeup was delicate, and if her skin had aged, it was fine as silk. Her nose was young, her eyes as neat as violets. The week had been hot, but she was cool and slightly scented.

Two Generations

"Not as hot as we had it in Cairo when your father was alive," she said in her mannish voice.

Time was restored. Father had returned to his grave.

After being gashed by bombs during the war, the corner of early-Victorian London where Duggie and Sally live has "gone up." Once part of a neighborhood of bed-sitters, the small houses are now expensive and trim; enormous plane trees, fast-growing sycamores, old apple and pear trees bearing inedible fruit crowd the large gardens. It was to see the garden and to meet Duggie, who was over from Brussels on one of his weekly trips, that Mother had really come; in the country, she is an indefatigable gardener. So is Sally, who opened the door to us. One of the unspoken rules of Sally and myself is that we do not kiss when I go to her house. Her eyes were as polite as glass (and without that quiver of the pupils they usually have) as she gave her hand to my mother. She had drawn her fair hair severely back.

"Duggie is down in the garden," Sally said to Mother, and made a fuss about the steps that lead down from her sitting-room balcony. "These steps my husband put in are shaky. Let me help you."

"I got used to companionways going to Egypt," said Mother. "We always went by sea, of course. What a lovely garden."

"Very wild," said Sally. "There used to be a lawn here. It was no good, so we dug it up."

"No one can afford lawns nowadays," said my mother. "We have three. Much better to let nature take its course."

It is a clever garden, of the romantic kind—half of it a green cavern under large trees, where the sun can still flicker in the higher branches. You duck your way under untidy climbing roses; there is a foreground, according to season, of overgrown marguerites, tobacco plants, dahlias, irises, lilies, and ferns—a garden of contrived untidiness. Our progress was slow as Mother paused to botanize until we got to a wide, flagged circle, which is shaded by a muscular fig tree by the south wall. Duggie was standing by some chairs with a drink in his hand, waiting for us. He moved a chair for Mother.

"No, I must see it all first," Mother

said. "Nice little magnolia."

I was glad she noticed that.

There was a further tour of plants that do well in the shade. "Dear Solomon's-seal," she said politely, as if the plant were a person. A bird or two darted off into other gardens with the news, and then we returned to the chairs set out on the paved circle. From a garden table, Duggie handed drinks to us with the small bow of a tall man. He is lazily well made, a bufferish fellow in his late fifties; his drooping gray mustache is affable. "Honorable" is how I would describe the broad road of sunburned baldness going over his head. His nose is just a touch bottled, which gives him the gentlemanly air of an old club servant—or rather of being not one man but a whole club, uttering impressions of this and that. Out of this club his private face will appear, a face that puts on a sudden, fishy-eyed stare in the middle of one of his long sentences. It is the stare of a man in a brief state of shock who has found himself suspended over a hole that has opened at his feet. His job takes him abroad a good deal, and his stare is also that of an Englishman abroad who has sighted another Englishman he cannot quite place. Not being able to get a word in while the two women were talking, he turned this stare on me.

"I missed you the last time I was home," he said.

Again, it is our rule that I don't go to the house unless he is there.

"How is that chest of yours?" he said.

I gave a small cough, and he gave me a dominant look. He likes to worry about my health. "The best thing your uncle ever did for you was to get you out of the City," he said. "You needed an open-air life."

Duggie, who has had to make his own way, rather admires me for having had a rich uncle. Was he shooting a barb into me? I don't think so. We always have this conversation. He was born to repeat himself—one more sign of his honorableness.

Duggie takes pride in a possessive knowledge of my career. He often says things to Sally such as "He ought to put on weight. White hair at his age . . . But what do you expect? Jazz bands in Paris and London, hanging round Chelsea bars, playing at all that literary stuff, going into that bank—all that sort of nonsense." Then he goes on. "Mother's boy—marrying a woman twelve years older than himself. Sad that she died. Must have done something to him—that breakdown, a year in the sanatorium. He probably gambled. Still, the Nursery has pulled him together. Characteristic, of course, that most of the staff are girls."

Now he nodded at the fig tree, close to us. "It's doing well," he said in a loud, confidential voice.

"What a lovely tree," Mother said. "Does it bear? My husband will only eat figs fresh from the tree."

"One or two little ones," Sally said. "But they turn yellow and drop off in June."

"What it needs," Duggie said, "is the Mediterranean sun. It ought to be in Turkey—that is where you get the best figs."

"The sun isn't enough. The fig needs good drainage, and has to be fertilized," Mother said.

"All fruit needs that," said Duggie.

"The fig needs two insects—the *Blastophaga* and, let me see, is it the *Sycophaga*? I think so. Anyway, they are *Hymenoptera*," Mother said.

Duggie gazed with admiration at my mother. He loves experts. He had been begging me for years to bring her over to his house.

"Well, we saved its life, didn't we, Teddy?" he said to me, and boasted on his behalf and mine. "We flagged the area. There was nothing but a lake of muddy water here. How many years ago was that?"

"Four or five," I said.

"No!" said Duggie. "Only three."

Was he coming into the open at last and telling me that he knew that that was the time Sally and I became lovers? I think not. The stare dropped out of his face. His honorable look returned.

SALLY and Duggie were what I call "Monday people" at the Nursery. There is a rush of customers on the weekend. They are the instant gardeners, who drive in, especially in the

"We don't have a song yet."

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spring and autumn, to buy plants already in bud and flower, and potted plants for balconies of flats. The crowd swarms, and our girls are busy at the self-service counter we had to install to save costs as the business grew. (The counter was Duggie's idea; he could not resist seeing the Nursery as one of his colonies.) But the few fanatic gardeners come on Monday, and I first became aware of Sally because she was there very early, usually alone—a slight woman in her late thirties, with her straw-white hair drawn back from a high forehead in those days, and a severe look of polite, silent impatience which would turn into a wide, fastidious grimace, like the yawn of a cat, if anyone spoke to her. She would take a short step back and consider one's voice. She looked younger and almost reckless when she put on glasses to read what was on the sacks and packets of soils, compost, and fertilizers in the store next to the office. She seemed happiest in our warm greenhouses—a woman best seen under glass. Her eyebrows were softer, more downily intimate than anything else about her. When I first saw her, they reminded me of the disturbing eyebrows of an aunt of mine, which used to make me blush when I was a boy. Hair disturbs me.

One day, she brought Duggie to the Nursery when I was unloading boxes of plants from a lorry that came from the growers.

"Wait here," I heard her snap at him. "If you see the manager, ask about grass seed. And stop following me around. You fuss me."

For the next half hour she looked around the seedlings or went into the greenhouses, while Duggie stood where he was told to stand. I was near him when the lorry finally drove off.

"Are you being attended to?" I said. "I'll call a girl."

He was in his suspended state. "No. I was thinking," he said. "I was thinking vegetation is a curious thing." He spoke with the predatory look of a man who had an interesting empire of subjects to offer. "I mean, one notices when one gets back to London there is more vegetation than brick. Trees. Plants and shrubs, creeper, moss, ivy," he went on. "Grass, of course. Why this and not that? Climate, I suppose. You have laurels here, but no oleander, yet it's all over the Mediterranean and Mexico. You get your fig or your castor-oil plant, but no banana, no gingko, no datura. The grape vine used to swarm in Elizabethan times, but rare now, but I hear they're making wine again. It must be thin. The climate changed when the Romans cut down the forests." For a moment he became a Roman. He drifted on. "Or the Normans. We all come down to grass in the end."

He stared around at our greenhouses. "My job takes me away a lot," he said. "I spend half the year abroad. Oil. Kuwait."

He nodded at the distant figure of his wife. She was bending over a bed of tobacco plants. "We spent our honeymoon in Yucatán," he said with some modest pomp. He was one of those colonizing talkers, taking over new territory. "But that is not the point," he went on. "We can't get the right grass seed. She sows every year, but half of it dies by the time summer comes. Yet, look at the Argentine pampas." He was imposing another geography, some personal flora of his own, on my Nursery. Clearly not a gardener; a thinker at large.

d. ehrenberg

I gave him the usual advice. I took him to a shed to show him sacks of chemicals. His wife came back from the flower beds and found us. "I've been looking for you everywhere," she said to him. "I told you to wait where you were." She sounded like an irritable woman.

"I suppose you wouldn't have time

THE REPETITIONS

All this loose activity: the quick-
Silver fish alive in the Battenville stream;
The blaze of the sedentary copper pot
In the kitchen; cats' eyes; the afternoon
Canyon of a street gone dead, and then
Maximum New York electrified
At night; the snow falling in a park
I walked through once to the brim of a world
Unseen but guessed at: the treacherous crevasse—
Tall trees, steady light, unsteady wind.

What fool would want the past, its rooms'
Worn lintels, windows silted by dust?
They appear again in daydream or dream:
Corridors, alcoves, the vaultings of just
Apprehendable living rooms . . . space, and the stars
Theatrically lowered on an autumn night
So the breath is caught in a limitless net
Of branches stretching toward another house,
Where a stranger is watching a lighted screen,
His hand fallen over the edge of a couch.

I walk down the slope to the river again;
On the bank, dry leaves, their poisonous flags
Withered in birth by the chemical breath
Of the paper factory reopened downstream.
Motionless, shadowy, under a rock,
Trout hang for protection. Boy scouts of the sun,
We took the old rowboat through rapids of froth
And found the lost cache of broken marble
Not far from the abandoned tracks; now long
Slabs of it tiered like railroad ties
Make up your graduated terrace steps.

Wan, thin willows color themselves in;
Forsythia branches burgeon and thicken;
Invisible, barely heard music—the lots'
First hammers announce the arrival of spring:
They come back, the unrealness of time, of age,
Repeated obsessions, repeated loves,
They live, they live, as if they had never been.

—Howard Moss

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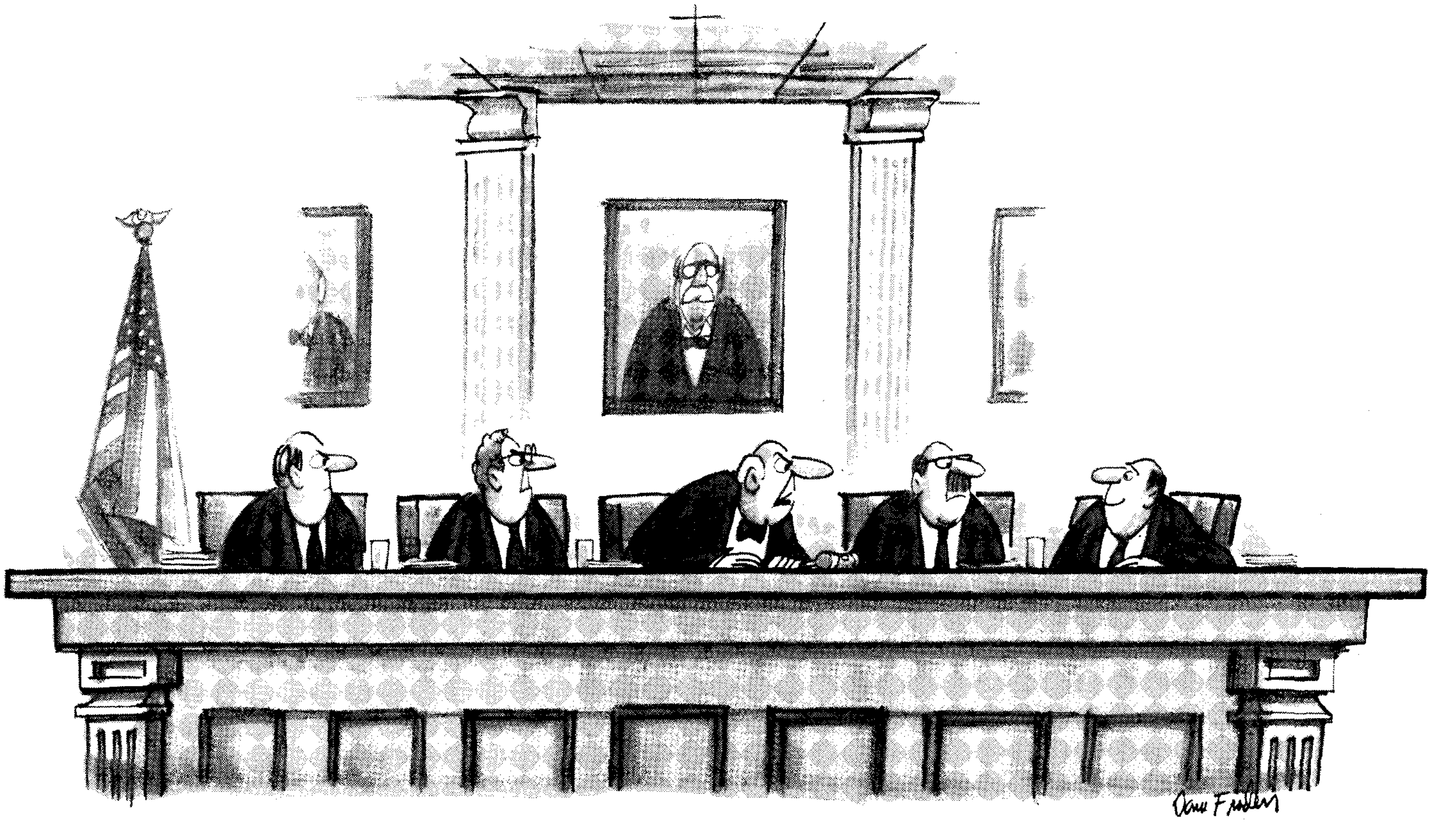


"Damn it, Fenton! We can't refuse to hear every case."

to drop round and have a look at our lawn?" he said to me, ignoring her. "I mean in the next week or two—"

"It will be too late by then," she broke in. "The grass will be dead. Come along," and she made that grimace—a grimace that now struck me as a confidence, an offhand intimation. He made an apologetic gesture to me and followed her obediently out of the Nursery.

AFTER that, I often had a word or two with Sally when she came alone. Grass seed seemed to be the couple's obsession. She said it was his; he said it was hers. I was a kind of umpire to whom they appealed when we met. So one afternoon in November when I was delivering laurels to a neighbor of theirs down the street, I dropped in at their house. A fat young man was sitting sedately on a motorbike in front, slowly taking off a fine pair of gauntlets. Sitting behind the windshield of the machine, he might have been admiring himself at a dressing-table mirror. He looked like a doll in his white crash helmet, but one with a small black mustache.

"Those lads get themselves up, don't they?" I said to Duggie, who came to the door.

"Our tenant," Duggie said. "He has the flat in the basement. He uses the side entrance. Under our agreement, he does not use the garden. That is reserved for ourselves. Come through. I had these iron steps put in so that my wife has strictly private access to the garden, without our interfering with him or he with us. My wife would have preferred a young married couple, but, as I pointed out, there would be children. One has to weigh one thing against another in this life—don't you find?"

We went down to the garden. Their trouble was plain: The trees were bare. Half of the place was set, lifeless soil, London-black and empty. Damp yellow leaves of the fig tree hung down like wretched rags, and the rest had fallen as flat as yellow plates into a very large pool of muddy water which stretched from one side of the garden to the other. In November, a fig collapses overnight, like some Victorian heroine. Here it was as if she were about to drown herself.

I said this to Duggie, who said, "Heroine? I don't follow. You'll never grow a lawn here. Too much shade. You could cut the trees down."

At this moment, Sally came to us and said, "I won't have my trees cut down. It's the water that's killing everything."

I said that whole districts of London were floating on water. Springs everywhere. The clay held it. "And also the old Fleet River runs underground in this district," I said. "The only thing you can do is to put paving down."

"The Fleet River? News to me," said Duggie, and he looked about us at other gardens and houses, as if eager to call out all his neighbors and tell them. "Pave it, you say? You mean, with stones?"

"What else?" said Sally curtly and walked away. The garden was hers.

"But, my dear," he called after her, "the point is, what stones? Portland? Limestone?"

The colonizer of vegetation was also a collector of rock. A load of geology poured out of him. He ran through sandstone and millstone grit, moved along to the whinstone that the Romans used on Hadrian's Wall, went on to the marble quarries of Italy, and came back to the low brick wall of his garden, which had been damaged during the war.

Presently, there was a howling and thumping of jazz music from the basement flat.

"I told you that man has girls down there," Sally said angrily to her husband. She had come back. "He's just come in. He's turning the place into a discothèque. Tell him to stop—it's intolerable." And she looked coldly at me, as if I, too, were a trespasser—the

sort of man who would kick up a shindy with girls in a quiet house. I left. Not a happy pair.

I SENT him an estimate for paving part of the garden. Several months passed. There was no reply, and his wife stopped coming to the Nursery. I thought they were abroad. Then one day in the spring Duggie came to the Nursery with their daughter, a schoolgirl, who went off to make up confidently to a van driver.

Duggie watched her and then said to me, "About those paving stones. My wife has been ill. I had a cable and flew home."

"I hope it was not serious?"

He studied me, considering whether to tell me the details, but evidently—and with that kind of reluctance which suggests all—changed his mind. "The iniquitous Rent Act was at the bottom of it," he said disparagingly. "Our tenant—that boy was impossible; every kind of impertinence. We tried to get rid of him but we couldn't. The fellow took us to court."

"Did you get an order against him?" I asked.

Duggie's voice hurried. "No. Poor fellow was killed. Drove his motorbike head on into a lorry. A girl with him, too. Both killed. Horrible. Naturally, it upset my wife. She blames herself. Imagination." Duggie spoke of the imagination accusingly.

"The man with the little black mustache?" I asked.

"She wouldn't have a married couple there," he said.

"I remember," I said. "You mentioned it."

"Did I?" he said. He was cheered by my remembering that. "You see?" he said. "It was clearly laid down in the agreement that he was not to go into the garden under any pretext, but he did. However, that is not what I came about. We're going to pave that place, as you suggested. It will take her mind off it all. By the way, you won't say anything to her, will you? I'm away so much, the garden is everything to her."

Shortly after this, I took one of our men over to the house. At the end of the first day, Duggie came home from his London office and was stirred to see we had dug up a lot of brick rubble—chunks of the garden wall that had been knocked down by blast during the war. On the second day, he came back early in the afternoon and stood watching. He was longing to get hold of my man's pickaxe. The man put it down, and I had turned round when I heard the dead sound of steel on stone and a shout of "Christ!" from Duggie. He had taken the pickaxe and brought it down hard on a large slab of concrete, and he was doubled up, gripping his wrists between his legs in agony. Sally came to the balcony and then hurried down the steps. Her appearance had changed. She was plumper than she had been. There was no sign of illness and she had done her hair in a new way; it was loosened, and she often pushed it back from her cheeks.

"You are a fool, Duggie," she said.

The man was shovelling earth clear of the slab of concrete, which tilted down deep into the earth.

"It's all right. It's all right. Go away. I'm all right," said Duggie.

"Bleeding air-raid shelter," my gardener said. "There's one or two left in the gardens round here. A gentleman down the road turned his into a lily pond."

He went on shovelling, and dug a hole. The concrete ended in a tangle of wire and stone. It had been smashed. He kneeled down on the ground and said, "The end wall has caved in, full of wet muck." He got up, disappointed. "Nothing in it," he said. "Saved some poor bloke's life. If he'd copped it, he wouldn't have known, anyway."

Sally made a face of horror at the gardener. "Those poor people," she said. "Come indoors. What a fool you are, Duggie."

Duggie refused to go. Pain had put him in a trance. One could almost see bits of his mind travelling out of him as he called triumphantly to her, "Don't you see what we've got, my dearest?" he cried, excitement driving out his pain. He was a man whose mind was stored with a number of exotic words. "We've got a cenote."

How often we were to hear that word in the next few days. For months after this he must have continued startling people with it in his office—people on buses, men in clubs, whoever was sitting next to him on aircraft on his way to Kuwait.

"What is a cenote?" I said, no doubt as they did.

"It's an underground cistern," he said. "You remember Yucatán, Sally—all those forests, yet no water. No big rivers. You said, 'How did the Mayans survive?' The answer was that the Maya civilization floated on underground cisterns."

Duggie turned to me, calling me Teddy for the first time. "I remember what you said about London floating on underground rivers," he said. "It's been on my mind ever since. Something was there at the back of my mind—some memory, I couldn't get it. There it is: a cenote. That's where your fig tree has been drinking, Sally. You plant your fig tree on a tank of water and the rubble drains it." He turned back to me. "Sally and I saw

dozens of cenotes, all sizes, some a hundred feet deep, on our honeymoon," he confided.

Sally's eyes went hard.

"The Mayans worshipped them. You can see why," he said. "Once a year, the priests used to cut out the heart of a virgin and throw it into the water. Propitiation."

"It's an act for tourists at the night clubs there," said Sally drearily.

"Yes," Duggie said, and added to me, "Fake, of course."

"Those poor people," Sally said. "I shall never go into this garden again."

In the next few days she did not come down. We turned the ruin into a foundation, and the following week Duggie superintended the laying of the stones. His right arm was in a sling.

When the job was finished, Duggie was proud of the wide circle of stones we had laid down, and invited Sally to come and inspect it.

"You've turned my garden into a cemetery," she said. "I've seen it from the window."

Duggie and I looked at each other—two men agreeing to share the unfair blame. She had been ill. We had done this job for her and it had made things worse.

Imagination, as Duggie had said. Difficult for him. And I had thought of her as a calm, sensible woman.

IT happened at this time I had to go to the Town Hall about a contract for replanting one of the neglected squares in the borough, and while I was there and thinking of Duggie and Sally I tried to find out who had lived in their house and whether there was any record of air-raid casualties. Probably the wrong place to apply; I went from office to office and discovered nothing. Old cities are built upon layer after layer of unrecorded human lives and things. Then Duggie sent a check for our work—more promptly, too, than most of our customers do. As I made out a receipt, I thought of my buried wife and the rot of the grave. It occurred to me that it would be decent to do something for Duggie. I was walking round the Nursery one morning when I saw a small but strong magnolia, a plant three feet high and already in bud. It was risky to replant it at this time of year, but I bound it, packed it, and put it in a large tub, and drove to their house one Saturday with it, to surprise them. Sally came to the door, with a pen in her hand, and looked put out by my sudden call. I told her I had the plant in the van.

"We didn't order anything. My husband is in Kuwait. He would have told me. There must be a mistake."

The pen in her raised hand was like a funny hostile weapon, and, seeing me smile at it, she lowered her hand.

"It's not an order. It's a present. In the van," I said. Unbelieving, she looked at the van and then back at me. In the awkward pause, my mind gave an unintended leap. I forgot about Duggie.

"For you," I said. I seemed to sail away, off my feet.

"For me?" she said. "Why for me?"

Now I was astonished. Her face went as white as paper, and I thought she was going to faint. She stood there, trembling. The pen dropped out of her hand to the floor, and she turned round and bent to pick it up and stood up again with a flustered blush, as if she had been caught doing something wrong.

"You're the gardener," I said. "Come and look."

She did not move, so I started off down the few steps to the gate. She followed me, and I saw her glance about, as if calling for protection to the houses on either side of her own.

"Why should you do this?" she said in an unnatural voice.

I opened the gate, but she made me go through first.

The closed rusty-pink and skin-white buds of the plant were as bright as candles in the darkness of the van.

"Advertising," I said with a salesman's laugh.

She frowned, reproaching me doubtfully. But when she saw the plant she said, "How lovely."

My tongue raced. I said I had been thinking of the paved circle in the middle of the garden; the magnolia would stand there and flower before the trees shaded the place, and it could be moved out of the tub wherever she wanted it in the garden later in the year. "Something for your husband to do when he comes home on leave," I said.

So I got out a trolley, put up a board, and wheeled the plant down from the van carefully. It was very heavy.

"Be careful," she said. She opened the side entrance to the garden and followed me there.

"No muddy puddle now. It's gone," I boasted. It was a struggle getting the heavy tub in place, and she helped me.

"You've got a gardener's strong hands," I said.

I looked around and then up at the trees. Her wide mouth opened with delight at the plant when she saw it in place.

"How kind you are," she said. "Duggie will love it."

I had never been alone with her in this garden, and I remembered this was privileged ground. She walked round and round the plant as if she were dancing.

I said, "When it is in full bloom, it will cheer up the fig tree."

"This time of the year," she said, "that tree looks like scrap iron."

A half hour passed. We went back to the house, and she thanked me again as I pushed the trolley.

"Leave it there," she said. "I must give you some tea or a drink. How lucky I was in. You should have telephoned."

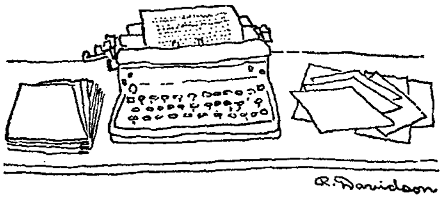
In the sitting room, she laughed as she looked back at the plant from the window. I realized it was the first time I had heard her laugh. It was surprising not to hear Duggie's voice. She went off to make tea, and I sat in an armchair and remembered not to put my dirty hands on the arms. Then I saw my footmarks coming across the carpet to me. I felt I had started on a journey.

I noticed she frowned at them and the cups skidded on the tray when she came back with the tea.

"My boots!" I said apologetically.

Strange words, now that I think of it, for the beginning of a love affair. She gaped at them, as if they had given me away.

When she had only half filled my cup, she banged the teapot down, got up, and came across to squeeze my hand. "Oh, you are so *kind*, *kind*," she said, and then stepped back to her chair



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THE COVE

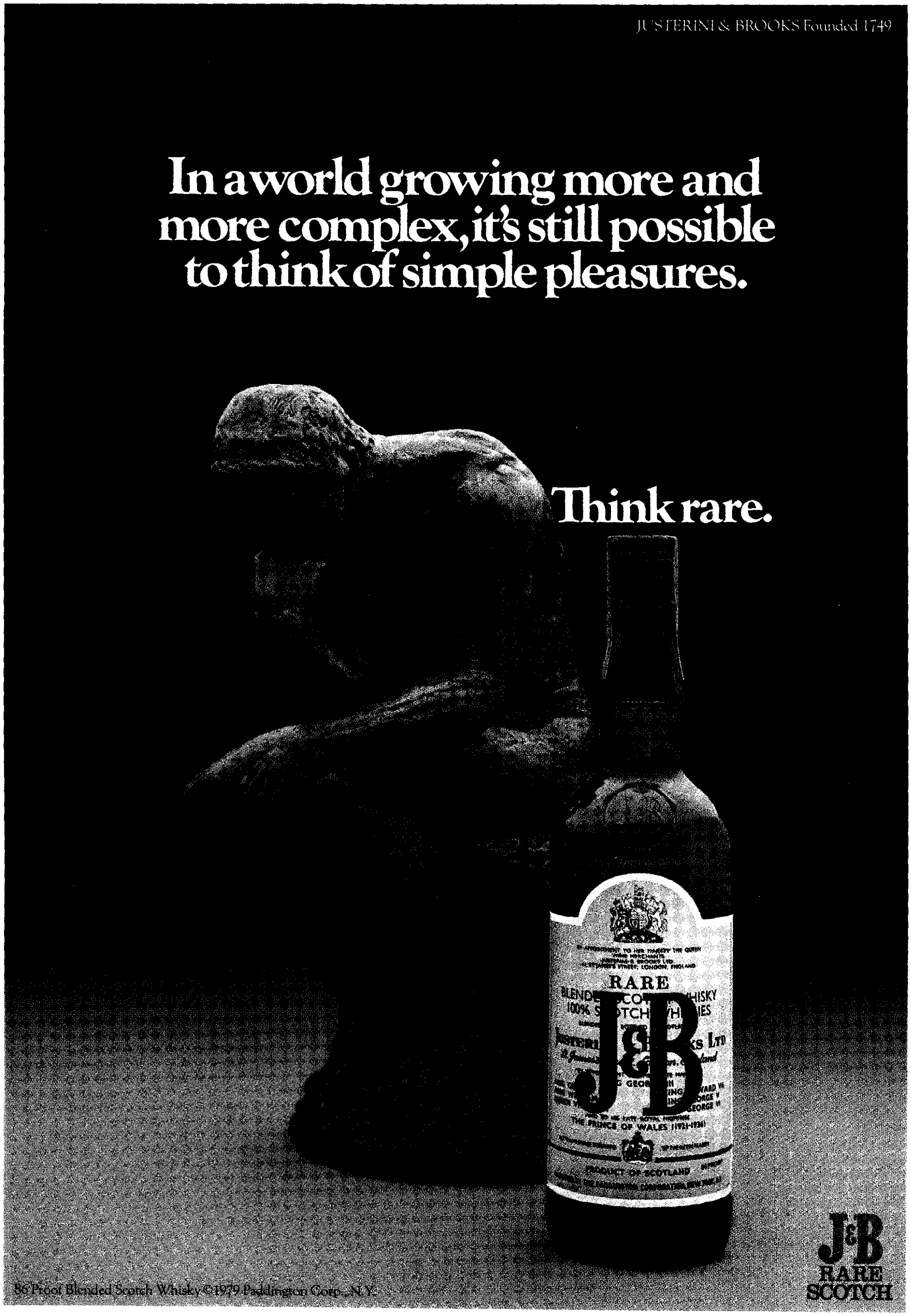
Inside the snug house, blue willowware
plates go round the dado, cross-stitch
domesticates the guest room, whole nutmegs
inhabit the spice rack, and when there's fog
or a gale we get a fire going, listen
to Mozart, read Marianne Moore, or
sit looking out at the eiders, trig
in their white-over-black as they tip
and tuck themselves under the swell, almost
as though diving under the eiderdown
in a *gemütlich* hotel room at Innsbruck.

At dusk we watch a porcupine, hoary
quadruped, emerge from under the spruce trees,
needle-tined paddle tail held out straight
behind, as though the ground were negotiable
only by climbing, to examine the premises,
and then withdraw from the (we presume)
alarming realm of the horizontal into
the up-and-down underbrush of normality.

From the sun deck, overhung by a gale-
hugged mountain ash, limbs blotched
and tufted with lichen, where, in good
weather, every time we look up there's
a new kind of warbler flirting, all ombré
and fine stitchery, through the foliage,
one midday, looking down at the grass,
we noticed a turtle—domed, repoussé
leather with an underlip of crimson—
as it hove eastward, a covered
wagon intent on the wrong direction.

Where at low tide the rocks, like the
back of an old sheepdog or spaniel, are
rugged with wet seaweed, the cove
embays a pavement of ocean, at times
wrinkling like tinfoil, at others
all isinglass flakes, or sun-pounded
gritty glitter of mica; or hanging
intact, a curtain wall just frescoed
indigo, so immense a hue, a blue
of such majesty it can't be looked at,
at whose apex there pulses, even
in daylight, a lighthouse, light-
pierced like a needle's eye.

—Amy Clampitt



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In a world growing more and more complex, it's still possible to think of simple pleasures.

Think rare.

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J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

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The Rose's Gimlet.
Four parts vodka, one part elegance.

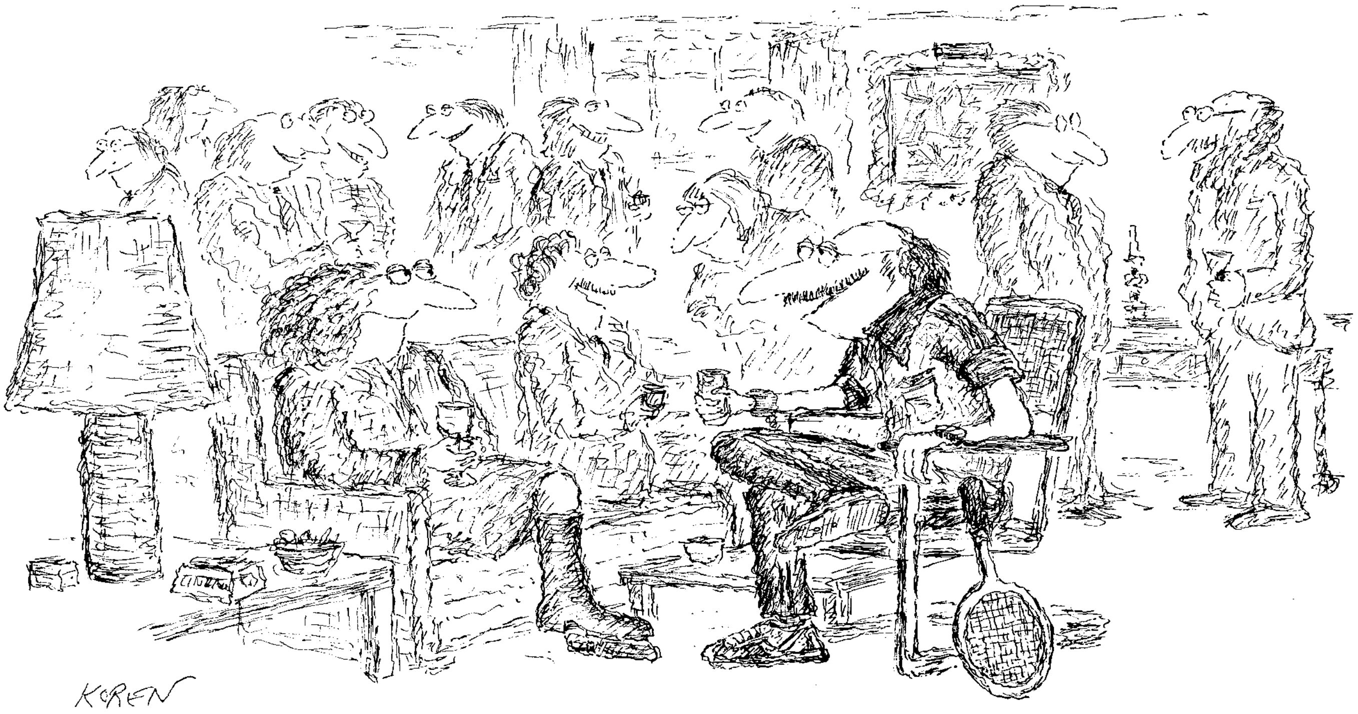
The elegance, of course, is Rose's Lime Juice. Which is the essential ingredient for turning any vodka into the most elegant of cocktails.

That's because Rose's Lime Juice has an uncanny way of stimulating the taste of vodka, gin or light rum without overasserting itself.

ROSE'S
WEST INDIA SWEETENED
LIME JUICE

To make the Rose's Gimlet properly, simply stir 4 to 5 parts vodka, gin or light rum with one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Taste a little elegance tonight. Have a Rose's Gimlet.



"And what do you do to maintain your cardiovascular fitness, Miss Holt?"

• •

quickly. "You *are* a friend," she said.

And then I saw tears were dropping down her cheeks. Her happy face had collapsed and was ugly. "I'm sorry to be so silly, Mr. Ormerod," she said, trying to laugh.

Ten shelves of Duggie's books looked down, their titles dumb but listening, as I sat not knowing what to do. Trying to laugh, she sobbed even more and she had to get up and turn her back to me and look out of the window.

"It's all right," she said with her back still to me. "Don't let your tea get cold. My husband wanted to put an urn there. I suppose he told you."

Duggie had not been able to control his drifting mind.

"This is the first time I've been in the garden since you were here last," she said, turning round. And I had thought of her as a sensible woman!

"By the way," I said, "if you're worrying about the shelter, I can tell you. I've looked up the records at the Town Hall. There were no casualties here. There was no one in the shelter."

Her tears had made my mind leap again.

"Why on earth did you do that?" she said, and she sat down again.

"I had the idea it was worrying you," I said.

"No, not at all," she said, shaking after her cry. She put on an offhand manner and did not look at me. "The shelter? Oh, that didn't worry me," she said. "The war was more than thirty years ago, wasn't it? One doesn't have to wait for bombs to kill people. They die in hospital, don't they? Things prey on my husband's mind. He's a very emotional man—you mightn't think it. I don't know whether he told you—we had trouble with a young man, a tenant. It made Duggie quite ill. They flew him home from Kuwait."

I was baffled. She had exactly reversed the story Duggie had told me.

She said with the firm complacency of a married woman, "He talks himself into things, you know."

After she said this there was a question in her eyes—a movement like a small signal, daring me for a moment. I was silent, and she began talking about everyday things, in a nervous way, and intimacy vanished.

As I left, she stood at the door and gave a half wave—a scarcely visible wave, like a beckon. It destroyed me.

Damn that stupid man, I thought when I got home and stood at the stove getting a meal together. The telephone rang, and I turned the stove off. I thought the call was from my mother (it was her hour), but the voice was Sally's—firm but apologetic. "You've left your trolley. I thought you might need it."

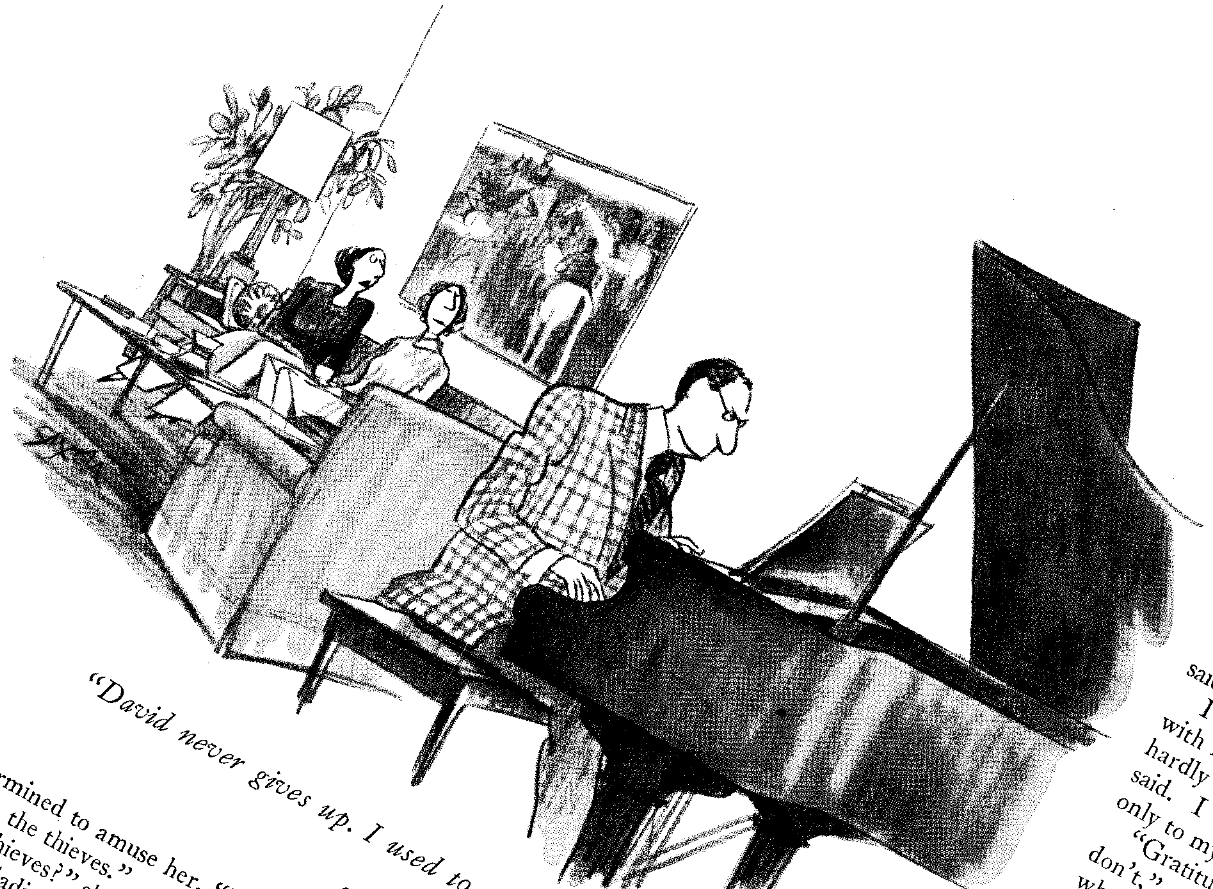
O blessed trolley! I said I'd come at once. She said curtly she was going out. That and the hope that she was not interrupting my dinner were the only coherent, complete sentences she spoke in one of the longest calls I have ever had. On her side, it was a collection of unfinished phrases, with long silences between them, so that once or twice she seemed to have gone away—silences in which she appeared to be wrestling with nouns, pronouns, and verbs as she circled round an apology and an explanation that was no explanation, about making "that silly scene." No sooner was she at the point of explanation than she drifted off it. It struck me that, listening to her husband so much, she had lost the power of talking. There was something which "sometime in the future" she would like to ask me, but it had gone from her mind. "If there is a future," she added too brightly. Her silences dangled and stirred me. The manner was so like Duggie's; it half exasperated me, and I asked her if she would have dinner with me one day.

"Dinner?" she repeated, puzzled. Had I had mine? The idea died, and so did the conversation. What affectation, I thought afterward. Not on my side: desire had been born.

But on the following day I saw her waiting in one of our greenhouses. She was warmer under glass. I had collected my trolley. That, for some reason, pleased her. She agreed to have dinner with me.

"WHERE on earth are we going?" she said when we drove off.

"Away from the Nursery," I said. I



"David never gives up. I used to think that was a virtue."

was determined to amuse her. "To get away from the thieves."

"What thieves?" she said.

"The old ladies," I said.

If you run a nursery, it is well known that very nice old ladies sometimes nip off a stem for a cutting, or slip small plants into their handbags. Stealing a little is a form of flirtation with them. I said that only this week one of them had come to me when I was alone in a greenhouse and said, "Can I whisper something to you? I have a *dreadful* confession to make. I have been very naughty. I *stole* a snippet of geranium from you in the summer, and it has struck!"

Sally said, "And what about old men? Don't they steal?"

My fancy took a leap. "Yes, we've got one," I said, "but he goes in for big stuff."

There was a myth at our Nursery that when a box of plants was missing or some rare expensive shrub had been dug up and had gone, this was the work of a person whom the girls called Thompson, who lived in a big house whose garden abutted on our Nursery. Three camellias went one day, and because of their high price he was somehow promoted by the girls and became known as "Colonel" Thompson. He had been seen standing on a stepladder and looking over our wall. When I told Sally about this, I invented a face for the Colonel. I gave him a ripe nose, a bald head, a drooping mustache; unconsciously, I was describing Duggie. I went further. I had caught the Colonel with one leg over the wall, and when I challenged him he said, "Looking for my dog. Have you seen my dog?"

Sally said, "I don't believe you."

This was promising. A deep seriousness settled on us when we got to the restaurant. It was a small place. People were talking loudly, so that bits of their lives seemed to be flying around us, and we soon noticed we were the quietest talkers there. We were talking about ourselves, but to our plates or the tablecloth, crumbling bread and then looking up with sudden questions. She ate very fast—a hungry woman, I thought. How long, she asked suddenly, raising a fork to her mouth, how long had I known my wife before we were married. Four months, I said. She put her fork down.

"That was a rush," she said. "It took Duggie and me seven years."

"Why was that?"

"I didn't want to get married, of course," she said.

"You mean you lived together?" I said.

"Indeed not. We might not even have married *then*," she said, "but his firm was sending him to Mexico for three years. We knew each other very well, you know. Actually," she mumbled, "I was in love with someone else." She now spoke up boldly, "Gratitude is more important than love, isn't it?"

"Is that the question you wanted to ask me when you telephoned?" I said.

"I don't think I said that," she said.

I was falling in love with her. I listened but hardly heard what she said. I was listening only to my desire.

"Gratitude? No, I don't," I said. "Not when one is young. Why don't you go with him on his jobs?"

"He likes travel, I don't," she said. "We like each other. I don't mind being alone. I prefer it. You're alone, aren't you?"

Our conversation stopped. A leaden boredom settled on us like a stifling thunder cloud.

I whispered, looking around first to be sure no one heard me, and in a voice I scarcely recognized as my own, "I want you."

"I know," she said. "It's no good," she said, fidgeting in her chair and looking down at the cloth. Her movement encouraged me.

"I've loved you ever since—"

She looked up.

"Since you started coming to the Nursery," I said.

"Thank you, but I can't," she said. "I don't go to bed with people. I gave that up when my daughter was born."

"It's Duggie?" I said.

She was startled, and I saw the grimace I knew.

She thought a long time.

"Can't you guess?" she said. And then she leaned across and touched my hand. "Don't look so gloomy. It's no good with me."

I was not gloomy. That half wave of the hand, the boredom, the monotony of our voices, even the fact that the people at the next table had found us so interesting that they, too, had started whispering made me certain of how our evening would end.

"Let us go," I said.

I called a waiter, and she watched me pay the bill and said, "What an enormous tip." In our heavy state, this practical remark lightened us. And for me it had possessive overtones that were encouraging. She stood outside, waiting for me to bring the car, with that air women have of pretending not to be there. We drove off, and when I turned into a shopping street, almost empty at this hour, I saw our heads and shoulders reflected in the windows of a big shop, mocking us as we glided by: two other people. I turned into a street of villas. We were alone again, and I leaned to kiss her on the neck. She did not move, but presently she glanced at me and said, "Are you a friend?"

"No," I said. "I'm not."

"I think I ought to like that," she said. And she gripped my arm violently and did not let it go.

"Not at my house," she said.

We got to my flat, and there she walked across the sitting room straight to the window and looked down at the long greenhouses gleaming in the dark.

"Which is Colonel Thompson's house?" she said.

I came up behind her and put my arms round her, and she watched my daring hands play on her breasts with that curiosity and love of themselves that women have, but there was a look of horror on her face when I kissed her on the mouth, a grimace (she told me later) that must have been a response to Duggie's clumsy attempts at intimacy, though I admit I was excited by the animal defiance in it. In the next hours, it ebbed away, her face emptied, and her wide lips parted with greed.

"I don't do things like this," she said.

THE next day, she came to me. Night after night she came to me. And then one afternoon at the end of the month she pulled me back as I was getting out of bed and said, "Duggie is coming home. I have something bad to tell you, something shameful." She spoke into my shoulder. "Something I tried to tell you when I telephoned, the day you came with the plant, but I couldn't—do you remember I telephoned to you? I told a lie to Duggie about that young man. I told Duggie he attacked me. It wasn't true. I saw him and his girl at night, from my bedroom window, going into the garden with their arms round each other. They went to the end of it, under the trees. They were there a long time. I imagined what they were doing. I could have killed that girl. I was mad with jealousy—I think I was really mad. I went out into the garden many nights to stop them, and in the afternoons I worked there to provoke him. I even peeped into their window. It was terrible. So I told Duggie. I told him the boy had come up behind me and pulled at my clothes and tried to rape me. I tore my blouse to prove it. I sent a cable to Duggie. Poor Duggie, he believed me. He came back. I made Duggie throw the boy out. You know what happened. When the boy was killed, I thought I would go out of my mind."

"I thought you said Duggie was ill," I said.

"That is what I'm ashamed of," she said. "But I was mad. You know, I hated you, too, when Duggie brought you in to do those stones. I really hated anyone being in the garden. That is why I made that scene when you brought the magnolia. When you came to the door, I thought for an awful moment it was the boy's father coming for his things. He did come once."

I was less shocked than unnerved. I said, "The real trouble was that you were lying to yourself." I saw myself as the rescuer for a moment. "Do you think he believed you?" I said.

She put on the distant look she used to have when I first met her—almost a look of polite annoyance at being distracted from her story. Then she said something that was true: "Duggie doesn't allow himself to believe what he doesn't want to believe. He never believes what he sees. One day, I found him in the sitting room, and he started to pull a book out of the bookcase and then he closed it with a bang and wiped his eyes. 'Dust,' he said. 'Bad as Mexico.' Afterward, I thought, He's been crying."

"That was because he knew he was to blame," I said.

I went to my window and looked at the sky. In the night he would be coming across it. I said, "What are we going to do? When shall I see you? Are you going to tell him?"

She was very surprised.

"Of course not," she said, getting out of bed.

"But we must. If you don't, I shall."

She picked up her dress and half covered herself with it. "If you do," she said, "I'll never see you again, Colonel Thompson."

"He'll find out. I want to marry you."

"I've got a daughter. You forget that. He's my husband."

"He's probably got some girl," I said lightly.

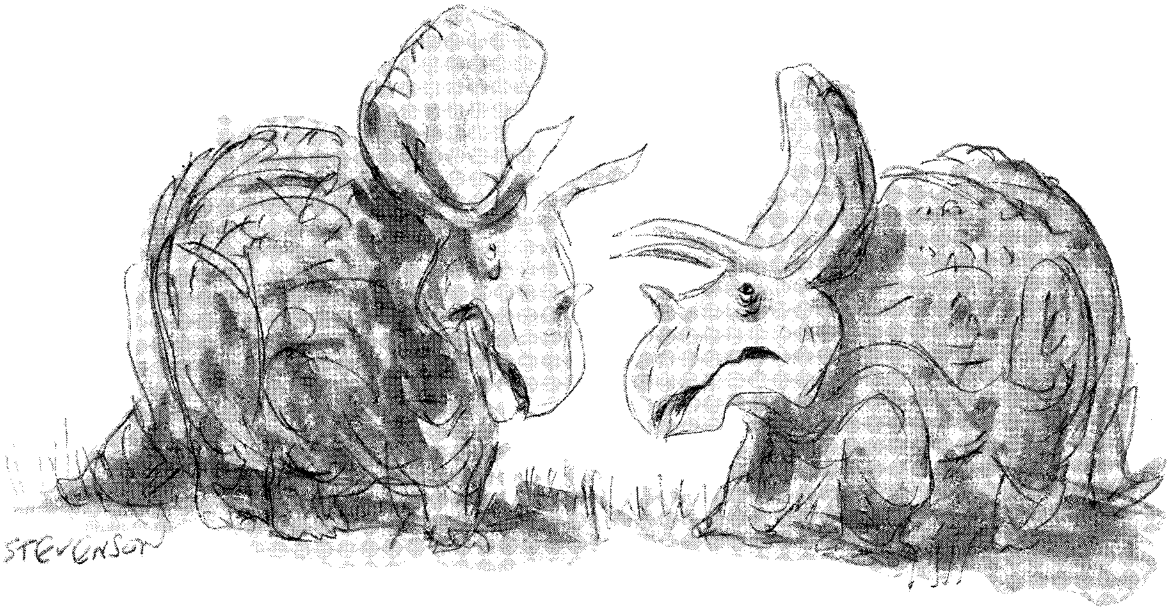
The gentleness went out of our conversation.

"You're not to say that," she said vehemently. We were on the edge of a quarrel.

"I have got to go," she said. "Judy's coming home. I've got to get his suits from the cleaner's, and there are a couple of yours there."

My suits and Duggie's hanging up on nasty little wire hangers at the cleaner's!

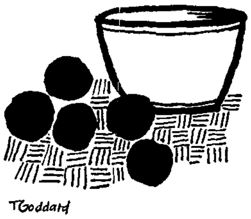
WE had a crowd of customers at the Nursery and that took my mind off our parting, but when I got back to my flat the air was still and soundless. I walked round my three rooms, expecting to see her, but the one or two pictures stared out of my past



"Ichthyosaurs are all gone, mosasaurs are gone, pterosaurs are gone. There's none of the old crowd left."

life. I washed up our empty glasses. Well, there it is, I thought cynically. All over. What do you expect? And I remembered someone saying, "Have an affair with a married woman if you like, but for God's sake don't start wanting to marry her."

It was a help that my secretary was on holiday and I had to do all the paperwork at night. I also had my contract for replanting the square that the Council had neglected, and I did a lot of the digging myself. As I dug I doubted Sally and went over what I knew about her life. How did she and Duggie meet? What did they say? Was Sally flaunting herself before her husband, surprising and enticing him? I was burned by jealousy. Then, at the end of the week, before I left for the square at half past eight, I heard her steps on the stairs to my office. She had a busy smile on her face.



"I've brought your suits," she said. "I'm in a rush." She went to hang them in their cellophane covers on the door, but I had her in my arms and the suits fell to the floor.

"Is it all right?" I said.

"How do you mean?" she said.

"Duggie," I said.

"Of course," she said complacently.

I locked the door. In a few minutes her doubts and mine were gone. Our quarrel was over. She looked at me with surprise as she straightened her skirt.

Happiness! I took one of our girls with me to the square and stood by lazily, watching her get on with her work. After lunch, back at the Nursery, I was alarmed to see Duggie's bald head among the climbing greenery of our hothouse. He was stooping there, striped by sunlight, like some affable tiger. I hoped to slip by unseen, but he heard me, and the tiger skin dropped off as he came out, all normality, calling out, "Just the man! I've been away."

I gave what must have been the first of the small coughs—one of the first of a long series with which I would always greet him and which made him put concern into his voice. I came to call it my "perennial hybrid"—a phrase that struck him and that he added to his vocabulary of phrases and even to his reflections on coughs in general, on Arab spitting and Mexican hawking.

"I came over to thank you for that wonderful magnolia," he said now. "That was very kind. I missed it in flower, but Sally says it was wonderful. You don't know what it did for her. I don't know whether you have noticed, she's completely changed. She looks years younger. All her energy has come back." Then, in a louder voice: "She has forgotten all that trouble. You must have seen it. She tells me she has been giving you a hand, your girl's away."

"She was very kind," I said. "She took my suits to the cleaners."

He ignored this. We walked together across the Nursery, and he waved his hand at the flower beds. Did I say that his daughter was with him? She was then a fat girl of thirteen or fourteen, I suppose, with fair hair like her mother's.

"Fetched them," said the pedantic child, and from that time her gaze was like a judgment. I picked a flower for her as they followed me to the door of my office.

"By the way," he said, "what did you do about that fellow who gets over the wall? Sally told me. Which wall was it?"

Sally seemed to tell him everything.

"He's stopped. That one over there."

He stood still and considered it. "What you need is a wire fence, with a three-inch mesh to it. If it were wider, the fellow could get his toe in. It would be worth the outlay. No need to go in for one of those spiked steel fences we put up round our refineries." He went on to the general question of fences; he had always been against people who put broken glass on walls. "Unfair," he said. He looked lofty. "Cruel, too. Chap who did that ought to be sent off the field."

As he was leaving, Duggie said, "Come and have a drink with us this evening."

I could think of no excuse; in fact, I felt confident and bold now. But the first person I saw at the house was Duggie, who was wearing a jacket far too small for him. It was my jacket. She had left his suits at my office and taken mine to her own house.

Duggie laughed loudly.

"Very fishy, I thought, when I saw this on my bed," he said. "Ha, ha! What's going on? It would be funnier still if you'd worn mine."

Sally said demurely she saw nothing funny in that. She had only been trying to help.

"Be careful when Sally tries to help!" Duggie said. He was still laughing. The comedy was a bond. And we kept going back to it. Judy, their daughter, enjoyed this so much that she called out, "Why doesn't Mr. Ormerod take our flat?"

Our laughter stopped. Children recklessly bring up past incidents in their parents' lives. Duggie was about to pour wine into Sally's glass and he paused, holding the bottle in the air. Sally gave that passing grimace of hers, and Duggie shrank into instant protective concern and seemed to beg us all for silence. But he recovered quickly and laughed again, noisily—too noisily, I thought.

"He has to live near the Nursery, don't you, Teddy?" he cried. "Colonel Thompson, and all that."

"Of course," said Sally easily. "Duggie, don't pour the wine on the carpet, please."

It was a pleasant evening. We moved to the sitting room, and Sally sat on the sofa with the child, who gazed and gazed at me. Sally put her arm round her.

THREE years have passed since that evening when Judy spoke out. When I look back, those years seem to be veiled or to sparkle with the mists of an October day. How can one describe happiness? In due time Duggie would leave, and once more for months on end Sally and I were free, and despite our bickerings and jealousies, our arguments about whether Duggie knew or did not know, we fell into a routine and made our rules. The stamp of passion was on us, yet there was always in my mind the picture of her sitting on the sofa with her daughter. I came to swear I would do nothing that would trouble them. And she and I seemed able to forget our bodies when we were all together. Perhaps that first comedy had saved us. My notion was that Duggie invented me, as he had invented her. I spend my time, she says, inventing Duggie. She invented neither of us.

Now I have changed my mind. After that evening when the child Judy said, "Why doesn't Mr. Ormerod take our flat?," I am convinced that Duggie *knew*—because of his care for Sally, and because he knew more than either of us about Sally and that tenant of theirs who was so horribly killed on his motorbike. When he turned us into fictions, he perhaps thought the fiction would soon end. It did not. When he was home, he became like a weary, indulgent, and distant emperor.

But those words of Judy's were another matter. For Duggie, Judy was not a fiction. She was his daughter, absolutely his; he made her. She was the contradiction of his failure. About her he would not pretend or compromise. I am now sure of this, after two trivial events that occurred in our third year. One afternoon, the day before he was due home—one of those enamelled, misleading October days—Sally was tidying the bedroom at my flat. I was in the sitting room putting the drinks away and I happened to glance down at the Nursery. I saw a young woman there, with fair hair just like Sally's, shading her eyes from the sun and waving. For a moment, I thought it was Sally, who had secretly slipped away to avoid the sad awkwardness of those partings of ours. Then I saw the woman was a young girl—Judy. I stepped back out of sight. I called Sally and she came, with a broom in her hand.

"Don't go near the window like that," I said—she was not even wearing a bra. "Look."

"It's Judy! What is she up to? How long has she been there?" she said.

"She's watching us," I said. "She knows!"

Sally made that old grimace I now so rarely see.

"The little bitch," she said. "I left her at home with two of her school friends. She can't know I'm here."

"I bet she does," I said. "She's spying."

Sally said crisply, "Your paranoia is a rotten cover. Do you think I didn't know that girl's got a crush on you, my sweetheart? Try not to be such a cute old man."

"Me? Try?" I said jauntily.

And then, in the practical manner of one secure in the higher air of unruffled love, she said, "Anyway, she can't see my car from there. She can't see through walls. Don't stand there looking at her."

She went back to tidying the flat, and my mind drifted into remembering a time when I was a boy throwing pebbles at the window of the girl next door. What a row there was with her mother!

I forgot Judy's waving arm. Duggie came home, and I was not surprised to see him wandering about the Nursery two days later, like a dog on one of his favorite rounds, circling round me from a distance (I was busy with a customer), waiting for his chance. He had brought Judy with him. She was solemnly studying the girls, who, with their order books and pencils, were following undecided customers or directing the lost ones to our self-service counter inside the building. Judy was murmuring to herself, as if imagining the words they said. She was admiring the way one of the girls ordered a youth to wheel a trolley load of chrysanthemums to the main gate.

When I was free, Duggie came quickly to me. "That counter works well," he said. He was congratulating himself, for the counter had been his idea, as I have said—one more item in his dreamy possession of the place. "It has cut down the labor costs. I've been counting. You've got rid of three girls, haven't you?"

"Four," I said. "My secretary left last week to get married."

Judy had stopped watching and came up with him. Yes, she had grown. The child whose face had looked as heavy as a coffee mug, and colorless, too, had suddenly got a figure, and her face was rounded. Her eyes were moist with the new light of youth, mingling charmingly with an attempt at the look of important experience. She gazed at me until Duggie stopped talking, and then she said, "I saw you the day before yesterday. At your window. I waved to you."

"Did you?" I said.

"You weren't in your office," she said.

Cautiously I said, "I didn't see you."

"You were ironing your shirts."

A relief.

"Not me. I never iron my shirts. You must have seen the man who lives in the flat below. He's always ironing his shirts, poor fellow. He usually does it at night."

"On the third floor," the girl said.

"I live on the fourth, dear," I said.

"How awful of me," the girl said.

To save her face, Duggie said, "I like to see women scrubbing clothes on stone—on a riverbank."

"That's not ironing, Daddy," she said.

There was the usual invitation to come to his house for a drink, now that he was back. I did my cough and said I might drop in, though, as he could see, we were in a rush. When I got to his house, I found a chance to tell Sally.

"Clever of her," I said. "It was a scheme to find out which floor I live on."

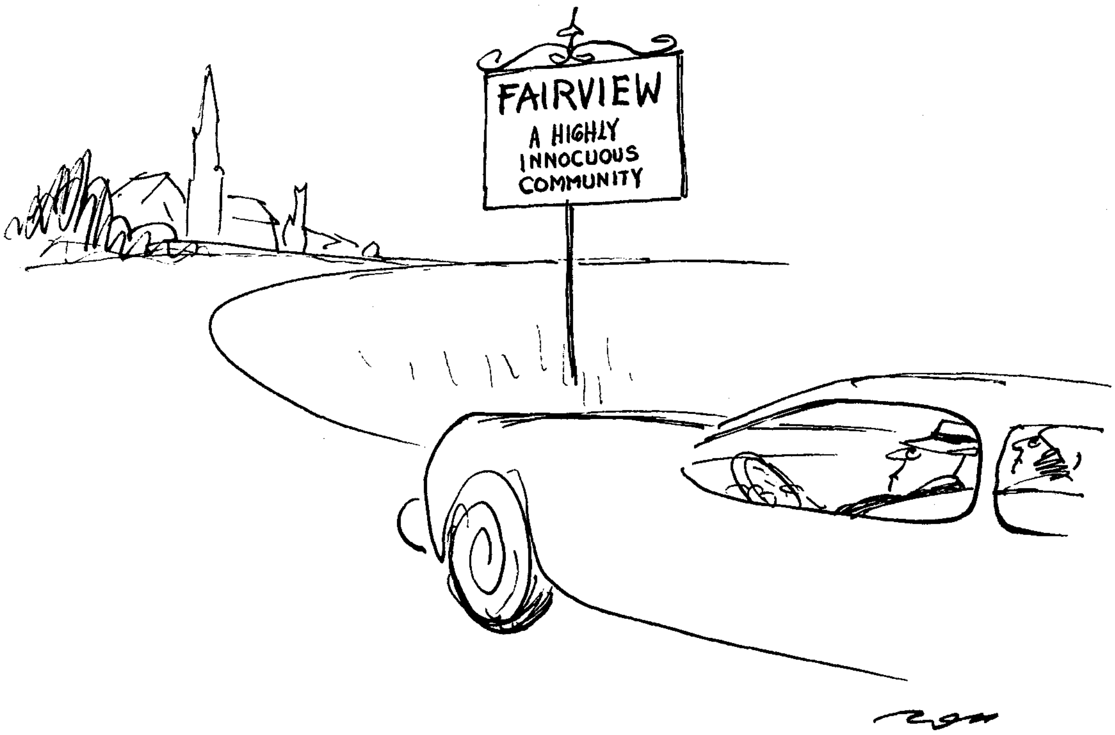
"It was not what you think," Sally said.

The evening was dull, and Sally looked unwell and went to bed early. Duggie and I were left to ourselves, and he listened to me in an absent-minded way when I told him again about my secretary's leaving.

"You ought to leave the girls alone and go in for older women," he said grumpily, and went on to say that his sister-in-law was coming to stay, and to suggest that married life also had its troubles. He woke up; perhaps he suddenly saw he had me at his mercy. "Come and have dinner with me at my club tomorrow," he said.

The invitation was half plea, half threat. He was being punished. Why not myself also?

DUGGIE's club! Was this to be a showdown? The club was not a bolt hole for Duggie. It was an imperial institution in his life, and almost



sacred. One had to understand that, although rarely mentioned, it was headquarters—the only place in England where he was irrefutably himself and at home with his mysteries. He did not despise me for not having a club myself, but it did explain why I had something of the homeless dog about me. That clubs bored me suggested a moral weakness. I rose slightly in his esteem when I told him that years ago my uncle had once or twice taken me to his club. (He used to give me a lot to drink and lecture me on my feckless habits, and even introduced me to one or two members—I suppose to put stamina in me.) These invitations came after my wife's death, so that clubs came to seem to me places where marriages were casketed and hidden by the heavy curtains on the high windows.

There was something formidable in Duggie's invitation, and when I got there my impression was that he had put on weight or had received a quiet authority from being only among men, among husbands, in mufti. It was a place where the shabby armchairs seemed made of assumptions in leather and questions long ago quashed. In this natural habitat, Duggie was no longer inventive or garrulous. Nods and grunts to the members showed that he was at home.

We dined at a private table. Duggie sat with his back to an old brocade curtain, in which I saw some vegetable design that had perhaps allayed or taken over the fantasies of the members. A couple of drinks in the bar downstairs and a decanter of wine on the table eased Duggie, who said the old chef had had a stroke and that he thought the new chef had not got his hand in yet. The sweetbreads had been runny the last time; maybe it would be better to risk the beef.

Then he became confessional, to put me at my ease; he always dined here when his sister-in-law came to stay. A difficult woman—he always said to Sally, "Can't you put her off? You always get one of your migraines after she has been here."

"I thought Sally didn't look too well," I said.

"She's having a worrying time with Judy," he said. "Young girls grow up. Judy's going through a phase."

"She is very lovely."

He ignored this. "Freedom, you know!" he went on. "Wants to leave school. Doesn't work. Messed up her exams."

"Sex, I suppose," I said.

"Why does everyone talk about sex?" Duggie said stormily. "She wants to get away, get a flat of her own, get a job, earn her living, sick of the old folks. But a flat of her own, at sixteen! I ask you."

"Girls have changed."

Duggie studied me and made a decision. I now understood why I had been asked.

"I wondered," said Duggie, "has she ever said anything to you? Parents are the last to hear anything."

"To me?"

"Friend of the family—I just wondered."

"I hardly ever see her. Only when Sally or you bring her to the Nursery. I can't see the young confiding in me. Not a word."

Duggie was disappointed. He found it hard to lose one of his favorite fantasies—that, living as I did among all those girls at the Nursery, I had sublimated the spent desires of my youth. And then he came out with it—the purpose of this dinner.

"The girl's mad to get a job in your Nursery," he said. "I thought she might have been sounding you out—I mean, waving to that fellow ironing his shirt."

"No. Nothing," I said.

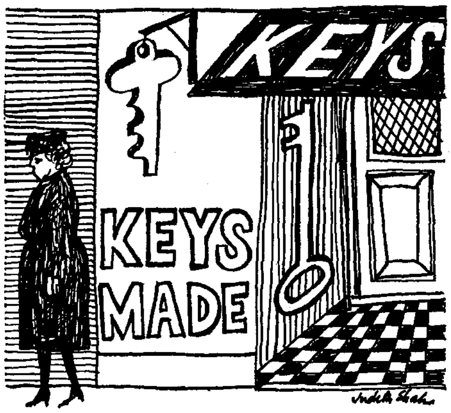
"Mad idea. I told her. You're turning people away. By the way, I don't want to embarrass you. I'm not suggesting you should take her on. Girls get these ideas. Actually, we're going to take her away from that school and send her to school in Switzerland. Alps, skiing. Her French and German are a mess. Abroad—that is what she needs!"

Abroad! The most responsive string in Duggie's nature had been struck. He meant what he said.

"That will be hard on Sally," I said. "She'd miss her terribly."

"We've got to do the best for the girl. She knows that," said Duggie.

And without warning there was the old stare, but now it was the stare of the interrogator's lamp turned on my face, and his manner changed from the brisk and businesslike to the commandingly offhand.



"Ironical," he said. "Now, if Sally had wanted a job at your Nursery, that would be understandable. After all, you deal with all those Dutch and French and so on. Her German's perfect. But poor Judy, she can't utter."

"Sally!" I cried with a laugh. "She'd hate it."

Duggie filled my glass and then his own very slowly, but as he raised the decanter he kept his eye on me. Quite a feat—indeed, a conjuring trick for a man who more than once knocked a glass over at home and made Sally rush to the kitchen for a cloth.

"You're quite wrong," he said. "I happen to know."

Know what? "You mean, *she's* mentioned it," I said.

"No, no, of course not," he said. "But if you said the word, I'm certain of it. Not last year, perhaps. But if Judy goes to Switzerland she'll be alone. She'd jump at it."

Now the wine began to work on him—and on me, too—and Duggie's conversation lost its crisp manner. He moved on to one of his trailing geographical trances; we moved through time and space. The club became subtropical; giant ferns burst out of the club curtains, lianas hung from the white pillars of the dining room, the other members seemed to be in native dress, and threading through it all was the figure of Sally, notebook in hand. She followed us downstairs to the bar, which became a greenhouse, as we drank our port. No longer wretched because her daughter had gone, no longer fretting about the disastrous mess she had made of her own life when she was young.

I heard Duggie say, "I know they're moving me to Brussels in a few months, and of course I'll be over every weekend—but a woman wants her own life. Frankly," he said, with awe in his voice, "we *bore* them."

The club resumed its usual appearance, though with an air of exhaustion. The leather chairs yawned. The carpets died. A lost member rose from the grave and stopped by Duggie and said, "We need a fourth at bridge."

"Sorry, old boy," said Duggie.

The man went off to die elsewhere.

"And no danger," said Duggie, "of her leaving to get married."

And now, drunkish as we were, we brought our momentous peace conference to an end. The interrogator's lamp was switched on again just before we got to our feet, and he seemed to be boring his way into my head and

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seemed to say, "You've taken my wife, but you're bloody well not going to get my daughter into your poky little fourth-floor flat to iron your shirts."

I saw the passion in his mottled face and the powerful gleam of his honorable head.

Judy did go to Switzerland, and after Sally had put up a fight about it, and I had said that sending Judy away was Duggie's revenge, Sally came to work for me. Duggie had married us, and I became as nervous and obsequious as a groom. There was the awkwardness of a honeymoon. She dressed differently. She became sedate. No strokings and squeezes of love were allowed; she frowned and twisted away, like a woman who had been a secretary all her life. She looked as young and cross as a virgin. She went back to her straight-back hairstyle. I was back in the period when I was disturbed by the soft hair of her eyebrows. Her voice was all telephone calls, invoices, orders, and snapping at things I had forgotten to do. She walked in a stately way to the filing cabinet. Only to that object did she bend; she said what a mess her predecessor and I had left it in. If she went downstairs to the yard when the lorries arrived, she had papers in her hand. The drivers were cocky at first and then were scared of her. And in time she destroyed our legend—the only unpopular thing she did—the legend of Colonel Thompson. Dog or no dog, he had never come over the wall. The thief, she discovered, had been one of our gardeners. So Colonel Thompson retired to our private life.

Before this, our life had been one of beginnings, sudden partings, unexpected renewals. Now it hummed plainly along from day to day. The roles of Duggie and myself were reversed: when Duggie came home once a week now from Brussels, it was he now who seemed to be the lover and I the husband. Sally grew very sharp with both of us, and Duggie and I stood apart, on our dignity.

I have done one thing for him. I took my mother to dine with him, as I have said.

"What a saintly man," she said as we drove away. "Just like your father. He's coming to see me next time he comes home." —V. S. Pritchett

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ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Washington Square News*]

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THE THEATRE

Adversaries

A STUBBORNLY earthbound little play called "Strangers," by Sherman Yellen, opened at the Golden last week and closed after ten performances. The play concerns itself with a man and a woman who meet, fall in love, marry, quarrel, fall out of love, get divorced, and go their separate ways, and there is almost nothing about their lives as Mr. Yellen has depicted them, in a succession of scenes that manage to be both brief and talky, that would be worth trying to put on a stage except for the fact that the man is named Sinclair Lewis and the woman is named Dorothy Thompson. Lewis and Thompson are indeed notable figures in twentieth-century American history—I knew them both when I was young, and I was a reluctant firsthand observer of the disintegration of their marriage—but Mr. Yellen's literary gifts are not equal to the task he has imposed on them; in the roles of Lewis and Thompson, Bruce Dern and Lois Nettleton were imprisoned on a level of writing that rarely rose above that of soap opera. When, from time to time, Lewis got off a funny line, one laughed partly at its unexpectedness; in real life, Lewis was one of the most comical men of his time. In physique, in the high, nervous quality of his voice, and in his endless comic invention, he was very like Thurber; he could also be, in his intolerable day-long and night-long drunkenness, one of the most irritating men of his time. Neither of those Lewises turned up at the Golden, and they were sorely missed. Yellen's Lewis is a short-tempered whiner, always pleading his needs to Dorothy Thompson, and never showing the least interest in the way she is achieving her innumerable journalistic successes. Again, in real life Lewis was as generous a man as I've ever known, and in the early years of their marriage his pride in his wife was so great and so open as to be something of an embarrassment to their friends.

Mr. Dern was determined to make us see *something* of value in a character who was once widely thought to be among the most talented novelists of the age. (In a single decade, he feverishly dashed off "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," "Elmer Gantry," and "Dodsworth.") Lewis was the first American author to receive the Nobel Prize, and his reputation in Europe remained comparatively high even after it had reached its nadir here, many years before his death. Mr. Dern caught Lewis's pathos and self-loathing, and Miss Nettleton, having a greater range of emotions to enact, made a continuously attractive victim out of Dorothy Thompson. In my view of the contest between the Lewises, back in the thirties, they seemed to be pretty evenly matched; Miss Thompson was certainly not a victim, but no matter—the play has vanished, and perhaps the memory of its uneasy run will serve to buttress a conviction often expressed by Harold Ross, the founder of this magazine, to the effect that a writer is invariably ill-advised to write about other writers, in part because writers' lives are much less fascinating than writers narcissistically suppose, and in part because it is a form of cannibalism, leading to the grisly fate of choking to death on oneself.

The ingenious scenery of "Strangers" was designed by David Jenkins, the costumes were by Ann Roth, the lighting was by Ronald Wallace, and the sedulous direction was by Arvin Brown. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

A Grand Old Show

"MARY," in revival at the Equity Library Theatre through March 25th, has a deliciously tuneful score, by Louis Hirsch, and a deliciously foolish, unself-conscious book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel. The show was first done here in 1920, and the best way to see it now is not even to glance at the program ahead of time, so that the strains of that dear, enduring hit "The Love Nest" come as a surprise. (Now *I've* given it away.) The strains of George M. Cohan's "Mary's a Grand Old Name" come more as a shock, though a very

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- Conducting fire prevention and arson control programs.

Here's what you can do to protect yourself:

- Re-evaluate your home insurance needs annually with your agent.
- Take a higher deductible if you can. It lowers your premiums.
- Install a smoke detector or burglar alarm. Many companies offer premium discounts for such devices.
- Get a receipt or appraisal for all major household items (furniture, antiques, jewelry, art). Duplicate it and keep it and all such records in a safety deposit box away from your home.
- Inventory all your possessions and take photos of each room to document what you have.

[1] Source U.S. Dept. of Labor [2] Cost does not include land. Source: U.S. Dept. of Commerce

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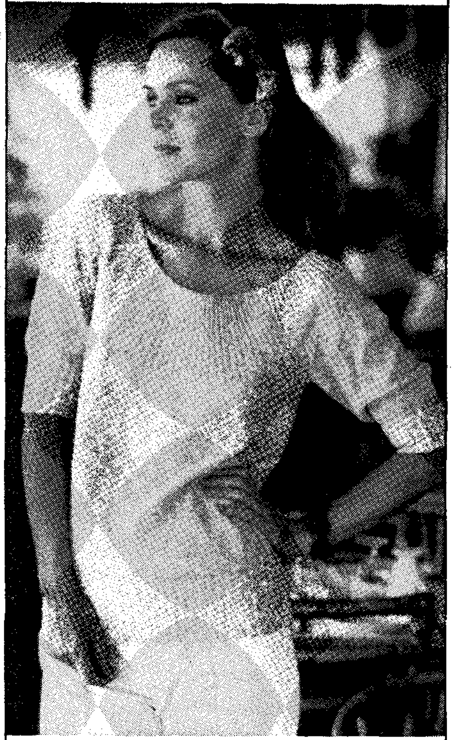

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welcome one. Mr. Cohan, it seems, was the original producer, and contributed that one song from his "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," of 1906. The script, in which commendable true love triumphs over reprehensible fortune-hunting, is set in one of those suburban mansions brimming with débutantes and their beaux, and much of the time consists of simple, undisguised lead-ins to the songs. The performance as a whole, I'm sorry to report, is slightly disappointing, lacking, among other things, that innocence of spirit which is absolutely essential to projects of this sort (and which has become a hallmark of E.L.T. revivals), but some of the individual performances are competent and agreeable, and some of the numbers are well sung and danced. Among the performers, I especially enjoyed Michael Waldron as a true lover, Betsy Beard as his true love, Jay Barney as a grouchy lawyer, and W. M. Hunt as a beau on the make. Clinton Atkinson is the director. Donald Chan, the musical director and arranger, also plays one of the two pianos that, along with percussion, make up the orchestra. Dennis Dennehy was responsible for the lively choreography, Jack McGroder designed the funny, appropriate costumes, and Wade Giampa designed the charming scenery on the tiny stage.

"Funeral Games" and "The Ruffian on the Stair" are one-acters by the late English dramatist Joe Orton, who in an entirely original way wrote scathing farces about lowlife, and, like Oscar Wilde, to whom he is often compared (although Ben Jonson is probably closer to the mark when it comes to his masterpiece, "Loot"), could turn out startling, impeccable lines that are just meant to be held up to the light. These two plays, in their outlandish way, are perfect, and require a technical perfection in performance, which they do not get in a current production at the South Street—although, of course, any production of Orton is better than none, and this one is far from a total loss. The target of "Funeral Games," or one of its targets, is Christianity as it is practiced, and the action skitters between the households of two defrocked priests (presumably Church of England, since each is, or was, a married man—a wife has been murdered and lies unburied in a basement). The story is intricate, occasionally gruesome, and abounding in comedy. Unfortunately, the acting, as a whole, is not up to the play, but Joan Pape does well as the wife of one of the priests, who, as a volunteer social worker, visits the other priest, a decrepit fellow in appalling health. There is also an acceptable performance by Kenneth Meseroll as a shifty young Cockney who is hired to spy on the wife. The entre-scene English music, bouncy or liturgical, is helpful.

"The Ruffian on the Stair" comes off better, with Eddie Jones as an Irish truck driver who has a sideline in crime, Betty Burrows as the moronic ex-whore he lives with, and Matt Carlson as a homosexual hairdresser. The hairdresser's brother, who was also his partner and lover, has recently been knocked down and killed by a truck, and the hairdresser, the ruffian of the title, comes to the truck driver's flat on the pretext of renting a room there; what he actually has in mind and the way in which he manipulates the other characters to achieve it constitute the plot. The atmosphere of menace and mystery is maintained throughout, and none of the marvellous, funny lines go to waste. "To describe these murderous farces as high comedies (or even high farces) of British lowlife isn't quite right, for satire and sympathy and passion run deep in them" was what I wrote in 1969, reviewing a production of Orton one-acters that also included "Ruffian"—then with Richard A. Dysart, Sasha von Scherler, and David Birney. Nothing runs very deep at the South Street, though I doubt whether even Mr. Dysart could have been better than Mr. Jones as the truck driver. John J. D. Sheehan directed. Scenery by Gerald Allen, lighting by J. Mallary Perry, and costumes by Jess Goldstein.

—Edith Oliver

●

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Act of Fear," by Michael Collins*]

Danny the Pirate. That was the name I got a long time ago when I lost my arm. I tell a lot of stories about how I lost the arm. —*Page 4.*

I lay there with my hands clasped behind my head and tried to think of what I could do next. —*Page 161.*

My hands were sweating. —*Page 171.*

●

Best bet on the cable is NBA basketball, (8 p.m. to conclusion, Channel 9), with a french nobleman (Leigh Lawson) flirting with the wife of an aristocrat (Angharad Rees).

—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

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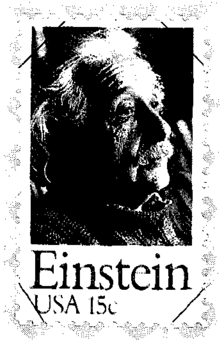

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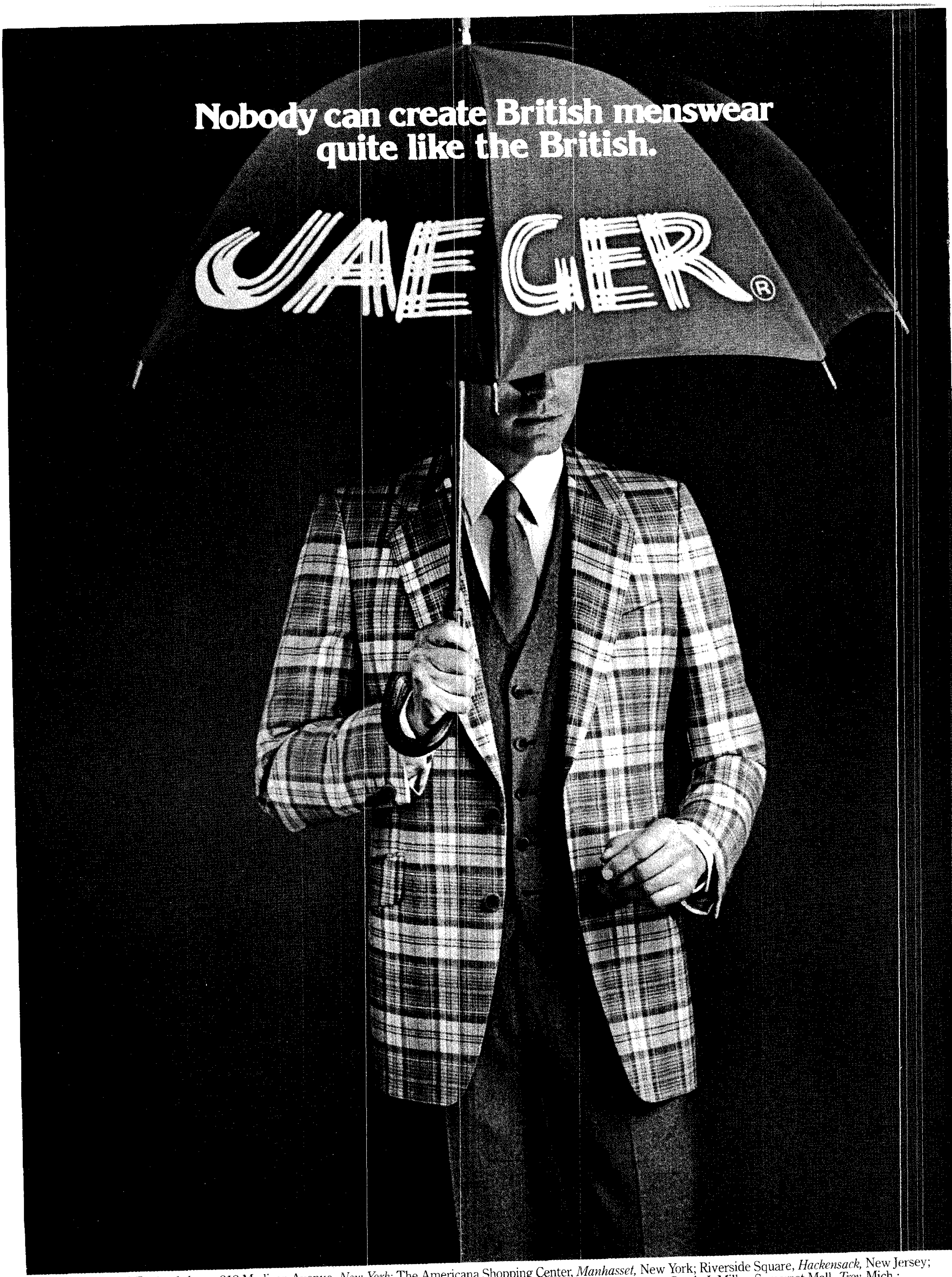
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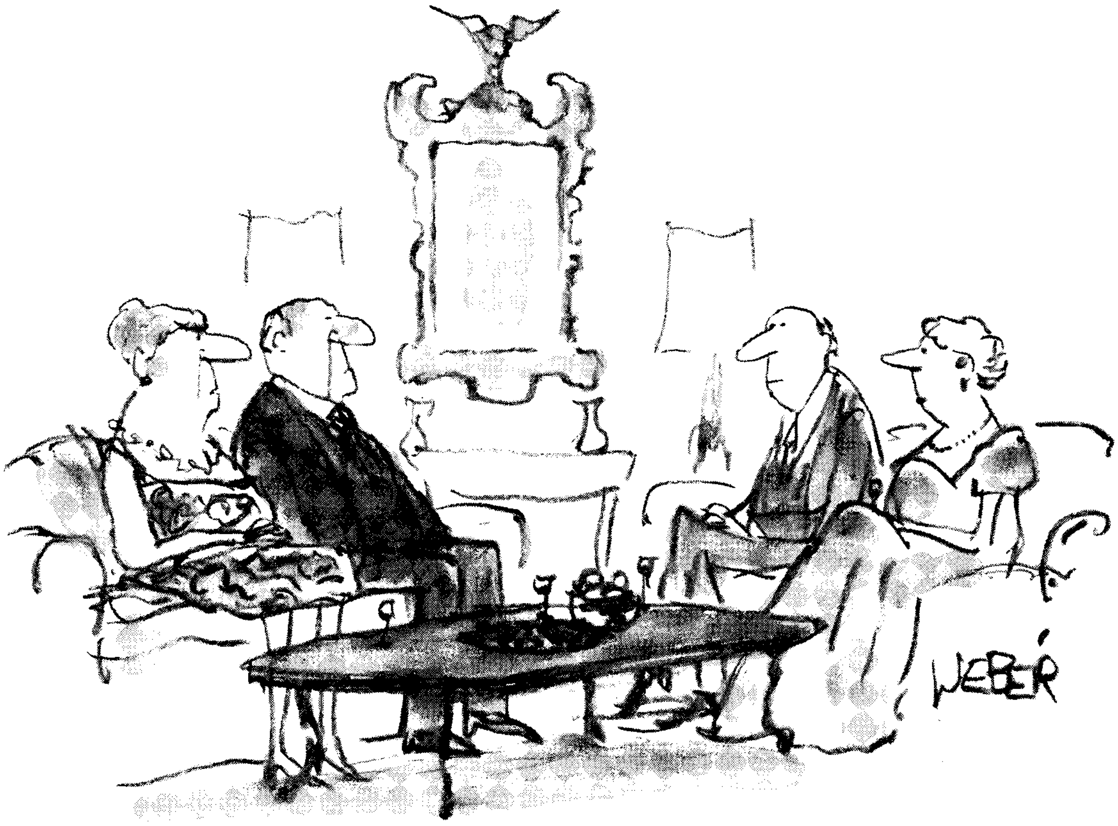
A REPORTER AT LARGE

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS OF MASSACRES

THE town of Oberlin, Kansas, is in the northwest corner of the state, eighty-three miles east of the Kansas-Colorado state line and a hundred and seven miles west of the geographical center of the continental United States. Oberlin has a population of twenty-five hundred and a town whistle that blows five times a day—at seven in the morning, at noon, at one in the afternoon, at six in the evening, and at ten at night—and it is the county seat of Decatur County. It was named after the town of Oberlin, Ohio. In 1878, it changed its name from its original one—Westfield—because a man named John Rodehaver gave the town some land on the condition that the name be changed to that of the town he and his family had come from in Ohio. I myself am from Ohio, and so this fact, like the fact that for many years the World's Largest Vase made its home in Zanesville, Ohio, or the fact that the first concrete pavement in America was laid in Bellefontaine, Ohio, or the fact that the comedian Bob Hope owns a share in the Cleveland Indians baseball team, is probably more interesting to me than it would be to somebody from another state. Many cities and towns in Ohio are named after places in other states or other countries (Norwalk, New Philadelphia, Versailles), but it is rare to find a place named after a place in Ohio. The reason for this is probably that people who leave Ohio do not like to be reminded of their native state, but I am sure that if there were a town anywhere named New Akron or New Lorain I would not be the only Ohioan eager to visit it. The Ohio town from which Oberlin, Kansas, gets its name has a strong humanistic tradition: it was a station on the Underground Railroad, and it is well known as the home of Oberlin College, the first coeducational college in America and a college that over the years has won many international friends as a result of its participation in the Congregational missions overseas, particularly in China. The town of Oberlin, Kansas, has a strong tradition, too, but "humanistic" is not the first word I would think of to describe it. It is as if the traditions of the Ohio Oberlin were so jolted and banged up by the thousand-mile journey across the prairie that they just didn't work the same as they had before. In the second half of the nineteenth century, many Ohioans went West and, by exaggerating certain of their personality traits, found violence and fame (among them the border raider William Quantrill, scourge of Lawrence, Kansas; the abolitionist John Brown, scourge of Pottawatomie, Kansas Territory; and General George Armstrong Custer). Oberlin, Kansas, reminds me of a whole town that did that. From the beginning, Oberlin, Kansas, has had about it something daring, something careening, something here-goes-hope-I-don't-get-shot, to a degree that is rare even for Western towns. Big, exciting, calamitous events have come snapping down on the prairie around Oberlin like the bars of giant mousetraps, especially during the town's early years.

My favorite of all the Western museums I have ever been to is in Oberlin, and it is called the Last Indian Raid in Kansas Museum. It commemorates the biggest thing ever to happen in or near the town—a raid by a group of Cheyennes that took place on September 30 and October 1, 1878, in which about forty settlers and at least two Indians died. The museum has exhibits, paintings, and books about the Indian raid and manuscripts of firsthand accounts of the Indian raid. It also has other exhibits about the history of the area, and it occupies five buildings, one of which is a sod house. The first time I visited the museum, in 1975, I asked the curator, Mrs. Kathleen Claar, about some of the recent photographs in the Indian-raid exhibit. One of the photographs was of a survivor of the raid, Charles Janousek, who as a baby was wounded in the head, and later cared for, by the Indians, and who then was almost a hundred years old. Another was a picture of a big Indian in a T-shirt and a cowboy hat, standing with his wife and his grandson, a little boy wearing a headdress with buffalo horns. Mrs. Claar said that since about 1956 there had been a celebration at the museum on the anniversary of the Indian raid; that every year for many years a number of the survivors had come to the celebration; and that Charles Janousek was the only one left. She said that the Indian was named Little Wolf and his grandson was also named Little Wolf; that they were the grandson



"Louis and I never fight."

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and the great-great-grandson of the famous Cheyenne chief who was the leader of the Indians in the raid; that they had come to the museum when they were in the area on their way to join the rodeo circuit; that descendants of the Cheyennes had come to the museum several times in the past; and that several times Cheyennes had been invited to the celebration on the anniversary of the raid.

Late last summer, remembering that the centennial of the Last Indian Raid in Kansas was approaching, I called Mrs. Claar and asked her if they were planning a big celebration and if the Indians were coming, and she said yes, they were planning a big celebration, and forty or fifty Northern Cheyennes were going to attend. Since the idea of descendants of the Indians and descendants of the settlers sitting around and talking seemed to me like a mirror image of Heaven, I made a rental-car reservation, took money out of the bank, flew to Chicago, changed planes, flew to Omaha (I had a long layover in Omaha, so I walked to the city from the airport and had a few beers at the bar of the Omaha Hilton, where a real-estate salesmen's convention was taking place, and then I decided that I wanted to take a close look at the Missouri River, so I got a taxi and asked the driver to take me to the best place to look at the river, and he said he would, and he started telling me that he was separated from his wife and was from New York City, and then he dropped me off at the airport and said that the airport observation deck was the best place to see the river, but that wasn't what I had in mind at all, so I walked along the fence around the runway, scared up a covey of quail, climbed a levee, walked through a field, scared up a couple rabbits, walked through some woods, and finally got to the black-mud, smelly banks of the Missouri—the river that drains a vast area of the West, the river that the Niobrara, the Yellowstone, the Big Sioux, the Knife, the Milk, the Heart, the Bad, the Cannonball, and the Teton all run into eventually, the river that was the main way West when the first white men came, the river that many trappers went up to be killed by Blackfoot Indians, the river that sometimes used to be full of drowned buffalo, the river on which the steamboat Far West brought the news on July 4, 1876, of Custer's defeat—and then I walked back to the airport), took a plane to McCook, Nebraska, reached McCook after stops in Columbus, Lincoln, Grand Island, Hastings, and Kearney, picked up my rental car, drove to Oberlin, and checked in at a motel.

The whole time I was in Kansas, I never heard an adult use a swearword. A lot of people asked me if I was married, and one man asked me if I was a Christian. In the evenings, I had either pork-tenderloin sandwiches and French fries at Lindy's, a café a block up from the Indian Raid museum, or ham with mashed potatoes, gravy, noodles, rolls, string beans, three-bean salad, pickled beets, corn relish, apple pie, ice cream, and milk at the 5th Wheel, a restaurant outside of Oberlin, on Highway 36.

One evening at sunset, I went for a drive in my rented Volaré and listened to the million radio stations you can get on the Great Plains. I came over a ridge and saw the red sun sitting on the lip of the prairie and the aerodynamically shaped shadows in the washes and gullies just as a really good song ("Rocky Top") came on the radio. I passed the feedlot north of Oberlin, with its many thousands of cattle. One of every nine cows sold for beef in America in 1977 was sold to McDonald's Restaurants.

One night, I watched TV in my motel room and after all the stations signed off I went for a drive. There were few cars on the road and no lights on in town and no people anywhere except for a man at a gas station who was ignoring a man with no teeth who was telling about a sow and her piglets he had seen walking down the highway some distance to the west. I drove on dirt roads until I couldn't see any lights, and then I got out of the car. The prairie just kept on going and going in the night, under the faraway, random stars. I felt like a drop of water on a hot plate. I did not get so far from the car, with its engine running and its headlights on, that I could not hear the radio through the closed door.

I had only been in Kansas a short time when I found out the Indians were not going to show up at the centennial celebration.

Mrs. Kathleen Claar, curator for the past twenty years of the Last Indian Raid in Kansas Museum, in her museum two days before the centennial weekend:

"The Northern Cheyennes are coming. They have made a commitment to attend, and they have chartered a bus that seats forty-nine, so that will be quite a group. It will be senior citizens and junior- and senior-high students. The older Indians will stay at the

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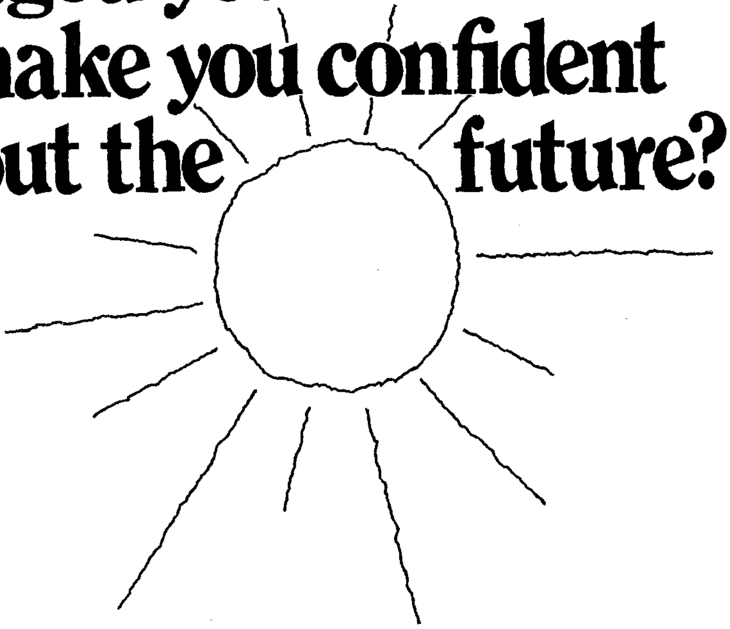

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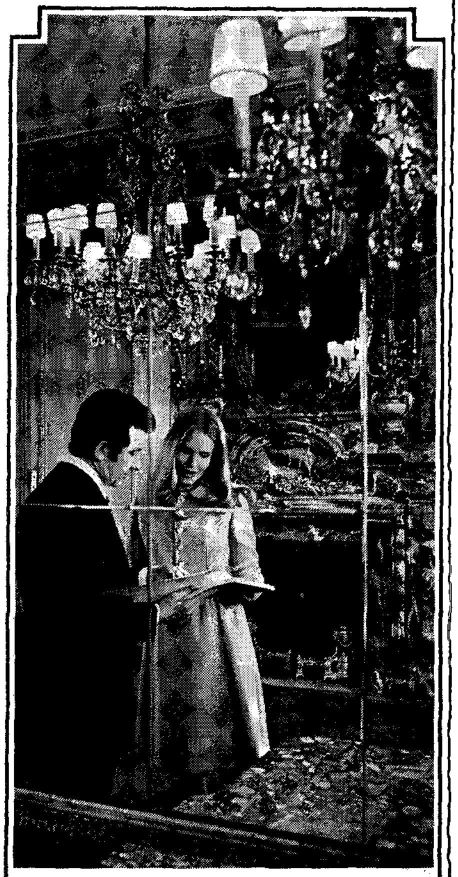

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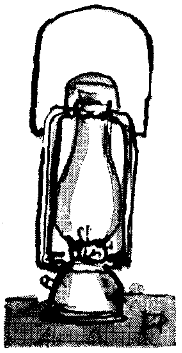
Frontier Motel, and the younger ones will camp on the museum grounds. And I just had the best news! I went out and bowled this afternoon to try and get away from all these preparations, and Rick Salem, who owns the bowling alley, told me that if the Indians want to they can bowl for free. Wasn't that nice of him?

"We're going to have all kinds of demonstrations here at the museum on Saturday, September 30th. We're going to have wood carving, spinning, grain grinding, soapmaking, butter churning, glass staining, wheat weaving, bulletmaking, needlepoint, china painting, tatting—that's like macramé, only you use fine thread—and crewelwork. We're going to have a quilt that was made a hundred years ago by a ten-year-old girl, and the biggest piece of cloth in that quilt is no more than one inch square. At the high-school cafeteria, the Oberlin Music Club is sponsoring a fashion show and salad luncheon, with new fashions and also 'Fashions from the Good Ole Days,' dating back to the turn of the century. There's going to be a horse show at the Saddle Club arena, at the fairgrounds, both Saturday and Sunday. The Oberlin Commercial Club is having a mini-tractor pull at the corner of Commercial Street and Penn Avenue on Saturday afternoon (those are the little fuel-powered toy tractors, you know), and then that night the bunch from Topeka—oh, they're wild, the Starlighters Chorus—are going to put on a medicine show here at the museum. It's called 'Dr. Femur's La-Ka-Ha-Na-Klee' and I'm in it—I play a madam. It's so bad it's funny. Then after that there's going to be a street dance in front of the museum, and right before the dance we're going to judge the winners in the beard-and-mustache contest. Then on Sunday there's the memorial service at the Oberlin Cemetery at one o'clock, and then Fred and Wilma Wallsmith, of the High Plains Preservation of History Commission, are going to lead a fifty-mile tour of the massacre sites along the Beaver and Sappa Creeks.



"I really don't know what the Indians are going to do. They say they want to do their dances. I guess they'll just provide music and dancing and be up and down the street here to answer questions and talk to people. I've tried to take everything out of the museum that might offend the Indians. This exhibit here used to be the bones of an Indian woman who lived supposedly about twelve hundred to two thousand years ago. I've covered that up, but I'm scared to death that some little kid is going to say, when the Indians can hear him, 'Oh, Miz Claar, where's the bones of that Indian woman that used to be here?' And I've taken the word 'ravished' out of all the descriptions of the massacre, even though the Indians did ravish at least nine women, and some of the babies that were born later were brought up in the community and you can still see the Indian blood in the families to this day. And I've kind of pushed this exhibit about Sol Rees out of the way—he was quite an Indian fighter, and he lived with the Delawares for a while, and he had a wife who was a Delaware. I don't know whether they were legally married or not. The story goes that he finally traded his Indian wife for a pony. I did an article for the Oberlin *Herald* about him once, and I had to watch what I said, because his daughter was a friend of mine. I said, 'He was as cruel and hard as the times in which he lived'—that was how I got around most of it."

A dark-skinned young man with dark hair and eyes and an embroidered white shirtfront came in. "Hello, Mrs. Claar, my name is Jesús Epimito, and I am staying with Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Larson. I am an International Foreign Youth Exchange student from the Philippines, and I was wondering if you have anything in your museum from the Philippines."

Mrs. Claar produced some beads that she thought were from the Philippines but that turned out to be from Puerto Rico.

"Some people think this museum is only about the Indian raid, but we have things here from every period in the history of this area. I shouldn't brag on myself, but I have one of the best collections of bob wire in the state of Kansas. This is the exhibit—'The History of the Plains Told in Bob Wire.' This wire here is called Glidden's Twisted Oval. It's from the early eighteen-seventies. This piece is called Harbaugh Torn Ribbon—it's just like a ribbon of metal with little tears in it. This wire with the big square pieces of tin on it is called Briggs Obvious. It came out in 1882. It's called 'obvious' because the cattle were supposed to see it and it wouldn't cut them up."

"Oh, what funny names these In-

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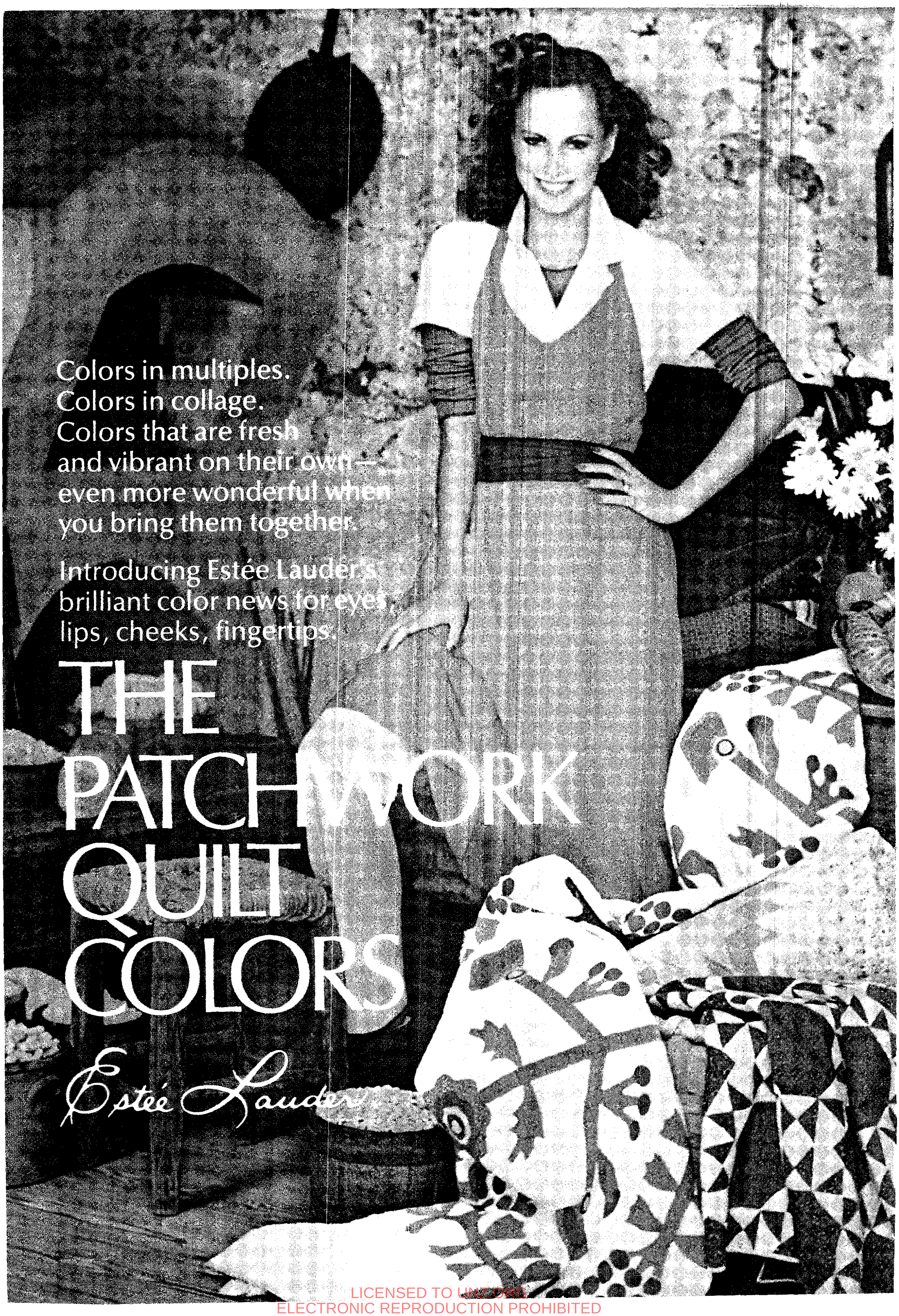
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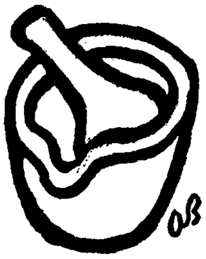
dians have. Little . . . Wolf. Dull . . . Knife," said the Filipino student, who was looking at one of the Indian-raid exhibits.

"This wire here is a get-well gift sent to me when I was in the hospital from the isle of Tahiti by a friend of mine who got it from a Dutch artist. This wire here is handmade bob wire from the white cliffs of Dover. This wire here is from Jerusalem."

Dr. R. G. Young, a chiropractor whose office is next door to the museum, came in. He was wearing a terry-cloth shirt that zipped to the throat, and at the end of the zipper was a metal ring. He had his hands in the pockets of his blue pants. "Hey, Kathleen, when're the Indians coming? Remember the time the Indians came—oh, ten years ago—and set up their tepees in the yard and wouldn't stay at the motel? They wouldn't eat at the restaurant! They brought their own food and cooked it right out there!"



"This bob wire was on the Johnny Carson show. Not this exact wire—wire like this. It's called Tyler G. Lord. It was strung on a fence and Johnny had to put a splice in it in a certain amount of time, and he was pretty good at it, too."

A farmer came in. His lips were spotted and turned back into his mouth from chewing tobacco. "We've only had sixteen-hundredths of an inch of rain in this county since the beginning of September," he said. "We had a downpour a couple of weeks ago, but then the sun came out and the wind started to blow and it evaporated quicker than it come. I hope it rains for this centennial. That would do more good than anything."

"This wire is called Hodges Parallel Rowel. See the rowel in there, like the rowel in a spur, between the two strands? This wire is called Stover Corsicana Clip. This wire is called Kennedy Barb. You can put the barbs on this wire wherever you want."

Glenn Gavin, of the Kansas Committee for the Humanities, came in. He began to talk about getting Mrs. Claar a grant, and she was not sure what she would have to do for it. "Have you had a consulting historian involved in this?" he asked.

"Let's look at this interesting mirror over here. It's made of a piece of what was left of the mirror behind a bar in Norcatur, Kansas, after Carry Nation went in and smashed the place up. The frame of the mirror is made from a piece of the molding of the bar. When we started this museum, people brought us things from every town around here."

"An over-all public humanities program can coördinate specialists in pioneer history," Glenn Gavin said.

"Let's look at this desk. It's called a Wooton Desk. Its full name is Wooton's Wonderful Patent Secretary, and it was known as the King of Desks. President Ulysses S. Grant had one, John D. Rockefeller had one, and Oberlin's leading citizen at the turn of the century owned this one. His name was Otis L. Benton, and he was warm and outgoing, but his wife was definitely the first lady of the town, and she used to give command performances, like the queen. Her name was Maude. When she came back from her trip to Europe, she had this book of her impressions privately printed. It's called 'Maude Abroad.' Some people thought that should be three words instead of two, with a comma after Maude.

"This is a picture of the only Negro ever to live in Oberlin. Well, he wasn't the only one. He had a wife. He lived in the town for many years and was loved and respected by all who knew him.

"This is a map of Oberlin done by a man with a wooden leg.

"These are books that were written about the Indian raid—'Cheyenne Autumn,' by Mari Sandoz, and 'The Brass Command,' by Clay Fisher. 'Cheyenne Autumn' was made into a movie.

"This is a fossil skeleton of a prehistoric shark which was found on the Smoky Hill River near Sharon Springs by a man who was an alcoholic and liked to look for arrowheads and fossils. Some of that arrowhead collection from forty-nine of the fifty states was his, too.

"This is a collection of buttons—shell buttons, glass buttons, buttons from Europe, all kinds of buttons—worth over three thousand dollars.

"This is an arrow recovered from the stomach of a cow belonging to James A. Gaumer after the Indian raid.

"This is a cigar made by an Oberlin woman who once worked in a cigar factory in New York City.

"This is a stuffed cobra with electrical tape around it where it broke. A serviceman who was married to a local girl gave it to the museum.

"These books—'A History of the

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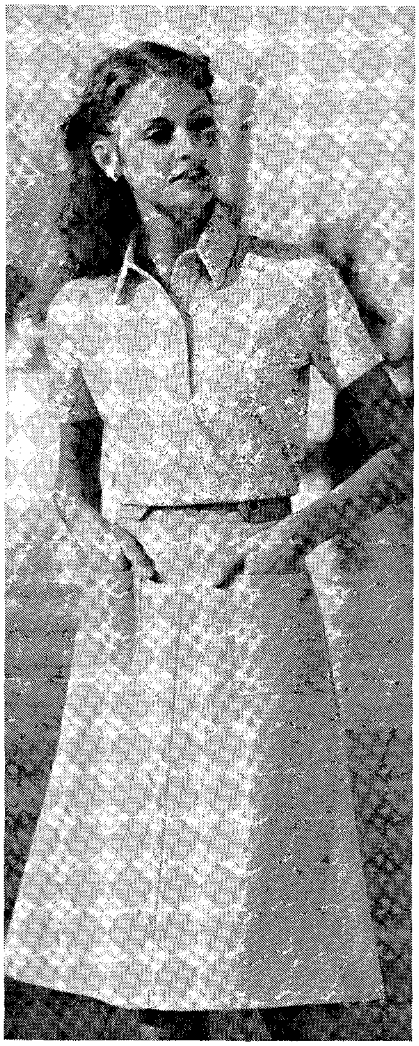
Indians of the United States,' by Angie Debo, and 'Crimsoned Prairie,' by S. L. A. Marshall—were in a house that my assistant, Esther Kump, and her husband rented to some people who had kids and the kids got into the books and shot them up. Used them for target practice."

There was a phone call for Mrs. Claar. "Maybe it's the Indians," she said.

WRITINGS having to do with the Indian raid:

"Authentic Accounts of Massacre of Indians, Rawlins County, Kansas, 1875, and Cheyenne Indian Raid in Western Kansas, September 30, 1878," a booklet compiled by George Nellans, contains a copy of the official report submitted by Second Lieutenant Austin Henely, of the 6th United States Cavalry, on an attack he led on Cheyenne Indians camped on the Sappa Creek, in Rawlins County (the county next to Decatur County, where Oberlin is). Henely says that on April 19, 1875, he took forty men and pursued a band of Indians for four days until he met up with some buffalo hunters who showed him where the Indians were. He found the camp and attacked it at daylight, and killed nineteen men (including two chiefs, a medicine man, and a brave who attempted unsuccessfully to escape with "peculiar side-long leaps") and eight women and children. He burned all the lodges, destroyed or took all the arms and ammunition, and captured all the ponies. He lost only two men himself. The booklet also contains a copy of the official report filed on October 26, 1878, by Captain William G. Wedemeyer, of the 16th United States Infantry, on the lives lost and the property destroyed and stolen in the Indian raid in Decatur and Rawlins Counties along the Solomon, the Prairie Dog, the Beaver, and the Sappa Creeks on September 30th and October 1st. The men killed were homesteaders, cowboys, Czechoslovakian immigrants, men hunting land, young men of no family and no fixed address, and a travelling preacher. The lost property was cattle, horses, mules, hogs, chickens, patent medicines, carpenters' tools, eight hundred pounds of flour, coffee, molasses, sugar, bacon, men's clothing, women's clothing, children's clothing, clocks, books, pictures, jewelry, a telegraph sounder and key, guns, dishes, feather beds, blankets, quilts, and cash. The report says that prairie fires burned through the area soon after the Indians left, and that many of the survivors went back East within ten days after the raid. The booklet also contains an article written for the Kansas Historical Society by the late William D. Street, who lived in Oberlin, who suggests that there was some connection between the massacre of Indians on the Sappa in 1875 and the massacre of settlers along the same creek and in the same area three years later.

Mari Sandoz, the author of "Cheyenne Autumn," talked to many Cheyennes in doing research for her book, which is more about their long struggle with the Army and the Indian Agency than it is specifically about the Last Indian Raid. Mari Sandoz says that the Indians who took part in the raid were part of a band of two hundred and eighty-four Cheyennes led by Chiefs Little Wolf and Dull Knife who had escaped from the reservation at Bent's Fort, in Indian Territory (Oklahoma), and were heading north across the state of Kansas, trying to get back to their old homeland in the Yellowstone country or rejoin their allies the Sioux at the Red Cloud Indian Agency, in northwestern Nebraska. She says that most of the band were Northern Cheyennes who had been sent to the reservation of the Southern Cheyennes in 1877. She says that the Northern Cheyennes caught malaria and starved in the south but that the Indian Agent and the Army would not let them leave, so on a night in early September, 1878, they sneaked away from their camp, leaving their fires burning, and headed north—men, women, old people, and children. She says that they escaped many times from the cavalry that was sent after them, and they held off the cavalry in several engagements, and they raided in northwestern Kansas, and they crossed into Nebraska, where they camped on the banks of the Republican River, and then they split into two groups, and one group was captured and taken to Fort Robinson, in Nebraska, and when they found they were to be sent south again they escaped from the fort and were again captured and many of them were killed, and several of the men were taken back to Kansas to stand trial for murder but were acquitted for lack of evidence, and finally they and the others who remained of the Fort Robinson group were allowed to go to the Red Cloud Agency, where they had wanted to go in the first place, while the second group avoided capture longer, and then the Army caught up with



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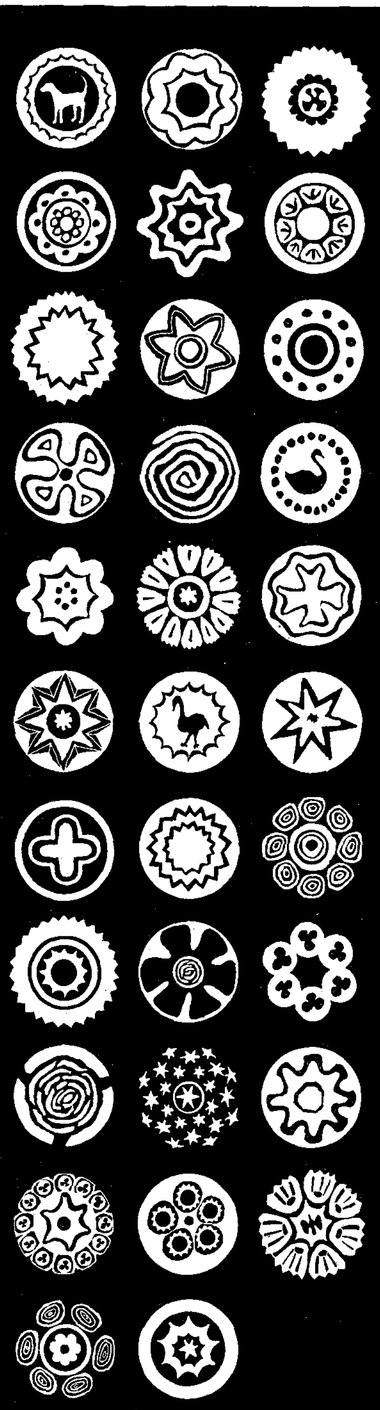

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them, and finally they, too, were allowed to stay in the north, on land that is now the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation, in southeastern Montana. She says that about a third of the original band did not survive the trip. She says that some of the band were Southern Cheyennes, who came at least part of the way, and that it was probably the Southern Cheyennes who were mostly responsible for the killings in Kansas, since the Indians who had been attacked along the banks of the Sappa three years before were Southern Cheyennes and not Northern Cheyennes. She says that one member of the original band was an artist named Little Finger Nail, who recorded his and his tribe's exploits in colored pencil in a canvas-bound ledger book, and that he wore this book on his body and it was pierced by two .45-70 rifle bullets when he was killed after the escape from Fort Robinson, and that the book is now on display at the American Museum of Natural History. She says that another member of the band was a woman named Monahsetah, who had been taken captive by General Custer after he defeated the Cheyennes at the Battle of the Washita River, in Oklahoma, and took a number of young Cheyenne women back to his headquarters for his officers, and that Monahsetah had a son by Custer, whose name was Yellow Swallow, and that the boy was also with the band of north-travelling Cheyennes. She says that other members of the band were men named Hog, Left Hand, Tangle Hair, Noisy Walker, Woodenthigh, Thin Elk, Black Coyote, Porcupine, and Black Crane and women named Short Woman, Comes in Sight, Singing Cloud, Pawnee Woman, and Buffalo Calf Road. She says that although the Cheyennes lost many women and children when they were attacked on Sand Creek in Colorado in 1864, on the Washita in 1868, and on the Sappa Creek in 1875, the Cheyennes themselves never killed women or children.

THE Indians were supposed to arrive Friday evening of the centennial weekend. On Friday afternoon, Esther Kump, Mrs. Claar's assistant, got a telephone call from someone at the Northern Cheyenne Reservation, in Busby, Montana, saying that the Indians' bus had broken down and they would not be able to make it.

ALL weekend long, the loud screen door of the museum banged, the floor creaked, children's feet scuffed, the phone rang, the air-conditioner turned off and on, mothers told children to behave, and women in pioneer bonnets and hoopskirts talked to each other at the butter-churning, china-painting, quiltmaking, and other booths. On the street, venders sold vases, lamps, bookends, lawn sprinklers, and clothes. Saturday afternoon, a high-pitched, bratty engine noise could be heard all over town as the toy tractors tried to pull a toy trailer loaded with lead weights the length of a sixteen-foot wooden table in the mini-tractor pull. That evening, the senior citizens' group from Topeka put on their medicine show, a collection of songs, skits, and jokes (Sample joke: Man: "Little girl, is your mother at home?" Girl: "Oh, she's 'round in the rear." Man: "I know *that*. I asked you is she at home!"), in the museum's large metal prefab auxiliary building, and the stage was set up in such a way that latecomers in the audience had to enter across the stage, through the same entrance that the actors used. The people who were sitting and watching edited from the action onstage the occasional passage of relatives, friends, or neighbors as easily as the eye edits ghosts from a television picture. On Saturday night, there was a street dance, with the museum's four-piece band and a square-dance caller performing on top of a truck, and a group of ten semi-professional square dancers. The dance was held on South Penn Avenue, right before the avenue crosses the railroad tracks and becomes a dirt road, under mercury street lamps, which threw light of silvery green and electric blue on the dancers and the bystanders and the steep-shadowed grain elevators in the background. The street was as wide as a New York City avenue, made of reddish bricks, and slightly canted. While I was watching, only the ten semi-professional dancers danced, and on the street's breadth, under the harsh mercury light, their weaving, unweaving, crossing, recrossing, exchanging, promenading, short-petticoat rustling, and boot-heel clicking seemed like an inexplicable organic structure on a microscope slide. Around the part of the street set aside for dancing, cars pulled up, facing toward the center with their lights on, and under the square-dance music you could hear the many different-sounding engines idling in unison.

THE biggest event of the centennial weekend was the tour of the sites of the Last Indian Raid, sponsored by the High Plains Preservation of History Commission. It was on Sunday. The sky was CinemaScope blue, and the weather was so dry you could strike a match on the inside of your nose. After a short memorial service at the Oberlin Cemetery, people got into their cars and formed a long column heading for the first of ten stops on the tour. The sixty-seven cars, vans, pick-up trucks, motor homes, and Land-Rovers quickly left the asphalt highway for dirt roads, following the tour leaders, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wallsmith (ranchers and amateur historians from Levant, Kansas), and the dust became so thick that sometimes you could see nothing of the car ahead except a small piece of light on the chrome of the rear-window molding. At other times, the wind came up, and you could see the vehicles ahead, all with tails of dust exactly the same size and blown in the same shape. When the head of the column turned off to the right or the left, people in the cars at the back of the column could see the dust of the head cars miles across the prairie. Most of the stops on the tour were along the Beaver and Sappa Creeks—spring-fed creeks that used to have water in even the most severe droughts but now are sometimes completely dry, because deep-drilling for irrigation has lowered the water table. The cottonwood trees along the creeks were a dusty green, and some of the aspens had already turned yellow. Big, testy pheasants looked at the caravan from the burnt buffalo grass.

Two hundred and fourteen people signed a register on a clipboard that was passed around at the early stops; some of them signed "Mr. and Mrs. and Family," so there must have been more than that. Many of the people on the tour were blond and blue-eyed and tanned. Many of the children were so blond their hair was almost white. There was one Spanish-speaking family, who never got out of their car but seemed to be having a fine time. There were three graduate students with long hair; when they got out of their car, they locked it. At each stop, the children would play, and the teen-agers would sit on the hoods of the cars and lean against the cars, and the parents and old people would stand holding babies and listen as Fred Wallsmith read from his paper about the Indian raid into a battery-powered loudspeaker and pointed out where the Indians rode from and where the settlers were killed a hundred years ago.

At one of the stops, Mrs. Keith Hall (maiden name Fern Anthony), a daughter of an eyewitness of the raid, made a speech on a hill overlooking

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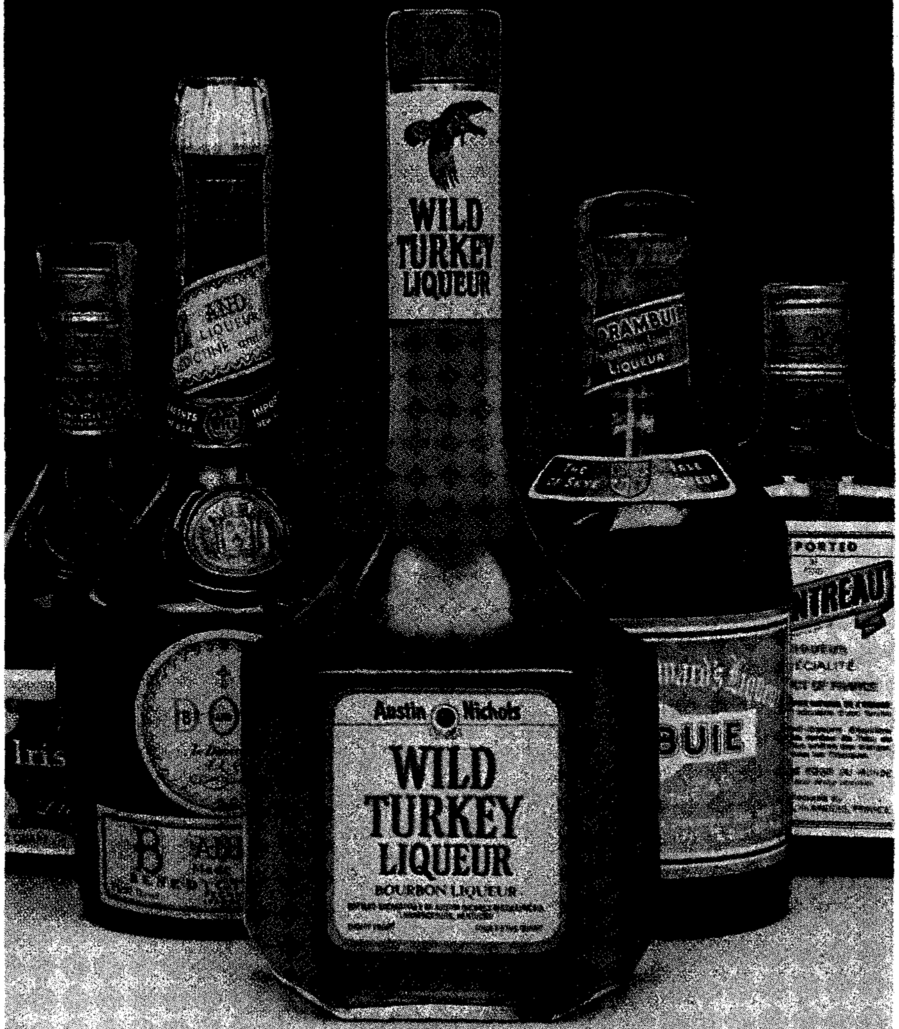

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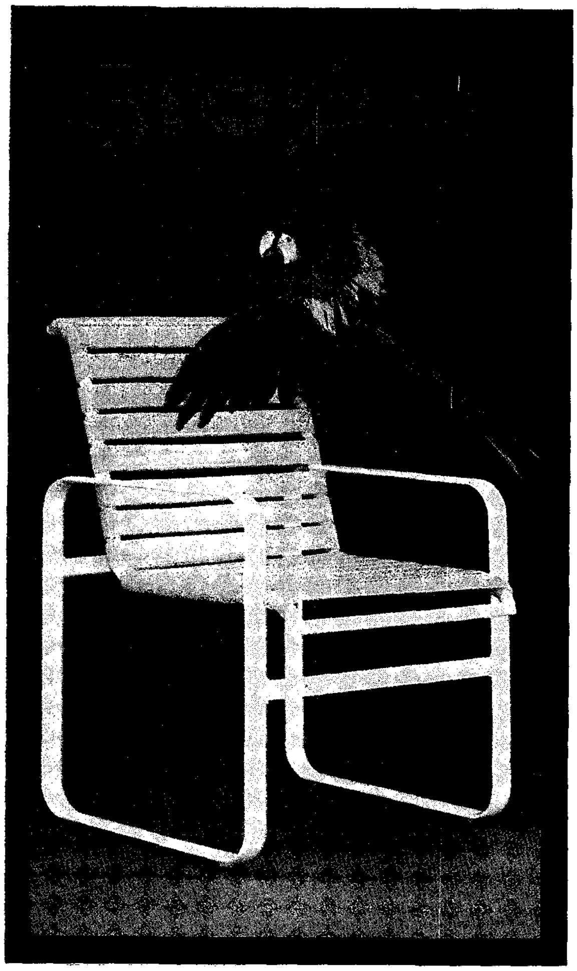

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the place where her family's farmhouse used to be:

"My grandfather was a contractor and builder in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and he hurt himself—he fell through a building and broke his ribs. So in 1873 Grandfather and Grandmother and their children came West in a covered wagon, and that was when my father, Henry Anthony, was born, in California, Missouri, on Christmas Day, 1873. They came to Decatur County in February of 1874 and started a home three miles south of Oberlin, but then a man named Ireland came along and said that the land they were on was his. The neighbors said Ireland hadn't ever done anything with it, but Grandfather said no, there was plenty of land for everybody, so they moved nine miles up the Sappa from Oberlin and built a dugout from native limestone.

"In April of 1876, Grandfather had gone for supplies to Buffalo Station, which was the largest town near here with the supplies that one would need, and he got caught in a snowstorm. It became real bad real fast and Grandfather became snow-blind, so he let the horses have their heads and he tied the lines around the wagon brake and the horses found their way to the Kaus place. Grandfather had blisters on his eyeballs, so Mrs. Kaus scraped seed potatoes and put the raw scrapings on his eyes, and after a few days he could see well enough to get home. But he was never well after that, and he died in February of 1877, leaving Grandmother, who was twenty-eight years of age, nine miles from Oberlin, with five young children.

"In September of 1878, there was a rumor of Indians. Papa's oldest brother, Harry, was thirteen, and he ran to the house about nine o'clock one morning and said that he had seen some Indians shoot our neighbors, Mr. Smith and Mr. Hudson. A man named Lynch who was running his cattle in the area and a sixteen-year-old boy who was helping him were at our place that morning, and Grandmother was making breakfast for them. They went and called the children to the house.

"Papa was four years old. He would be five years old that Christmas. He came running to the house, but then he stopped on the hillside above the house—the dugout was built down in the hillside—and he sat down and started picking the cactus out of his feet. And he saw Mr. Laing and his son William going down the creek road that ran in front of our place in their wagon, taking the Van Cleve

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girls, Mary and Eliza, to school. He saw the Indians ride up to them, shake hands with them, and shoot them. The Indians cut the harnesses off the horses and took the horses, and they took the Van Cleve girls, too, but then they let the girls go.

"Papa's sister, Belle, ran up and picked him up and took him in the house, and the Indians came to the house and tried to get in and Mr. Lynch killed one of them when the Indian stuck his head in the window. Then the Indians went on up the Sappa and they did the same thing to the other people they found. They'd ride up to them, shake hands with them, and shoot them, and then cut the harnesses off the horses.

"Later on in the day, Mrs. Laing came to our place from their farm, about three miles up the creek. She said, 'I suppose my husband and son are killed,' and Grandmother said yes. That evening, eight bodies in all were taken from the North Sappa back to Oberlin, and coffins were built for them, and they were buried by their friends and family.

"The soldiers who were supposed to stop the Indians were always behind, and the settlers thought that the soldiers sympathized with the Indians. But really the Indians were not to be blamed for a lot of the things that they did. After all, this was their land. I know we would fight if someone came and tried to take our land.

"Papa grew up and stayed there on the farm, and he built a house on top of the old dugout, and that's where he brought his bride—my mother, Alice Gilmore. And that is where I was born, eighty years ago this April 5th."

Mrs. Hall received the only loud and spontaneous applause of the whole tour. Later, she said to me, "You know, I'm just as glad the Indians couldn't come."

AFTER the tour, Mr. and Mrs. Wallsmith took the three graduate students and me to see Cheyenne Hole, where the Cheyennes were killed in 1875. The graduate students had looked for it once before but hadn't been able to find it, but Mr. Wallsmith knew where it was, because in 1975 he was at a memorial service that the High Plains Preservation of History Commission held at the site. Cheyenne Hole is on the Middle Sappa Creek, about thirteen miles south of the town of Atwood, Kansas, on land now owned by a wheat-and-cattle farmer named Larry Curtin. We stopped at his farmhouse, and he and his wife and his chil-

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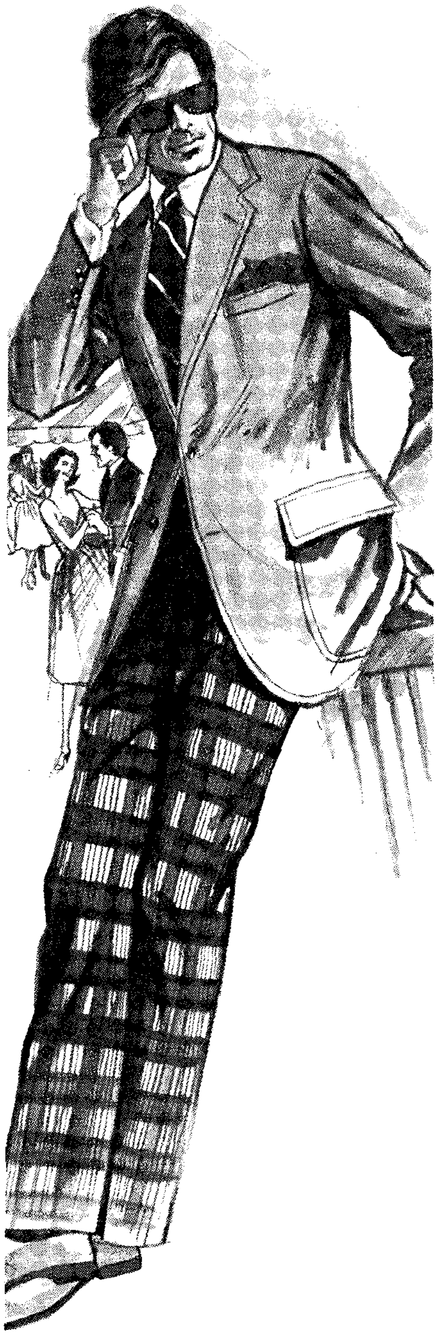

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dren and his dog came out and got into a pickup truck, and we followed them for a short distance and stopped on a ridge. The sites where the settlers were killed, which we had visited earlier in the day, had all seemed like random X's on the prairie, but Cheyenne Hole was different. Cheyenne Hole was a ruin. Lacking crumbling temples and broken obelisks, it still had a strong spirit of place-time in residence, the way all ruins do. It was once, and for a long time, as real a place to Indians as Peachtree Center, in Atlanta, is to us. For centuries up to 1875, it was a great campsite. The creek, which did not use to be dry, makes a wide oxbow between two ridges. There are plenty of trees and cover. The land along the creek is level, and the ridges on either side protect it against the Great Plains wind.

"My daddy owned this land before me," said Larry Curtin, "and when I was little it wasn't nothin' to find an arrowhead or a piece of pottery or some beads. They were just lying all over the ground. After the 1875 massacre, I'm told, they buried twenty-seven Indians right over there, about halfway between here and the creek bed, under that soapweed. They buried the chief in a cave up there." He pointed to the ridge opposite. "See—even with that silo."

The sun had just set. Fred and Wilma Wallsmith, Larry Curtin's wife, the graduate students, and I all kind of bunched together and sighted along Larry Curtin's arm to see where he was pointing, and then he turned away and started talking and joking with Fred Wallsmith. The rest of us were still peering in the direction of the cave when a falling star dropped perpendicular to the horizon right where we were looking, like a heavenly visual aid. The star started out white and turned pale green as it entered the lighter sky near the horizon. It was really an amazing thing to happen, but Fred Wallsmith and Larry Curtin did not see it, and the rest of us did not know each other well enough to comment on it. —IAN A. FRAZIER

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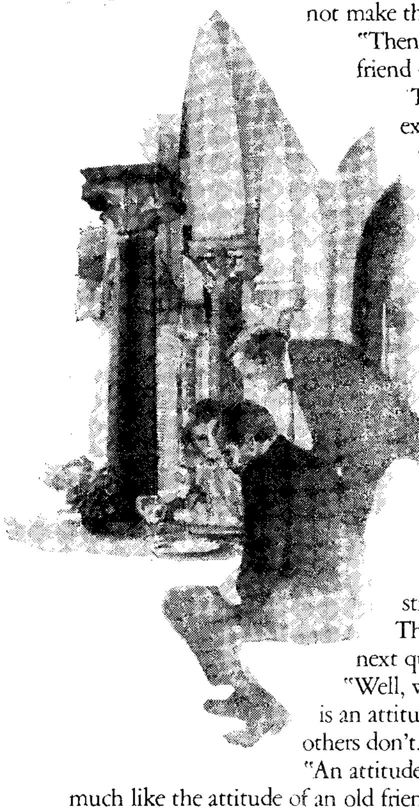
The Traveler replied, "Of course there has to be a certain chemistry and geometry to a great hotel that makes me immediately want to stay. But a lot of quite ordinary hotels have achieved this feat through exceptional architecture and artful mimicry. But this certainly does not make them great hotels."



"Then it must be the facilities?" his friend questioned.

The traveler answered, "I do expect an *over abundance* of facilities. After all, I do want to be able to indulge my whims regardless of whatever mood I'm in. But facilities have never made a great hotel."

"The service, it must be the service," his friend exclaimed.

The traveler smiled and said, "Ah, the service. Yes, the service has to be just so. And indeed, of everything we've talked about, service is the most important. But a number of hotels have great service and they're still not great hotels."

Then, in anticipation of his friend's next question, the traveler continued, "Well, what is it, then?...Very simply, it is an attitude the great hotels have that the others don't.

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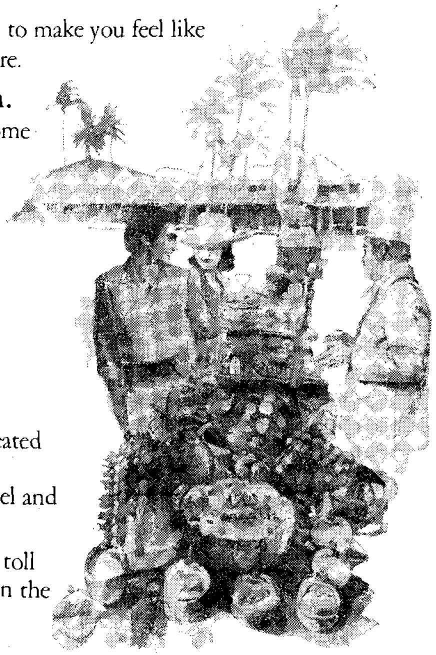

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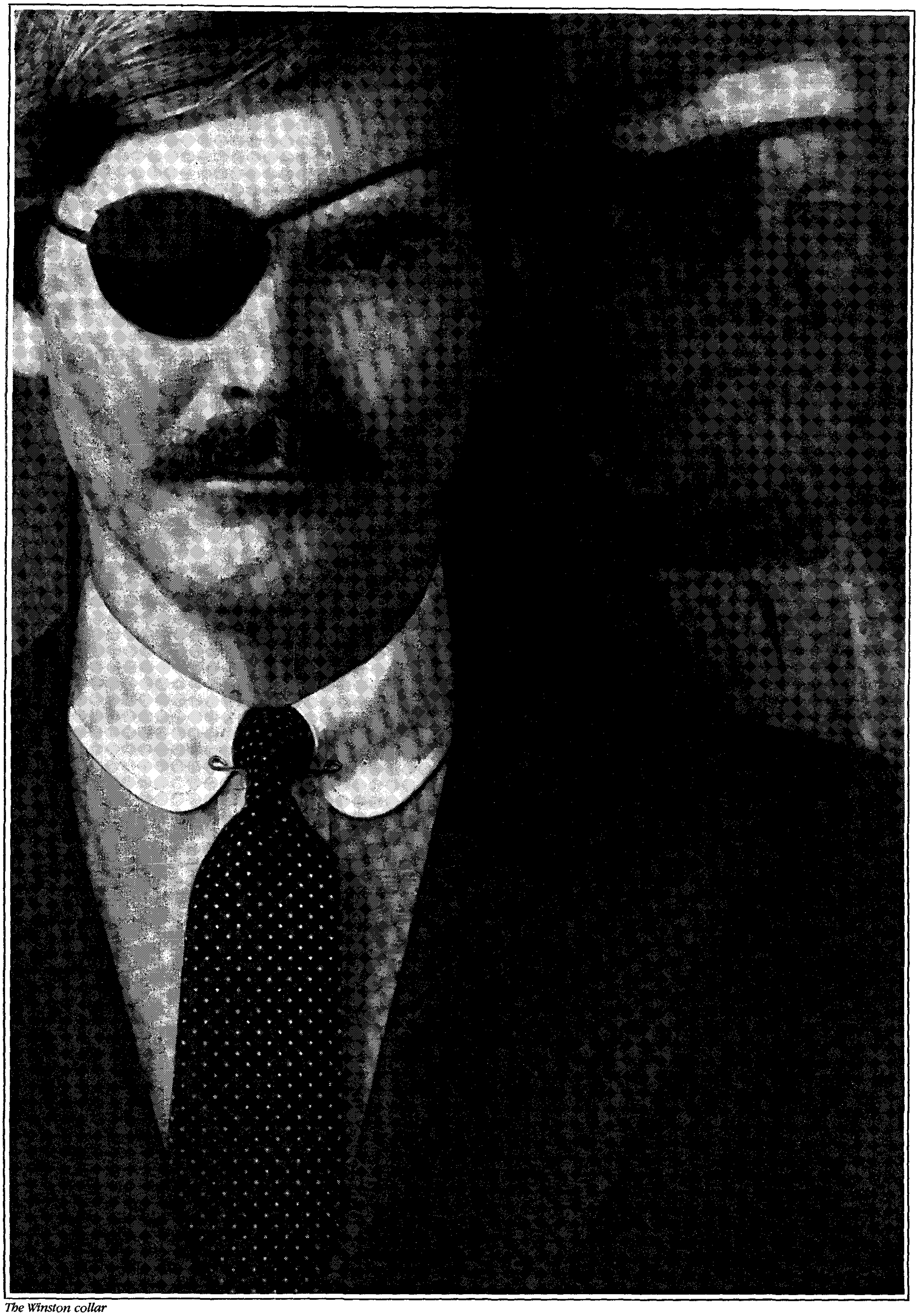


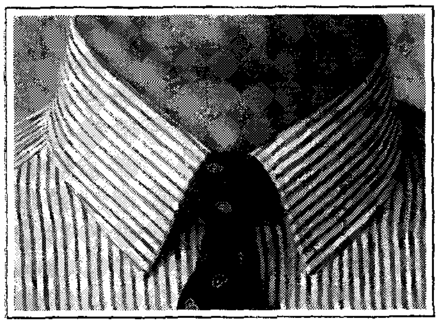
The Winston collar

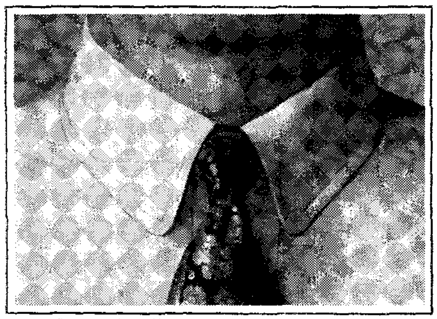
A short story by C.F. Hathaway

Fiction is not our intent here. Fashion is. And short collars are the fashion news. Never has so much impact been made by so little. Hardly a shirt drawer in the country counts itself updated without a short collar in its midst.

Fashion not faddism

Since fashion is our aim, let's set the record straight from the outset: we at Hathaway are not advocates of extreme anything. Except good taste. But we will defend a man's right to be stylishly adventurous. And offer him a shirt to do it in. That's why Hathaway offers a complete range of short collars—even collarless shirts.


The Canterbury collar


The Edinburgh collar

Didn't I see you in Surrey?

The five collars you see here are the ones we feel are destined to be the most popular. They're our British collection. All modeled after the spanking white detachable collars of an era when panache was expected. We need hardly remind you of the impeccable Duke of Windsor, the devastating Doug Fairbanks. And now, Hathaway has re-created that splendid look in its British collection.

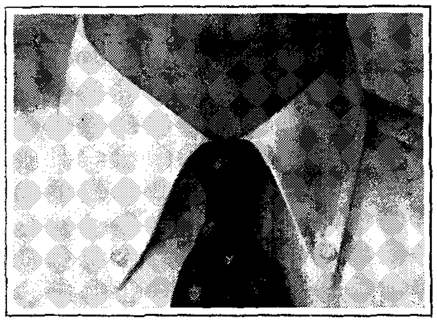
The Canterbury collar (top picture, first column), like all Hathaway collars, has been carefully hand-turned. Marvelously versatile, it can be worn with or without a pin. Striking, either way.

For an equally dapper effect, we next draw your attention to the Edinburgh collar (bottom picture, first column). Its neat blunt edges hug the knot of your tie. But not your neck. So you can look slim and trim without strangling.

Traditionally untraditional

The Stuart (shown in this column) is recommended to those gentlemen who follow the old tradition of having their cake and eating it too. The Stuart reflects all the freshness of the new short look in collars, while retaining all the easy style of a classic button-down.

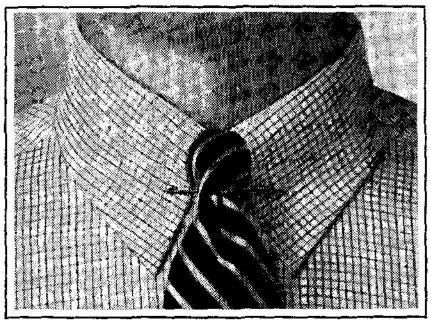
The London Straight (top picture, third column) is another excellent starting point for easing into short collars.


The Stuart collar

It follows the lines of a traditional Hathaway dress shirt. The points have simply been trimmed one-eighth of an inch. You might say for emphasis.

Rounding out the point

Of course, Hathaway did not create a reputation for lasting quality without learning how to attract front-runners: the men who can spot a trend and exploit it for their own benefit. For them we offer the Winston (main photograph). It's named for that great British leader, because we consider it the leader of our collection. Startlingly new, yet elegantly reminiscent of a more gracious time in history, the Winston combines the boldness of the new shorter length with the charm of rounded edges. It's disarming. It's clever. It lets the world know you can glean from the newest trends exactly what suits your style.

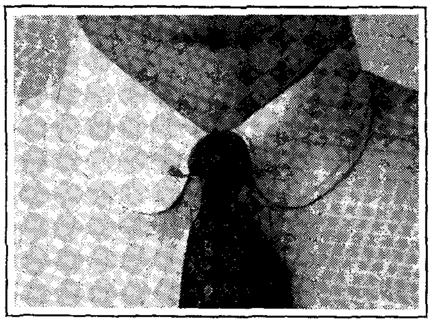

The London Straight collar

The Winston, like any style you see here, is available in more colors and fabrications than room allows to list. From luxurious imported cotton. To the crispest easy-care blend.

Short and to the point

Of course, no man wears a dress shirt alone. A dress shirt is merely the cornerstone of his complete look. A shirt with character and verve can add new life to an old suit or jacket, which in turn does wonders for the man in it.

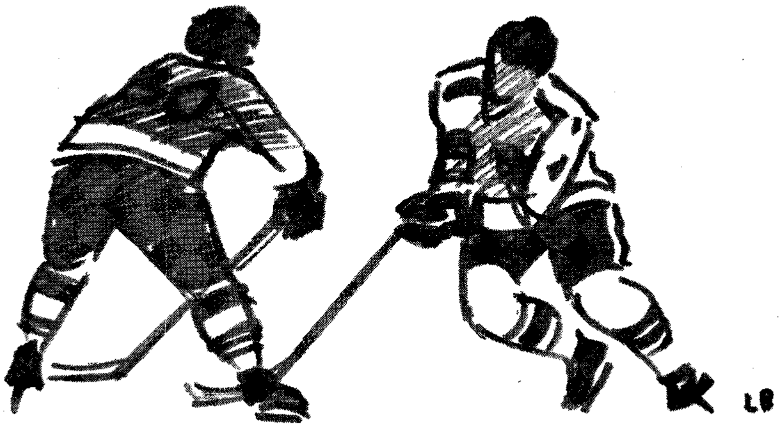
As always, Hathaway leaves image up to every man's individual discretion.


The Winston collar

If a gentleman prefers his collars long, long may he wear them. But we feel it is our sworn duty to let our many valued customers know what's happening before it has happened. And to offer only those "happenings" in the best taste. Because in a world which frequently compromises taste, Hathaway doesn't.

THE SPORTING SCENE

LES CANADIENS SONT LÀ

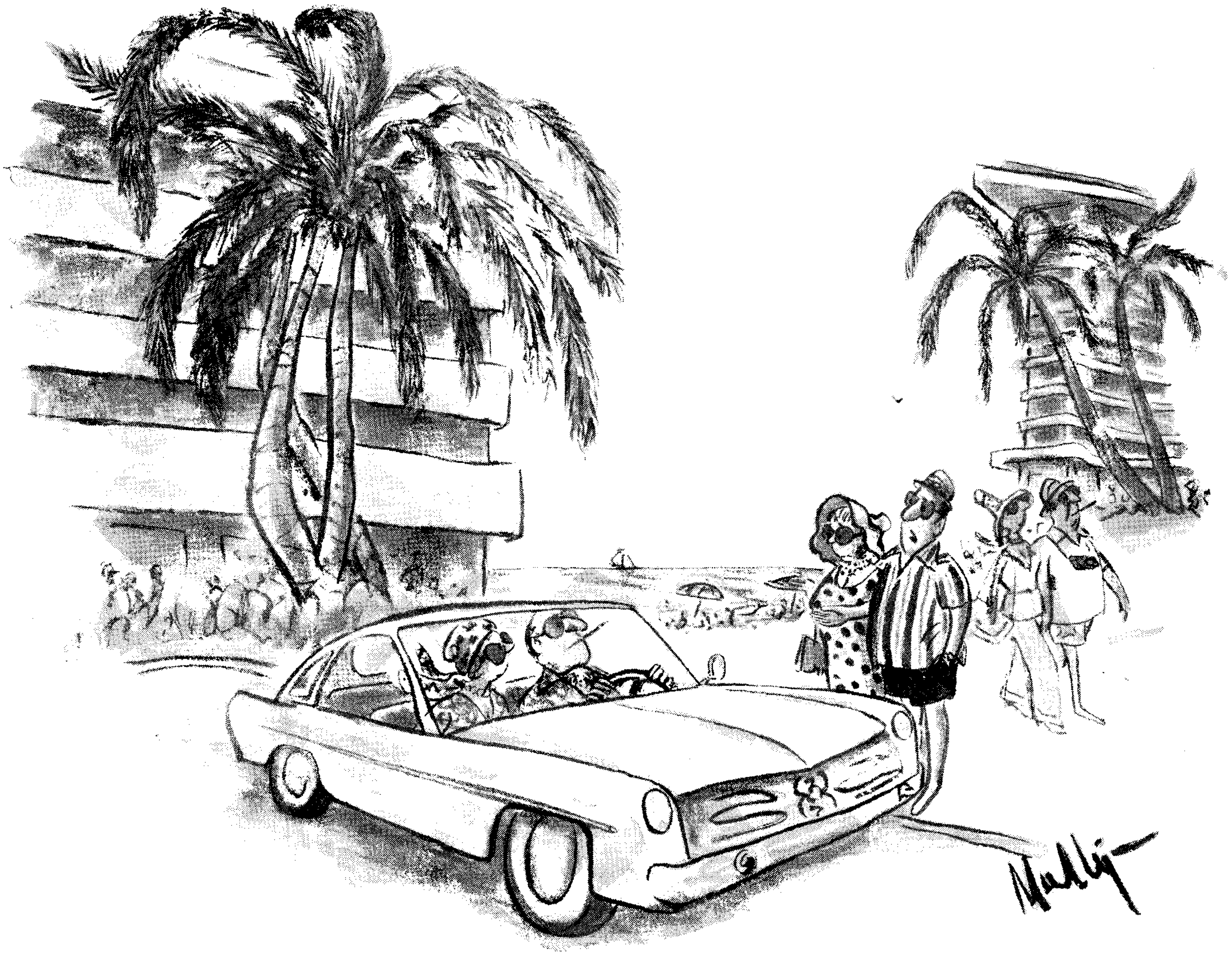


OVER the last half century, it has been accepted in professional hockey circles that most fans, as a rule, have two favorite teams—their home team and the Montreal Canadiens. There are several interrelated reasons for the Canadiens' vast and sustained popularity. To begin with, none of the other old, preëxpansion members of the National Hockey League, the top league in North America, has enjoyed as few losing seasons and as many glitteringly successful ones. At the end of the regular N.H.L. schedule, for example, in the playoffs for the Stanley Cup, which is emblematic of the league championship (and, until the recent rise of splendid teams in Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Sweden, was assumed to be emblematic of world supremacy as well), the Canadiens have carried off the Cup twenty times. This is seven more times than the team with the next-best record, the Toronto Maple Leafs, earlier called the St. Pats and, before that, the Arenas. The appeal of the Canadiens has been based not only on their being a winning team but on the way they have gone about winning. Ever since the team came into existence, in 1909, it has been known for its *vitesse*—the players skated like the wind. As often as not, the goals they scored, set up by subtle team maneuver or by dashing individual thrust, have had a sensational quality to them. Above and beyond this, the Canadiens have possessed a vital team spirit. While the group has always been made up of players of various ancestries, it has been composed primarily of young men of French descent drawn from the French-speaking province of Quebec. As one watched them in action, one felt that their flamboyant style reflected not only their Gallic temperament but a deep-rooted consciousness that, as the idols of French Canada, they had a responsibility to represent that minority region with heart and distinction.

At the present time, when many Québécois support the separatist movement, which is committed to taking the province out of the Dominion of Canada and setting it up as a separate state, the differences between French and English Canada are of a grave and unhappy character. Of course, back in 1924, when the N.H.L. first began to add teams representing American cities, this problem did not exist, and the new-to-hockey fans in this country, who saw nothing remarkable about the Maple Leafs—whose players, with few exceptions, came from English-speaking Canada (as did most of the players on the American teams)—were entranced by the very foreignness of the Canadiens, the "Flying Frenchmen." There was no doubt about it: the Canadiens had a romantic aura. They certainly looked the part, in their bright-red uniforms trimmed with blue and white—the famous *bleu*, *blanc*, *et rouge*. In the center of the jersey was a large "C," and, set inside the "C," a smaller "H." Many Americans deduced that the "H" stood for Habitants, for in the newspapers the Canadiens were often alluded to by that name, and called the Habs for short. This was not the case, though. The letters were the key initials of the official name of the organization, Le Club de Hockey Canadien. In any event, the Flying Frenchmen stirred the imagination as few teams in sport did. American fans who journeyed to Montreal to watch them on their home ice, the rink called the Forum, were charmed to find that at one end there was a so-called Millionaires Section, made up of workingmen who paid fifty cents for standing room, wore woollen toques in the Canadiens' colors, and cheered the team on by chanting *"Les Canadiens Sont Là!,"* an old French song adopted at the beginning of the century by Les Montagnards, a popular French-Canadian snowshoeing club, and later, when these clubs began to disappear and hockey began to boom in Montreal, adopted (with the substitution of *"Canadiens"* for *"Montagnards"*) by the Forum regulars.

THE Canadiens have been particularly fortunate in having a succession of bona-fide superstars to spearhead the team. The first of these, Howarth (Howie) Morenz, happened to be of German-Swiss, rather than French, lineage. He was born in 1902 in Mitchell, Ontario, and played Junior hockey for the team in the nearby town of Stratford. A young man of medium size—five feet nine, a hundred and sixty-five pounds—Morenz was far and away the finest skater and stickhandler in the Junior ranks in Ontario. He had one other invaluable trait: he loved to play hockey. Near the close of his career as a Junior, he was approached by many professional teams. He turned them all down until Leo Dandurand, the manager and coach of the Canadiens, made him an offer that far surpassed his wildest expectations: eight hundred and fifty dollars in cash and a contract for twenty-five hundred dollars a season. Dubbed the Stratford Streak during that heyday of all-out alliteration, Morenz in his rookie year, 1923-24, became a member of the Canadiens' first line, centering for Billy Boucher and Aurel Joliat. Over a stretch of ten years, he averaged more than twenty goals a season at a time when a season consisted first of only twenty-four games and, later, of forty-eight. (The teams in the N.H.L. today play eighty.) As a schoolboy, I was lucky enough to see Morenz in action several times. He was marvellous to watch. He combined well with his wingmen, but the rink-length rush was his specialty, and whenever he swung around his own net with the puck and started down the ice he brought the arena to life. His fantastic speed carried him quickly past the checking forwards, and he was flying when he neared the opposing team's blue line, where the two hefty defensemen were poised to step into him with a stiff body check. Sometimes they succeeded in doing this. More often they didn't. Morenz had a last-second shift that frequently fooled even veteran defensemen into thinking he would be cutting to the right when he was cutting to the left, or vice versa. This enabled him to slide around the defensemen and come roaring in with only the goalie to beat. He had a good, hard, rising shot. On these solo rushes, Morenz used a fairly wide repertoire of moves. For example, sometimes when he approached the two defensemen he had the audacity to feint to the outside and then to try to split the defense—to burst between the two men. One of his most dazzling feats came during a Stanley Cup game when his intention was to do exactly that. At the last moment, sensing that the defensemen expected him to attempt this and were all set for it, he poked the puck between them, swerved sharply out to the right, collected the puck behind them, and swooped in on the goalie and scored. He looked back then and saw the two defensemen—they had collided—stretched out on the ice. Morenz's bravura performances changed the Canadiens from a team that the fans in and around Montreal thought highly of into something much more—their oriflamme, and the passion of their lives. Old-time hockey people also credit him with turning on the new American spectators in Boston, New York, Detroit, and Chicago to the beauty of the game, thus insuring the stability of those franchises and the future of the National Hockey League.

In the 1943-44 season, a half-dozen years after Morenz had played his last game for the Canadiens, the team's next major star, Maurice (Rocket) Richard, arrived. The eldest son of Onésime Richard, a machinist—a much younger son, Henri, also became a star with the Canadiens—Maurice was a hometown boy from the parish of Bordeaux, which is situated close to the Rivière des Prairies, at the northern edge of the city. (Montreal and many of its suburbs occupy an island, about thirty miles long, at the confluence of the St. Lawrence River, to the south, and the Ottawa River, to the north. The street that serves as a sort of dividing line in Montreal is known as either Boulevard St. Laurent or St. Lawrence Boulevard, depending on whether one is of French or English descent. The sprawling French section of the city lies to the east of the boulevard, while downtown Montreal and the principal English neighborhoods are to the west of it.) Richard's emergence as a star came, in a way, as a surprise. In 1940, when he was nineteen and in his first year with the Canadiens' farm team in the Senior Quebec Hockey League, he broke his left ankle. The next year, he broke his left wrist. Though he had missed most of these two seasons, he earned a spot with the Canadiens in the autumn of 1942. He started off very well, but in the sixteenth game he broke his right ankle when he was checked into the boards, and was out for the rest of *that* season. The general feeling was that Richard was obviously too brittle to make it in a slam-bang game like top-level hockey, but he came back the following season to score thirty-two goals for the Canadiens, playing right wing (though he was a left-hand shot) on a forward line that had Elmer Lach at center and Hector (Toe) Blake at left wing, and that went on



"We had our *car shipped down here by rail, but it ended up in Cincinnati."*

to become one of the most productive lines in history. The next year, the 1944-45 season, Richard scored fifty goals in a fifty-game schedule—a pace that no N.H.L. player had ever before approached. His N.H.L. career lasted eighteen years in all, and when he retired, in the summer of 1960, he had accumulated a record total of five hundred and forty-four goals in regular-season competition and another eighty-two goals in Stanley Cup competition. Year after year, his performances in the playoffs, when the pressure is enormous, were almost unbelievable: he scored the winning goal in eighteen games (six of them in sudden-death overtime play), and he scored three or more goals in seven games (including five goals in one game and four goals in two others). A husky, broad-shouldered fellow who played with a flaming aggressiveness, Richard had such strength and determination that he frequently managed to score goals when opposing players were holding him, hooking him, or were draped all over him. Nobody else ever got shots off as fast as he did. The instant before a spectator told himself, "He'll shoot now," he had already fired the puck. It was often said that Richard, a terribly intense man, lived to score goals, and indeed he probably did.

Richard had a strong-featured face, set off by black hair brushed smoothly back. It was his gleaming dark eyes that one always noticed, for they projected the full force of his fierce pride, his short-fused temper, and the deep, elemental emotions that surged through him. He was without a doubt one of the most magnetic athletes of this century—you couldn't take your eyes off him when he was on the ice, even if he was doing nothing of consequence at the moment. Montreal and all of Quebec adored him. After his extraordinary gift for putting the puck in the net had become evident, a large number of the Canadiens' fans began to keep notebooks in which they listed each goal he scored, along with a description of how he had done it. These Richard experts were unanimously agreed that his most dramatic goal was the one against the Boston Bruins in the seventh and deciding game of the Stanley Cup semifinals in 1952. In the second period, after his head had hit the ice following a collision, six stitches were taken above his left eye. He sat silently on the bench in the third period, still dazed, but with the score tied 1–1 late in the period he indicated that he was ready to take his regular turn with the line. Operating almost entirely on courage and instinct, Richard, his eyes glazed, got control of the puck deep in the Canadiens' zone. He twisted his way up the ice and warded off a check by a Bruin defenseman, Bob Armstrong, but he was ridden into the corner to the right of the goal by the other defenseman, Bill Quackenbush. Then, with a tremendous effort, he broke free of Quackenbush and, skating laterally across the ice, closed in on the Bruins' goalie, Jim Henry, and lifted the puck past him for the goal that won the game. A four-minute ovation shook the Forum. I can think of only two postwar athletes who matched Richard in their total dedication to the game they played—Ben Hogan, the golfer, and Bob Cousy, the leader of the Boston Celtics basketball team during their championship era in the nineteen-fifties and sixties. What these three men didn't give they simply didn't have to give.

THE PLACE MY
DADDY WORKS AT

NO one could have been more different from Richard than Jean Beliveau, the team's next superstar. Whereas Richard throbbed with the militance and wrath of an ancient tribal chieftain, Beliveau was the mildest of men. His unrambunctious nature was all the more conspicuous since he was a very big man, particularly for a center: he stood six feet three and weighed two hundred and five pounds. During Beliveau's first two years in the N.H.L., the tough-guy "intimidators" on the other teams jumped all over him, and his reluctance to retaliate set up doubts in many minds as to whether he would survive long in the league. In his third season, Beliveau changed his policy. When an opposing player tried to belt him around, he waded in and demonstrated past any doubt that he was essentially as tough as the tough guys and a better fighter than most of them. They left him alone after that. Beliveau was an unusually handsome young man. There was a look of nobility in his facial expressions as well as in the dignity with which he comported himself. He reminded one

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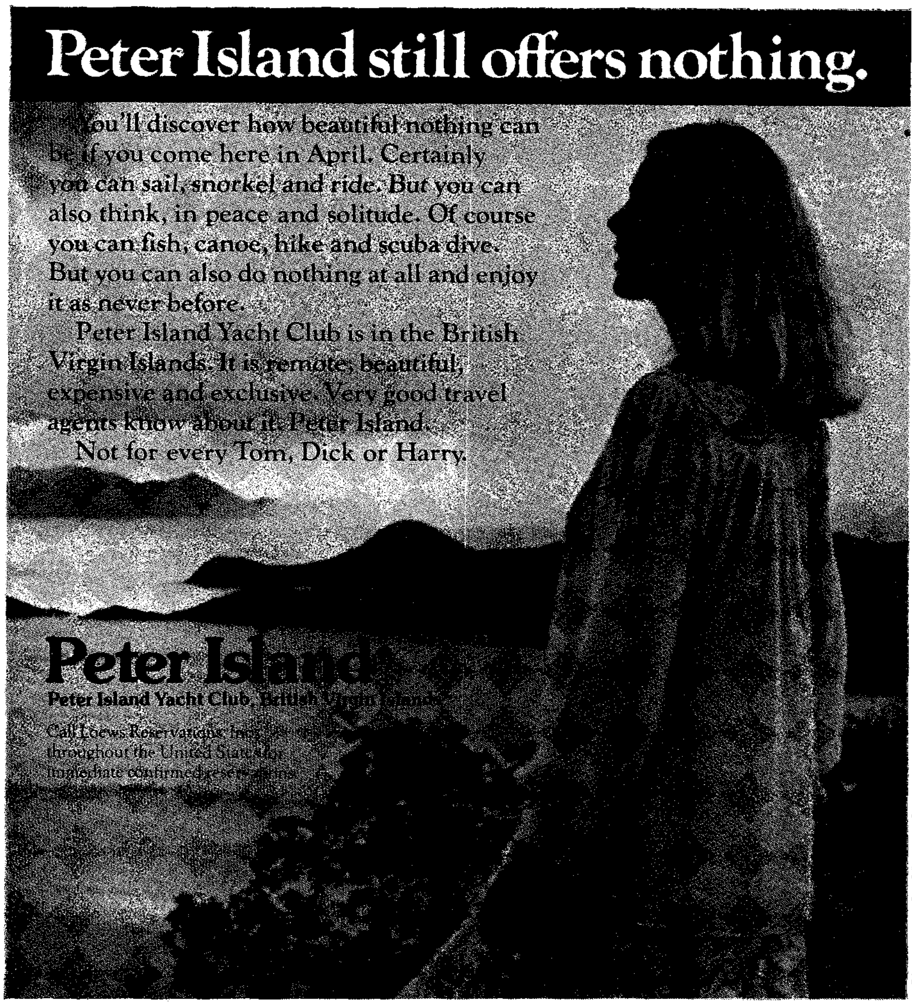

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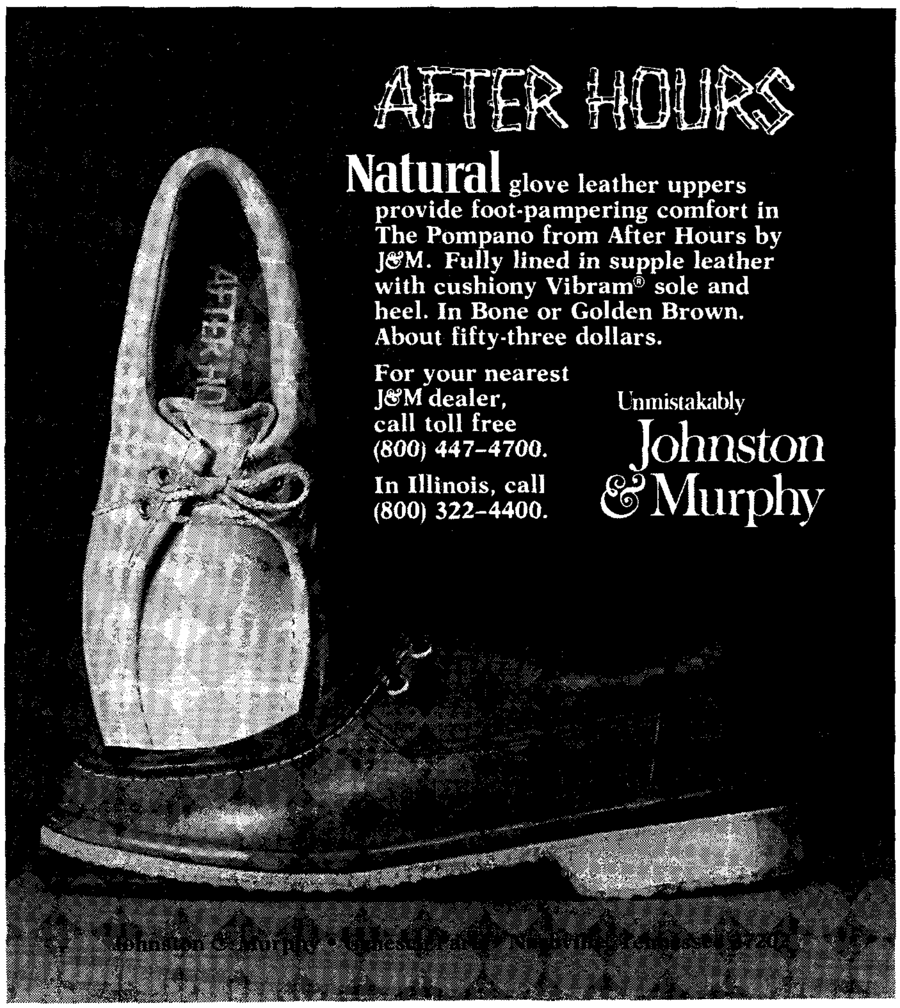

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of the characters that Gary Cooper played, and just as Cooper in real life was as honest and decent as he seemed on the screen, so was Beliveau off the ice.

Beliveau was born in Trois Rivières, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, but grew up in Victoriaville, a town about forty miles south of the river. In a typically large French-Canadian family, he was the eldest of seven children. His parents—his father worked for Hydro-Quebec—were gentle people, and the household had an old-fashioned, quiet-voiced atmosphere based on implicit respect. Jean got his size early: at fifteen, he was a slim six-footer. People who shoot up fast are often gangling and awkward, but Beliveau was an exception. A well-coördinated athlete, he had quick reflexes and was an effortless, graceful skater. At seventeen, he was the best Junior player in the country. He played his last two years of Junior hockey in Quebec City for a team called the Citadelles. When he turned twenty, he chose to stay in Quebec City and play Senior amateur hockey with the Quebec Aces rather than turn professional and go up with the Canadiens, who owned the rights to him. Considering the circumstances, his decision was understandable. Quebec City and Montreal are old rivals, and the former, well aware that in Beliveau it had a star whose capability and charisma were unmatched by any player his age in the N.H.L., could not do enough for him. Beliveau received such a high salary and so much subsidiary income from commercial endorsements that it became a cliché to say that he could not afford to turn pro. For his part, he loved Quebec City, where, from his Junior days on, he was able to live as he wanted to. He roomed in a nice old house run by three elderly women—"the beautiful, white-haired McKenna sisters," as he likes to describe them—and they made his home life comfortable and pleasant.

After two seasons with the Aces, Beliveau joined the Canadiens at the start of the 1953-54 season, when he was twenty-two. Frank J. Selke, then the managing director of the Canadiens, had offered him a contract calling for a total payment of approximately a hundred thousand dollars over five years—by far the most money ever waved before a young hockey player. Like Richard, who was his teammate for seven seasons, Beliveau put in eighteen years with Montreal, retiring a few months before his fortieth birthday. He was a wonderful all-around player. A superlative stickhandler—stickhandling is roughly the equivalent of dribbling in basketball—he elicited roars of rapture from the Forum regulars as he sifted his way through a cluster of defenders with a combination of quick feints and quicker changes of direction. He was an excellent passer in a league in which, surprisingly, few players can lead a teammate with an accurate pass slid ahead at the correct speed. He was no less adept at receiving a pass; he took the puck with a little momentary give of the blade of his stick and had the puck so surely under control that it seemed as if the blade were sticky with fresh black tape. He could build plays. He could shoot. He could battle for the puck along the boards. He could back-check efficiently. He could do just about everything, and, like all the great players, he could do it when it mattered. Some statistics are relevant here. Beliveau holds the Canadiens' record for most points scored: twelve hundred and nineteen, on five hundred and seven goals and seven hundred and twelve assists. He also holds the N.H.L. record for most total points in Stanley Cup play: a hundred and seventy-six, on seventy-nine goals and ninety-seven assists. During his career, Montreal made the playoffs seventeen times and won the Cup ten times. In 1970-71—his last season—after the team had defeated the Chicago Black Hawks in Chicago in the seventh and deciding game of the final series, Beliveau, as the Canadiens' captain, was presented with the Stanley Cup. Raising the three-foot trophy high above his head, he skated around the perimeter of the rink a couple of times. The Black Hawk fans, despite their disappointment at the loss of a very close series, perceived almost instantly that they were looking at no conquering foe but at a rare gentleman whose manner as he displayed the Cup unmistakably said, "I am not merely celebrating the Canadiens' triumph. I am celebrating the superb game of ice hockey and what it means to all of us." In previous years, the captain of the winning team had sometimes exhibited the Stanley Cup with a flourish, but Beliveau brought a whole new meaning to the ceremony, and since that time the circling of the rink with the huge trophy held aloft has come to be regarded as the perfect climax to the long, long season, which now begins in early October and stretches well into May.

MANY Canadian boys who watched Jean Beliveau on television, or occasionally in person, were so admir-

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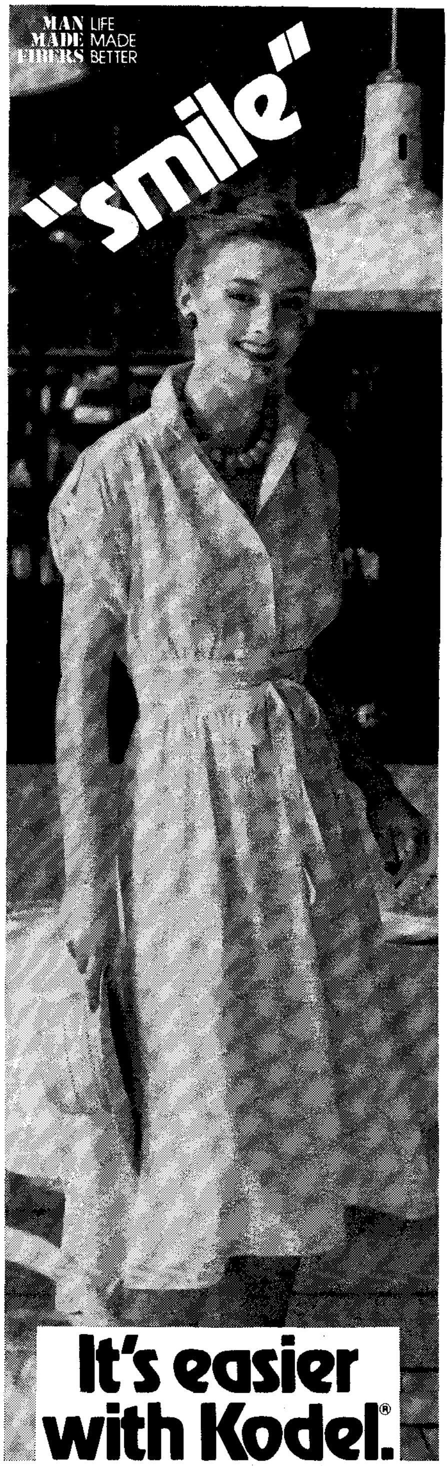

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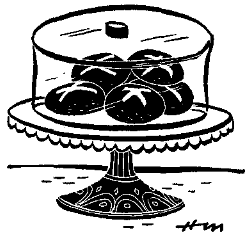
ing of him, both as a hockey player and as a man, that they made up their minds to model themselves after him. One who did is the current Montreal hero, Guy Lafleur, the high-scoring right wing on the team's first line. A native of the town of Thurso, in western Quebec, where his father works as a welder in a pulp mill, Lafleur is one of five children. (The others are girls—Suzanne, Giselle, Lise, and Lucie.) Like Beliveau, Lafleur played his Junior hockey in Quebec City, for a team called Les Remparts. Last year, he led the N.H.L. in scoring for the third straight season—he had sixty goals and seventy-two assists—and he was voted the league's Most Valuable Player for the second straight season. A swift, darting skater with a blazing shot, Lafleur has matured into a rugged two-way player and a clever, imaginative playmaker. For example, when an offensive sortie has gone sour and there is no Canadien free, while the men on both teams are milling around inchoately in front of the opposition's net, Lafleur has the knack of finding open ice, which he often does by taking the puck to the back of the attacking zone and stickhandling laterally across the rink. This has the effect of unclogging the situation: sooner or later, an opposing player has to come out to cover him, and this frequently allows one of the Canadiens to work himself into position to receive a pass; the moment he does, Lafleur whips the puck to him and kindles a new play. A sandy-haired young man with the sharply arched eyebrows and chiselled features of a matinée idol, Lafleur conducts himself with the modesty of a Beliveau. He is almost always the first player to arrive for the practice sessions. He always wears a tie, even to practices. Like Beliveau and most other Canadiens past and present, he thrives on the family atmosphere that has long made the team a genuine team and not merely a group of individuals. It should be brought out that if there has usually been a Richard, a Beliveau, a Lafleur, or some other star of French ancestry up front, so has there also been a Morenz, an Elmer Lach, and a Dickie Moore on the forward lines; that if there have been stalwart defensemen like Sylvio Mantha and Emile (Butch) Bouchard, there has also been a Sprague Cleghorn, a Doug Harvey, and, currently, a Larry Robinson; and that if Georges Vezina and Jacques Plante have performed wonders in the goal for the Canadiens, so have George Hainsworth, Bill Durnan, and the present first-string goaltender, Ken Dryden. The best players on the squad, regardless of their background, are the ones who play. However, if a young man of English descent and a young man of French descent are battling for an open spot on the team and there is little or no difference in their abilities, the job usually goes to the French Canadian, which is certainly understandable, considering that over sixty-five per cent of the city's population—and over eighty per cent of the province's—is of French stock. Just before this season got under way, many of the Canadiens' fans were predictably upset when the front office sent Pierre Bouchard to the Washington Capitals. He refused to report, and retired from hockey. During his eight seasons with the Canadiens, Pierre, the son of the revered Butch Bouchard, was a fairly efficient defenseman, but nothing like the player his father had been. "We always knew Pierre had his limitations," a representative Canadiens rooter explained to me. "Nevertheless, in Montreal—and the front office should have known this—you just don't get rid of a Bouchard."



Montreal may not be Paris, but one thinks of it as the Paris of hockey, because the Canadiens have played the game down through the years with an artistry and verve that no other N.H.L. team has come close to. As a result, while the upper-stratum patrons of most of the other long-established teams in the league lost interest in them years ago and stopped attending their games, all of Montreal continues to follow the Canadiens ardently, and the red, white, and blue seats in the Forum are still filled by people from every walk of life, including college professors, doctors, business leaders, lawyers, and judges. (I am told that this is true in only one other city in the league—Toronto.) Quite a number of the Canadiens' perennial season-ticket holders value their tickets so highly that they have stipulated in their wills to whom their seats are to go. Another index of the fervor with which Montrealers take their hockey is the improbable coverage the game receives in both the French and English daily newspapers. Two French tabloids, *Métro Matin* and *Journal de Montreal*, are well out in front. In their sports sections, which often run to twenty or more pages, it is not un-

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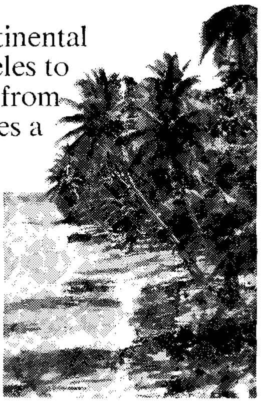

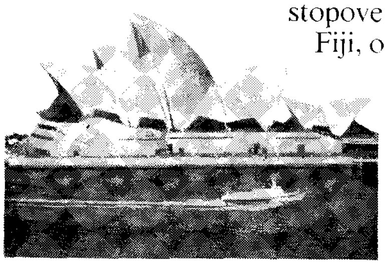

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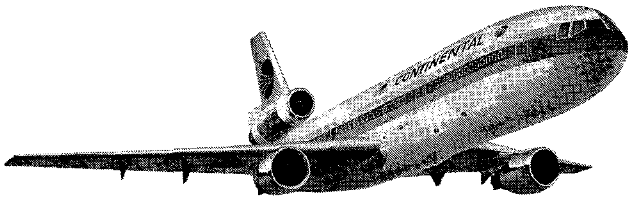

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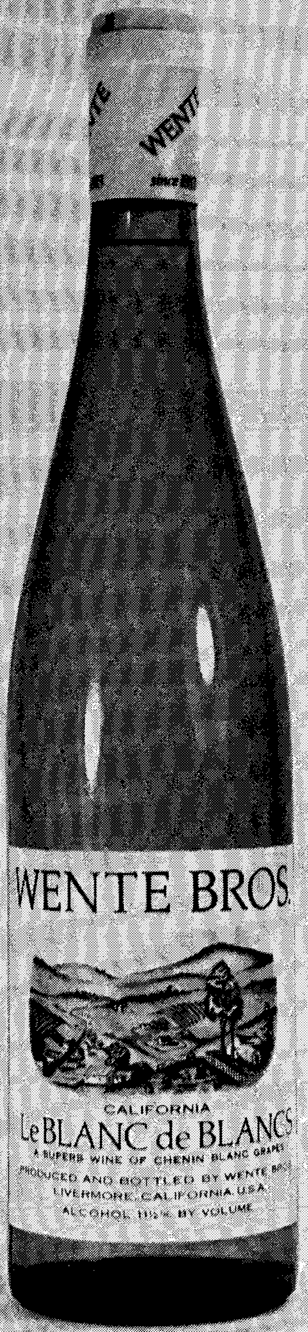
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common for at least fifteen pages to be devoted to hockey. What with this rampant enthusiasm, watching a Canadiens game in the Forum can be one of the most vivid experiences in contemporary sports, and ever since my first winter trip to Montreal, in 1954, I have made it a point not to let too many years slip by between visits.

Early this winter, I thought it was time to go up again. For one thing, I wanted to get a clearer idea as to whether the present team is just a good, sound team in an overexpanded league filled with thin teams or if, as its record would suggest, it is one of the great Canadien teams of all times: During regular-season play in 1975-76, 1976-77, and 1977-78, it lost a total of only twenty-nine of the two hundred and forty games it played, and it won the Stanley Cup each of those three years. On the other hand, the standard of hockey the Canadiens exhibited in the final series of the Stanley Cup playoffs last year against the Boston Bruins was decidedly disappointing. With the series tied at two games each, they resorted to roughhousing all over the ice to wear down the Bruins and gain command of the play. These tactics are well and good for lesser teams, but they are utterly alien to the Canadiens' traditional style of play, and one was put off by them. Was this the handwriting on the wall or merely a momentary fall from grace? During my stay in Montreal, I learned some of the answers I was seeking—with so much of its strength concentrated in its defense corps and its goaltenders, this is an enigmatic Canadien team—but as I walked down Sherbrooke, Maisonneuve, Ste. Catherine, and other streets in downtown Montreal, thinking hockey every step of the way, I realized that foremost in my mind was a much more profound appreciation of the exceptional achievements of the Canadiens since the beginning of the era of modern sport, at the close of the First World War. In a word, the Canadiens have constituted one of the two most remarkable dynasties in sport over those sixty years. The only comparable dynasty has been the New York Yankees. The special mystique of the Canadiens is not easy to describe, but it strikes me that an effective way of getting it across would be to put together a string of glimpses of people—players, administrators, fans—I talked to on my visit this winter who have either been close to the team in the past or are close to it at the moment, with the idea that these glimpses might fuse like the parts of a mosaic and produce an image of the unique personality of Le Club de Hockey Canadien.

ONE of the oldest members of the Canadiens' front office in point of service is Camil DesRoches, a diminutive man with a cheerful disposition and a perky black mustache. The youngest of nineteen children of a tailor (eighteen of them boys), DesRoches grew up in a pocket of northeast Montreal populated by people of all nationalities. He picked up his English on the street. When he finished school, he went to work as a cub reporter for *Le Petit Journal*, a weekly publication. Likable and industrious, he moved up in 1938 and became the sports editor of a minor daily called *Le Canada*. At this time, Tommy Gorman, the general manager of the Canadiens, hired him to translate into French the daily press releases that Gorman wrote about the team and to deliver the whole batch to the various Montreal papers. It took DesRoches from two until five in the afternoon to discharge these duties, after which he hurried to the offices of *Le Canada* and worked on the sports section until three in the morning. He maintained this backbreaking schedule until 1946, when Gorman left the Canadiens and Frank Selke was brought in as the managing director. Gorman had always paid him in cash, but Selke, after talking with DesRoches, asked him to join the Canadiens on a staff basis as a public-relations man. (During Selke's regime, the team had two public-relations men, one working with the French media, the other with the English.) DesRoches accepted the offer, and has been with the organization ever since. In recent years, he has been the Forum's director of special events, which include everything from ice shows to rock concerts, but he remains very much a part of the Canadiens' inner family. As Claude Mouton, the current director of public relations, has expressed it, "If we need to know a particular piece of information about the early days of Montreal hockey—or, for that matter, the not so early days—we call for Camil."

On one of my visits to Montreal in the nineteen-sixties, I asked DesRoches if he could tell me anything about Howie Morenz's death. Along with most hockey fans, I had been stunned by the news of it. On January 28, 1937, Morenz, who was then thirty-four and enjoying a very good season, was the victim of a freak accident. As he went careening into the boards after being checked, his skate got caught in the wood, and his ankle was twisted grotesquely; when a defenseman then fell heavily across him, Morenz's leg was severely fractured. For some reason—perhaps because Morenz had become deeply depressed at the thought that his hockey career might be over—the hospital, instead of facilitating his recovery by treating him as a patient, allowed groups of his friends to drop in on him and attempt to raise his spirits with a succession of parties. His condition suddenly took a turn for the worse, and on March 8th he suffered a fatal heart attack. It was hard to believe that this comparatively young man, who had been flying over the ice only weeks before, had died—there had been nothing quite like it before in sports. As DesRoches told me, "After the initial shock of this tragedy, the men who ran the Club de Hockey arranged for Morenz's casket to lie in state at center ice in the Forum for a day and a night so that the fans who loved him could pay their respects to him. I was just a kid of twenty-two, working for *Le Petit Journal*. I'll never forget what a sorrowful occasion it was. An endless line of grieving people filed slowly by the casket, thousands and thousands of them. The funeral service was held in the Forum on March 11th. Close to fifteen thousand people jammed every inch of space in the building, and thousands more filled the nearby streets. The streetcars had to stop blocks away. I don't think we had any conception till then how much Howie Morenz meant to all of us. It was as if a beloved president or prime minister had died. It really wasn't until Morenz's death that many of us—this was true of me, I know—became aware that he had made the Canadiens an inseparable part of our lives."

FRANK SELKE, who directed the Canadiens organization from 1946 through 1964, is now eighty-five. He continues to attend all of the team's home games. He would feel cut off from life if he didn't. He comes in the forty-six miles from his hundred-and-sixty-eight-acre farm in Rigaud, where the Ottawa River flows twenty feet from his door. Until two years ago, he ran a working farm, raising Belted Galloway cattle and more than a hundred varieties of poultry, among them White Plymouth Rocks, Buff Wyandottes, and Golden Pencilled Hamburgs, some of which won prizes in the leading Canadian and American shows. Selke, who stands only five feet two but has always seemed much taller to me, looks very well. His short-

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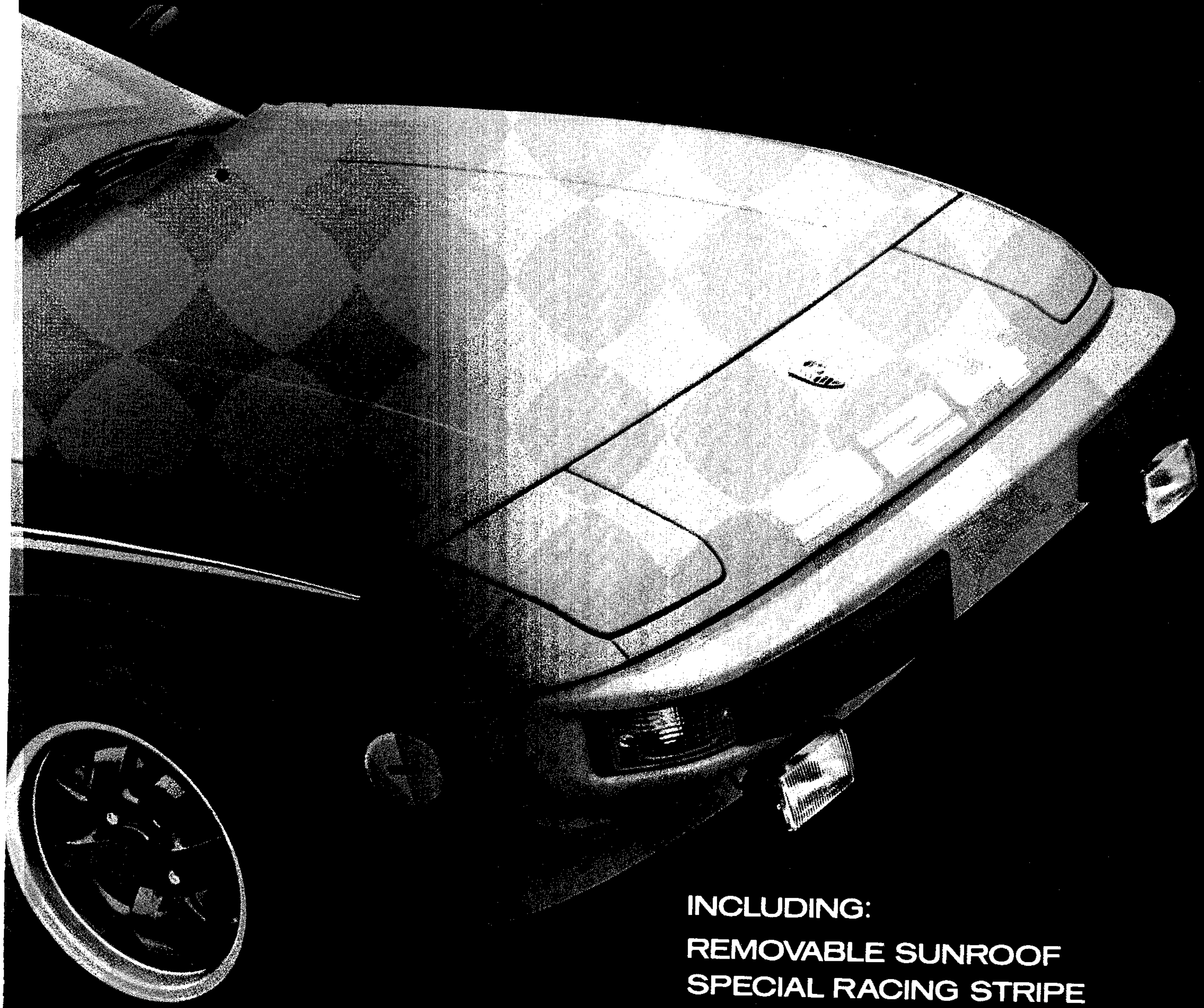

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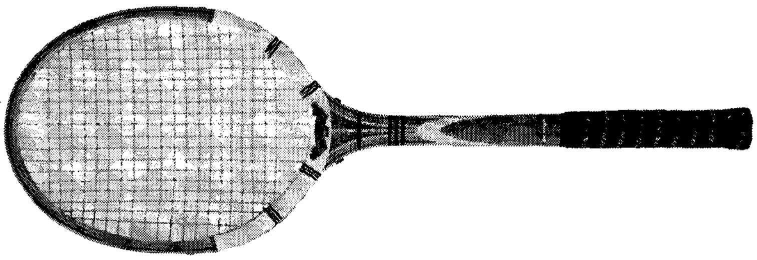

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cropped hair is now silver and his step a little slow, but I noticed few other effects of the advancing years. A warm, percipient man with an instinctive feeling for hockey, Selke has struck me from our first meeting as one of the ablest executives in sports. When he took over as managing director in Montreal, there was no restriction on the number of young prospects an N.H.L. team could sign and try to develop, and Selke had the foresight to set up an incomparable farm system that stretched from Edmonton and Regina in the west to Halifax in the east. Under his leadership, the Canadiens won six Stanley Cups. This included a record five in a row, from 1956 to 1960. When Selke retired in 1964, he was succeeded by Sam Pollock, who had served as his director of farm personnel. A first-class administrator in his own right, Pollock had to operate during the difficult expansion period in the nineteen-sixties and nineteen-seventies, when the Canadiens and the five other long-established teams could no longer protect for their own use the players on the minor-league teams they sponsored—any of the twelve new expansion teams could now grab them in the annual Amateur Draft. Nevertheless, by astutely trading surplus players on the Canadiens' roster to expansion teams in exchange for future draft picks Pollock kept the Canadiens the premier team in professional hockey. They won the Stanley Cup nine times during the fourteen years of his stewardship, which ended last summer when he stepped down after the team was sold to Molson Breweries by Peter and Edward Bronfman, who are closely related to the family that runs the Seagram Company.

To return to Frank Selke. Like most architects of winning teams, he was exceedingly proficient at appraising the potential of teen-age players who were still years away from the first bloom of maturity. He had another important attribute: he understood people well and could reach his players and often help them. The classic case was the tempestuous Maurice Richard. Selke was able to get through to Richard on many troublous occasions, for he was convinced that Richard was a man of integrity and high standards who, once the situation had been explained to him, would never fail to do the right thing. He was not mistaken. During his long career, the Rocket never entirely lost the primitive intensity that set him apart from other players, but he learned to control it much better and to avoid incidents that might have truncated his career had there been no friend like Selke to guide him.

The way that Selke went about building the Canadiens into one of the *finest teams of all time* is a fascinating story, but I have always found myself more interested in his early years in hockey. He was born in 1893, in Berlin, Ontario (which adroitly changed its name to Kitchener during the First World War), the son of a Polish immigrant who worked as a laborer for the provincial Department of Public Works. As a boy, he did not let his small size deter him from making the school and neighborhood hockey teams. He discovered that he could check the top players on the opposing teams if he skated hard and stuck with them closely. At the same time, accepting the fact that he could not expect to have much of a future as a player, he started to prepare himself for the jobs in hockey that might enable him to make a life for himself in the game. At thirteen, he managed his first team. (At that time, incidentally, a team was made up of seven men, and games were divided into two thirty-minute periods. In Berlin, the games were usually played on the natural ice of artificial ponds that had been created when the local brick factory had excavated an area known to contain clayey soil.) Selke left school at an early age and went to work, first in a furniture factory and then, in 1911, as an electrician. He always found the extra time to continue in hockey. At the age of twenty, he managed and coached a Berlin team, the Union Jacks, that went all the way to the semifinals of the Junior Ontario Hockey Association championship. Several years later, after moving to Toronto, he continued his double life, working as an electrician at the University of Toronto and coaching hockey teams in his off-hours. In 1924, he scored a signal triumph: he reorganized the Junior Marlboros, a famous team that had stopped operation, and led them to the J.O.H.A. playoffs that very first year. He entered professional hockey shortly after the N.H.L. franchise in Toronto had been purchased by a syndicate headed by Conn Smythe, a brave and brilliant, if at times impossibly egotistical, man. When Smythe became the general manager of the Maple Leafs, he appointed Selke his assistant. At the outbreak of war in 1939, Smythe, who had fought in the First World War, volunteered for service, although he was well over military age, and ultimately he was in the thick of the action in the Normandy invasion. In his ab-

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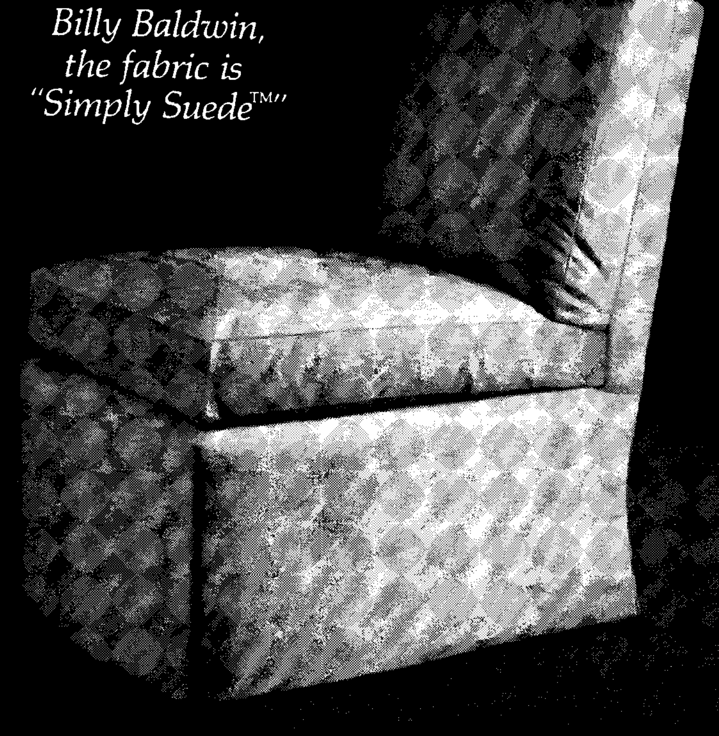

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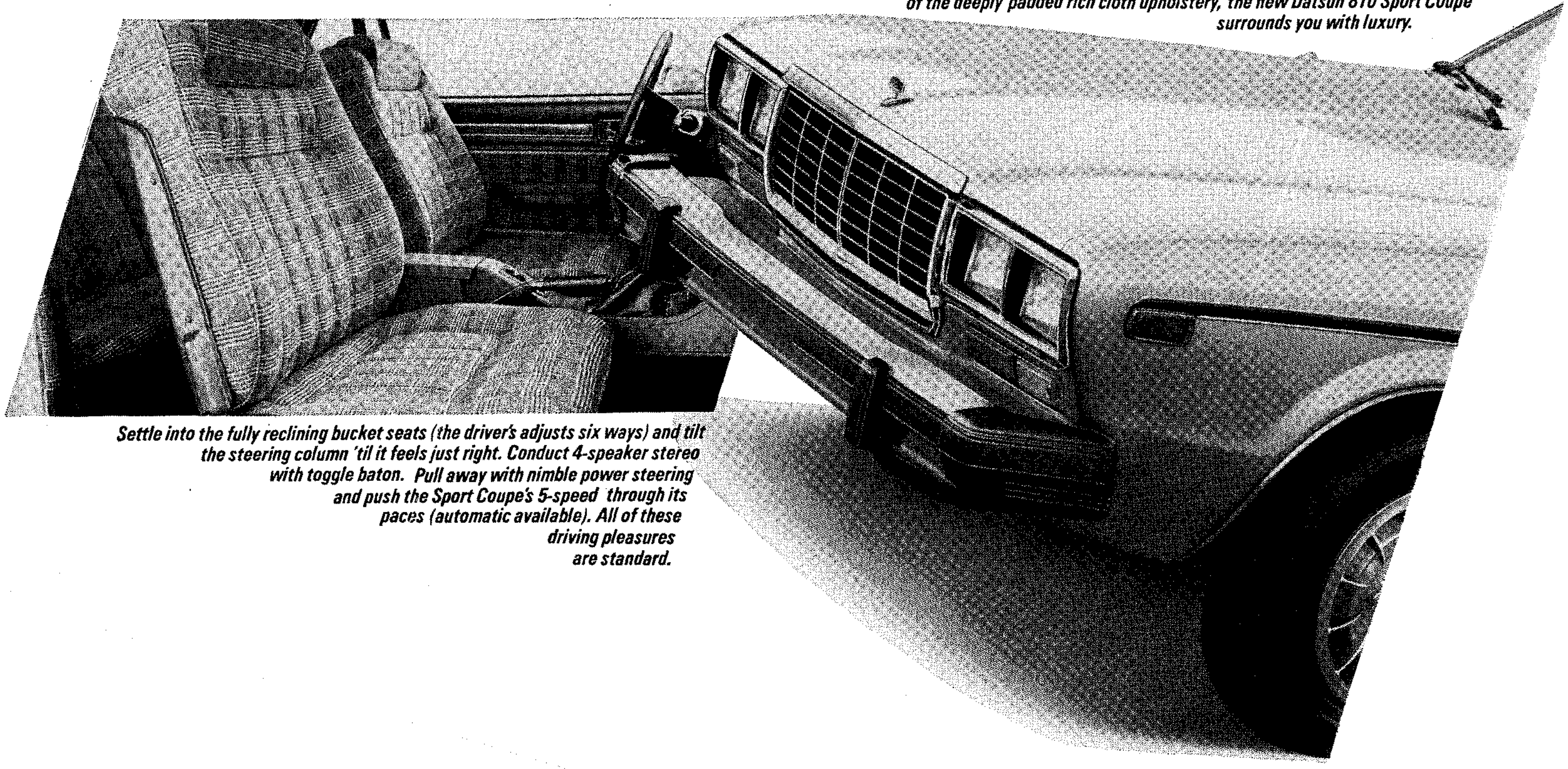

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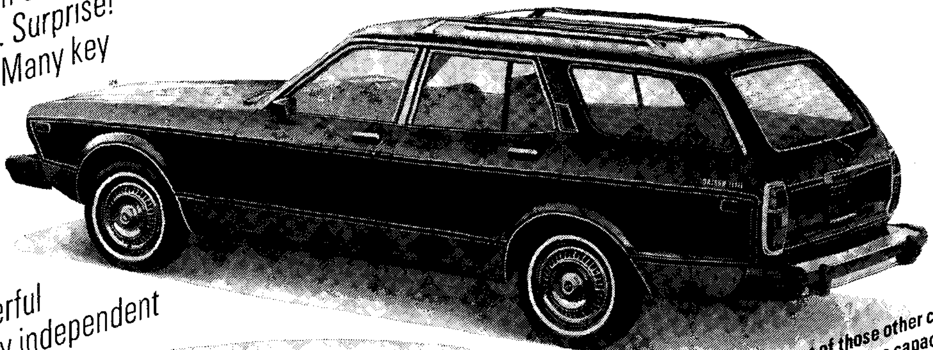

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sence, Selke ran the team and ran it well. However, during the 1945-46 season the Leafs did not make the playoffs, and Smythe, who by then was back in Toronto, publicly flayed Selke for their failure, charging him with having selected the wrong reserve players. Selke resigned his post with the Leafs that spring, and a few months later was signed by the Canadiens as their managing director. He soon came to be regarded as the top executive in the game.

During my visit to Montreal, I had a wonderfully enjoyable chat with Selke one afternoon when he came in from Rigaud for a game between the Canadiens and the Detroit Red Wings. He made a number of wise and trenchant comments as he roved through his many years in hockey. Here are a few I remember:

"Strong defense, good physical condition, and teamwork are the elements that make for a winning hockey team. I think I began to realize this when I was fourteen and had a year of managing behind me. . . .

"I am frequently given too much credit for the renaissance of the Canadiens. Several years before I came to Montreal, Dick Irvin, who had been brought in as the coach, got the team back on the right track. He saw to it that there was discipline both in the dressing room and on the ice. He knew the value of pride and dignity. . . .

"When you keep the game on a high plane, the money will take care of itself."

THE evening before my meeting with Selke, I went out to the Paul Sauvé Arena, in the north end of the French section of the city, to look in on a practice session of Les Juniors de Montreal, a team that has an informal connection with the Canadiens. This was my first expedition to that part of town, and I discovered that street after street is lined with carefully maintained two-story houses and that the streets themselves are so clean that, to the eyes of a visitor from New York City, they practically sparkle. Inside the arena, some sixteen or so players were moving around the rink, working on whatever they wished to—ragging the puck, zinging their slap shots, practicing standard skating exercises like starts and stops, and so on. I asked one of them where I could find Roger Bédard, the coach, and learned that he wasn't on hand; the team had played a game the night before, and this was an optional practice: the players who wanted to work out could. He suggested I talk to the team captain, Réal Paiement. A stocky defenseman, Paiement is a pleasant, well-spoken young man of nineteen who grew up in the suburb of Dollard-des-Ormeaux, in the west end of Greater Montreal. He finished junior college last year and is now concentrating solely on his hockey while supporting himself on the fifty dollars a week plus board which the members of Les Juniors de Montreal and other Junior teams receive, even though they are technically considered amateurs. (A player who does not reach his twentieth birthday until the first of January that season is eligible to play Junior hockey.) It is not the easiest of lives. The teams in the Quebec Junior Major Hockey League play a schedule of seventy-two games, travel by bus on their road trips, and practice most days when no game is scheduled. It requires the same kind of dedication that minor-league baseball does.

Paiement thought that I might like to talk with one of the two Americans on the team, and called over Clint Campbell, a native of Rochester, New York, who stands well over six feet but despite his size is a forward and not a defenseman. He is eighteen and attends Rosemount High School, in Montreal—he finds he can combine school and hockey satisfactorily. Five years ago, when the Bruins installed a farm team in Rochester, Campbell became seriously interested in the game. He developed into a standout player in high school and was drafted by the Hull team of the Junior Quebec League. Early this year, Hull traded him to Les Juniors de Montreal in exchange for two players. When we finished our chat, Campbell skated away, and I let my eyes wander around the rink. In front of me, two energetic giants were engaged in a friendly stand-up wrestling match, each trying to pull the other's jersey over his head—a tactic frequently used in brawls on the ice. At one end, a goalie was testing his reflexes as three men peppered him with shots at close range. When I turned my attention to the opposite end, I saw that Campbell was positioned just to one side of an untended goal, standing with his back to it. Two players a yard or so inside the blue line were taking turns firing low, hard shots, and Campbell, handling his stick dexterously, was practicing deflecting the puck into the near and far corners of the goal. He looked pretty good to me.

Paiement came over at the end of practice. "Every Junior has the same ambition," he told me. "When he's

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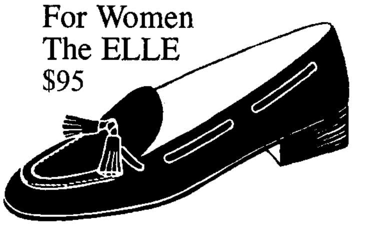

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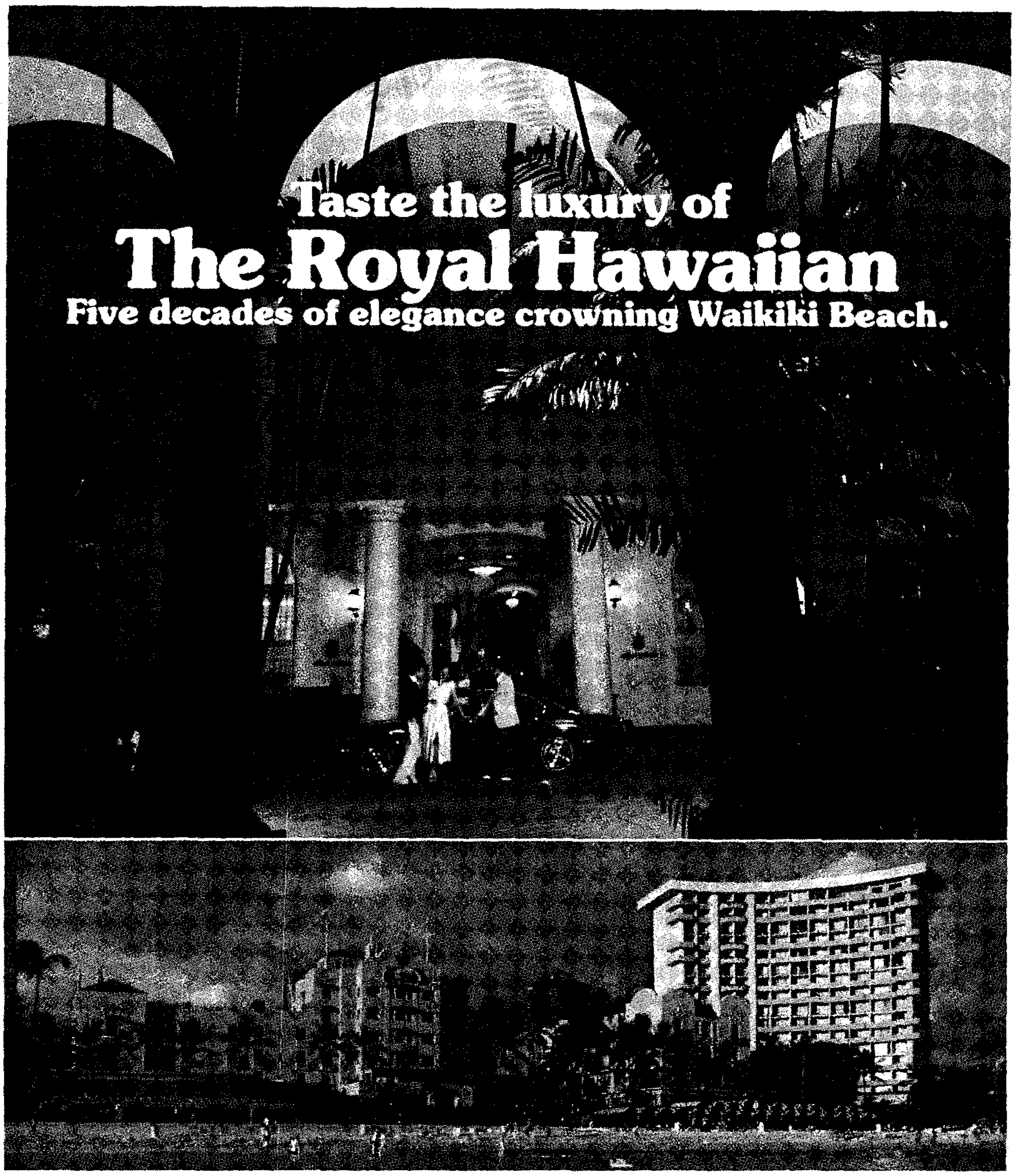

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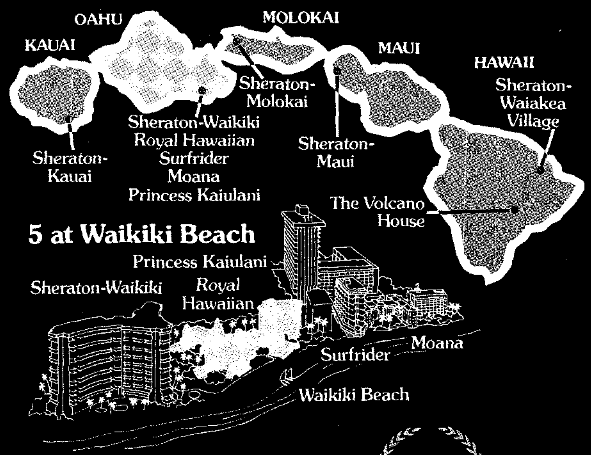
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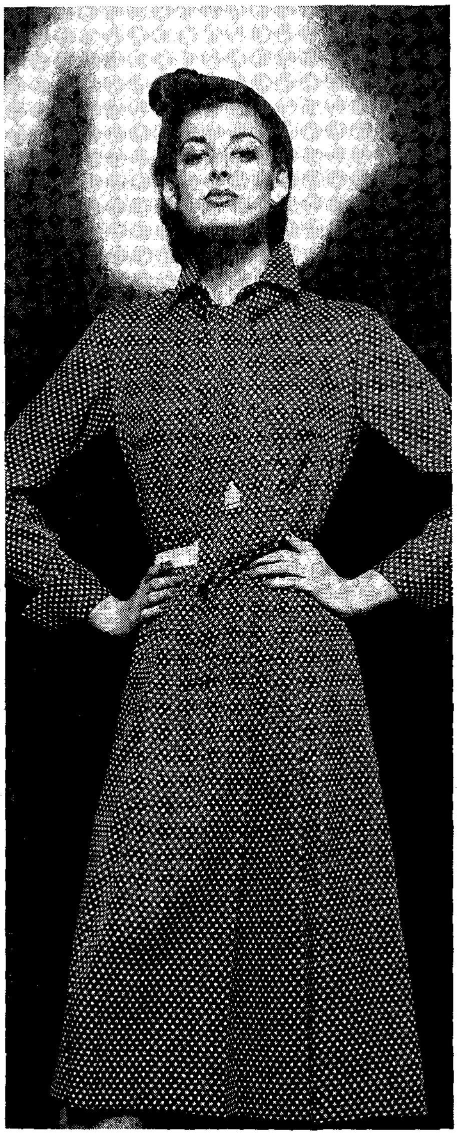
twenty and eligible for the Amateur Draft, he hopes he'll be selected by one of the teams in the N.H.L. The fellows on our team naturally hope they'll be drafted by Montreal. We think there's no club like the Canadiens. Still, you've got to be practical. All the guys realize how tough it is to make the Canadiens, so they wouldn't be too downhearted if they ended up with, say, Atlanta or Buffalo, or even with one of the poorer N.H.L. teams. The thing is to get drafted and get a chance to play in the big time."

As I was leaving the arena, I passed a succession of kids of about nine or ten, each carrying his hockey gear and wearing a smile of quiet pride at the prospect of playing on such a fine rink. Canadians start playing organized hockey at a very early age. The boys I saw were Atoms—the next-to-youngest class. The youngest are the Squirts, who are seven and eight. When the boys graduate from the Atoms, they become, successively, Mosquitoes, Pee-Wees, Bantams, Midgets, and Juniors, and a fortunate few will go all the way and become successful professionals.

Maurice Richard hasn't changed much in appearance over the last twenty years. There are a few flecks of gray at the temples, and he has put on a few pounds around the middle, but that is the extent of it. "I should try to get rid of that stomach—I now weigh two-twenty," he said to me one morning when I called on him in his office at S. Albert & Company, a fuel-oil distributing outfit on Boulevard St. Laurent with which he has been connected for fifteen years. "But you know something?" he continued, puffing on a cigar. "I weighed over two hundred pounds my last five years with the Canadiens. Too much. The trouble was that if I went on a diet I lost weight too fast and didn't feel strong enough to play my best hockey." Anyhow, Richard is still recognized immediately wherever he goes in Canada. This is a happy state of affairs, for it is human nature, evidently, for the public to take pleasure in a popular entertainer, athlete, or any other celebrated person of an earlier period who looks more or less like his or her old self. For example, the fact that Joe DiMaggio still resembles the young Yankee Clipper has had a great deal to do with his success as a spokesman on television commercials for a savings bank and a coffee-making machine. In some ways, however, Richard has changed. Certainly his eyes are different. Within a few years after he retired in 1960, the Rocket's red glare was gradually replaced by a calm, relaxed expression—the heavy burden of not letting down himself, the team, his friends, the whole province had been lifted from his shoulders. He has become a man with a nice sense of humor and a basic ease of manner that no one would have dreamed possible when he wore No. 9 and, during those stretches when the goals were not coming, glowered for days on end.

Four years ago, Richard, at fifty-four, gave up hockey. He had been a member of a team called the Old Timers, a group of ex-professionals in their fifties and sixties, which played teams made up of show-business favorites and other celebrities. Canadians continue to get a thrill from seeing the old lion. Today, he attends forty or fifty banquets each year, at which he says a few words and answers a few questions, and he referees around seventy-five exhibition games. When the warm weather comes, he plays a bit of tennis, a game he found a helpful off-season conditioner during his hockey days. His friends are agreed to a man that his happiest hours, unquestionably, are those he spends in the backcountry, away from the hubbub of Montreal. Fourteen years ago, he bought a small fishing-line company—its trade name is Clipper—and when the long Canadian winter at last breaks up he travels through Quebec selling his equipment at country stores and getting in some fishing on the side. In the summer, he spends a lot of time at three favorite fishing spots: St. Michel des Saints, a hundred miles north of Montreal, where there is good red trout; Mont-Laurier, a hundred and fifty miles north, which has gray trout and pickerel in addition to red trout; and Lac St. Jean, two hundred miles north of Quebec City, which has landlocked salmon. He doesn't do much deep-sea fishing, but a few years ago he did catch a nine-hundred-and-twenty-pound tuna off Caraquet, New Brunswick.

The Canadiens' front office has always seen to it that Richard receives two tickets to the team's home games. Most of the time, he gives them to one or another of his seven children. (The oldest three are married, and Richard has five grandchildren.) "Last year, with my wife, Lucille, I went to five games," he told me, in a matter-of-fact way. "I never stayed after the second period. It just happened I went to see the wrong games." As his spotty attendance intimates, Richard has not changed completely. While he thinks



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highly of some of the current players, he is critical of the style of hockey now in vogue and doesn't think it compares in skillfulness with the game played twenty-five years ago. "In my day, the Canadiens passed the puck up the ice and made plays," he said during our talk. "Then, when we were in the attacking zone, we worked to keep possession of the puck until we set someone up for a good shot. Now the teams simply shoot the puck into the attacking zone from way out, and then everyone chases after it. No teamwork. No disciplined patterns."

I asked him if he didn't think defensemen today are more mobile than they used to be.

"Sure," he said. "That's because they have to run after the puck all the time."

One of the inconveniences a national figure like Richard has to put up with wherever he goes is people who ask him the same banal questions, such as who was his favorite center or what opposing players he respected the most. As I was leaving and we walked to the front door, I asked him just such a question: "When you made that unforgettable goal against the Bruins in the 1952 Stanley Cup playoffs, were you, as some people say, only semi-conscious?"

He lowered his head an instant to collect his thoughts. "I *was* dizzy," he answered. "I didn't know at which end of the ice the Bruins' net was. To be honest, I didn't remember too much about what I did once I started up the ice."

He smiled a light smile, and a moment later we stepped outside and he hailed a taxi for me.

MANY people are of the opinion that Hugh MacLennan is the finest Canadian novelist of the post-Second World War period. He is probably best known for "Two Solitudes," published in 1945, a chronicle of the age-old breach between French Canadians and English Canadians, and for "The Watch That Ends the Night," a best-seller in the United States in 1959. MacLennan is also an accomplished essayist. No other essay on hockey I know of stands comparison with the one he wrote for *Holiday*, in 1954. Here is an excerpt that I particularly like:

> In the little towns from which so many of those puck artists came, the kids were on the ponds or makeshift rinks as soon as school was out. Nobody skated without a stick in his hands, and if frostbitten feet had been a deterrent there would have been no hockey players. The boards of the rink were slapped together by the local carpenter, goals and scrapers made by the blacksmith, and the rink cleared of snow by the kids themselves. On clear afternoons when frigid air pinched the nostrils and made noses run, when the sky changed from deep blue through pale blue to aquamarine and rose, those rinks were a focus for the yells of all the kids in town. You could see their bright-colored jerseys weaving in and out, toques or peaked caps on their heads, and always there were one or two who would hold your eye. They were the ones who made their shoulders swerve one way while their feet went the other, who sliced through a mêlée with their heads up and the puck controlled as if their sticks were extensions of their arms.
>
> Often there was a shack nearby where skates could be changed and hands warmed beside a hot stove. The stove was tended by a bad-tempered old man in galluses who sold chocolate bars and soft drinks. The air was hot and foul, and the old man's perpetual refrain was, "Shut thet door—and keep it shut!" To this day there are millions of Canadians who can't see a potbellied, rusty old stove without feeling nostalgia for a happy youth. It reminds a man of ice in the hair of his temples, of rime in his eyebrows, and of the lovely swollen feeling of throbbing feet after supper when he pretended to do his lessons.

MacLennan was born on Cape Breton Island, in Nova Scotia, and grew up in the provincial capital, Halifax, where he attended Dalhousie University. He went on to Oriel College at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, and did graduate work in classical studies at Princeton. He taught school in Montreal, starting at twenty-five dollars a week, before settling down in the nineteen-fifties at McGill, the top-ranked Canadian university, which was founded in 1829 and occupies part of the beautiful southern slope of Mount Royal, in the heart of Montreal. At the present time, he gives two courses of lectures, "The Twentieth-Century English Novel" and "The Evolution of English Prose Expression." MacLennan is starting into his seventies, but with his slim, athletic physique, light-brown hair, pink cheeks, and animated manner he seems many years younger. We had lunch at the McGill Faculty Club. Since boyhood, he has followed sports closely—and played many of them well—but at lunch we talked mainly about hockey. Over coffee, he leaned back a little in his chair and let one fond recollection follow another: How he used to stand in the Millionaires Section before the war, and how one night Morenz hit the goalpost with an angled shot and, when the rebound came back to him twenty feet out, shot again and scored; how he was at the Forum the night, in

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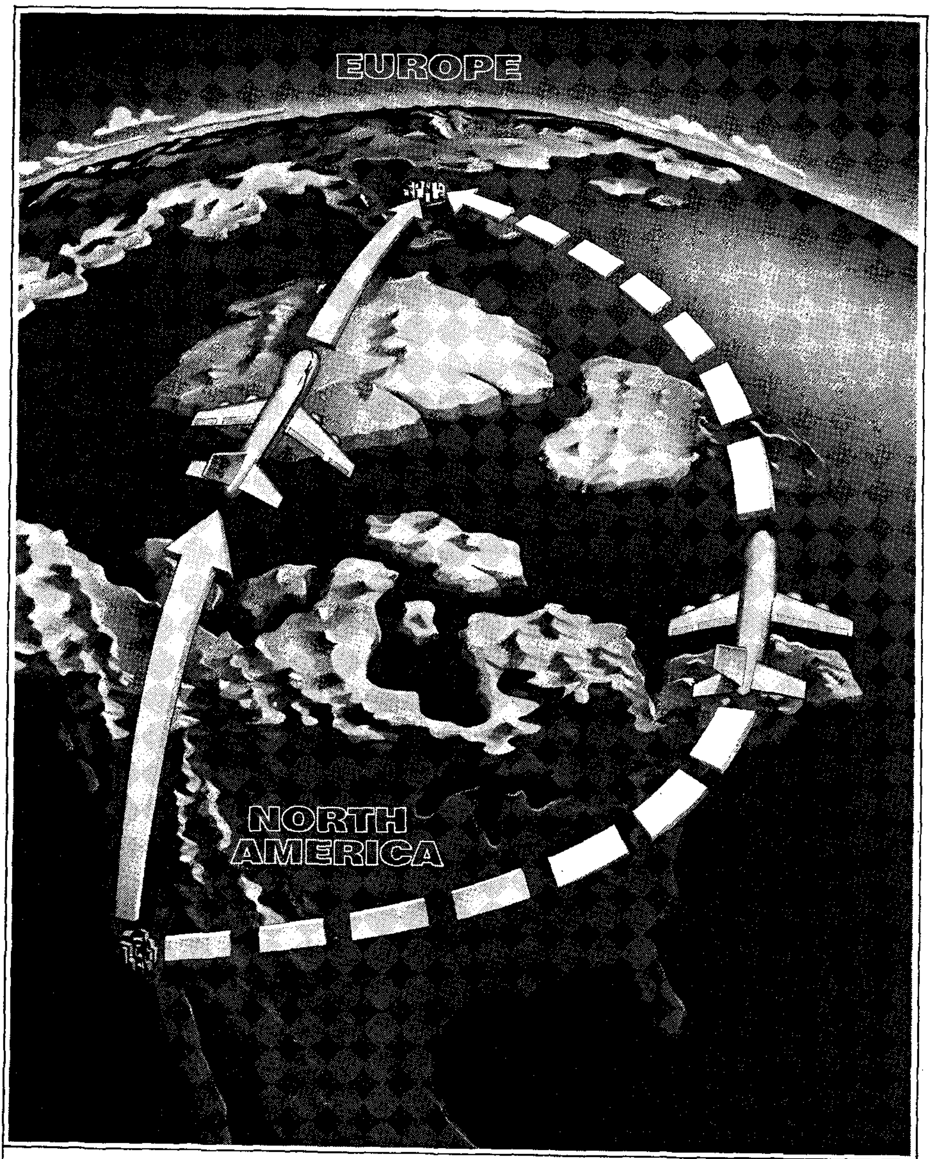

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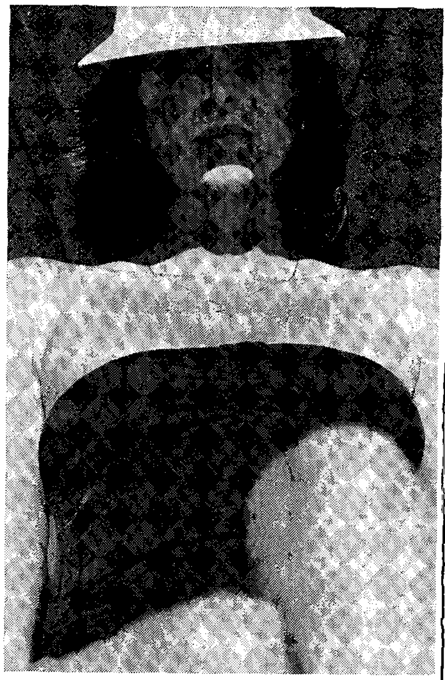

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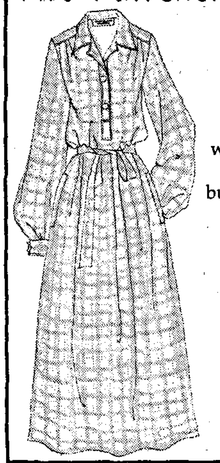

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1936, when the Montreal Maroons (who were disbanded in 1938) met the Detroit Red Wings in a Stanley Cup clash that turned out to be the longest hockey game in history—it was two-twenty-five in the morning and sixteen minutes into the sixth overtime period when Modère (Mud) Bruneteau, of the Red Wings, finally won the game with the only goal scored during the hundred and seventy-six minutes that the teams had gone at it; the pleasure he derived from watching cool, savvy defensemen, such as Bucko McDonald (later a member of Parliament), Bob Goldham, Marcel Pronovost, and Doug Harvey, thwart the offensive paragons by sensing their moves in advance and shrewdly countering them; the traumatic shock that swept the country in 1972 when the Russians invaded Canada and demonstrated that the Dominion was no longer in a class by itself as a hockey power—"It was a masterly con job. We should have known that the Russians would never have come over unless they were darn sure that their teams were about as good as ours, and in some respects superior." I think he could have gone on for hours.

As we broke up after lunch—MacLennan went up McTavish Street and I went down it—he said, thoughtfully and slowly, "Canadians never get completely away from hockey. In the summer, I go down to North Hatley, a very pleasant village twenty-six miles from the Vermont border. One of my neighbors there is Sam Pollock, who used to be the general manager of the Canadiens. We talk as much hockey in the summer as we do baseball. I think we probably would even if Sam had never been connected with the Canadiens. It's in your blood up here."

OVER the years, a number of young hockey players who appeared to be headed for stardom because of their flashing speed have quickly vanished from the scene when they decided they wanted no further part of the physical pounding they were subjected to in the N.H.L. by opposing teams that were out to slow them down. A case in point is Leo Gravelle, who came up with the Canadiens just after the war. He was one of the fastest skaters ever seen in the league, but he lasted only a few years—he did not choose to spend his life being banged around. There was a time when it seemed to some observers that Guy Lafleur might perhaps be a fringe member of the same species. Lafleur, a muscular six-footer, was the No. 1 over-all choice in the Amateur Draft in 1971, and was acquired by the Canadiens thanks to Pollock's deft wheeling and dealing. In his first three professional seasons, his scoring figures were respectable, but he did not display the poise and the panache expected of a player with his imposing credentials, possibly because the other teams gave him the extra physical attention a flashy skater always receives. In the 1974-75 season, a marked change took place. Lafleur began to play with a new confidence, which deepened as the season progressed. He appeared to be far less concerned with what the men checking him were up to, and, unharried and unhurried, started to make the spontaneously imaginative moves that only the best players are capable of. Along with this, he became more aggressive physically. When the situation demanded it, he threw his weight around, and he backed away from no one.

That season, he was named to the N.H.L. All-Star Team. The last three seasons, he has also gained that distinction, as well as the distinction of leading the league in total points—that is, goals and assists. The past two seasons, Lafleur was voted the league's Most Valuable Player. Furthermore, he showed that he could do his stuff when it counted: in 1975, he scored twelve goals in Stanley Cup play, and last year he scored ten. As the new hero of Montreal and of Quebec Province, he has earned a million-dollar contract, as well as considerable subsidiary income from his endorsements for General Motors of Canada and such products as Bauer skates, Koho hockey equipment for boys, and Yoplait yogurt. He has it coming to him. No one else brings the crowd at the Forum to its feet today the way Lafleur does when, flying at top speed—and thinking equally fast about what variations of maneuver are possible as the positioning of the attacking and defending players changes each instant—he sets up a goal for one of his line mates with a perfectly timed pass or himself scores with a lightning irruption. Fame and fortune have not changed him a whit.

One day I had a ten-minute chat with Lafleur before a Canadiens practice session—at which, as usual, he was the first player to arrive. Never having heard him speak before, I was particu-

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larly impressed by his intelligence and by the fluency with which he expressed himself in his soft, lightly accented English. Here are a few of his answers to questions I asked. Lafleur on why so many French Canadians are such outstanding skaters: "To skate well is the ideal, is it not? It is one of the skills a player sets out to achieve. It takes hard work, but a hockey player knows he must make his talent better and better." On why he suddenly blossomed into such a fine all-around player during the 1974-75 season: "First, I was given the chance to play more. This strengthened my confidence. In addition, I was used much more in critical games, and that also helped my confidence. The more you play, the more you want to play." On how he learned to shake off the stiff checks, the ganging-up in the corners, and the physical punishment in general, and to keep playing hard and well: "Desire is the main thing. The desire to outplay the other team, to beat the other team. That is your responsibility. If you feel great inside, you can push yourself to play very aggressive hockey, and nothing will happen to you. If anything, quite the opposite. You enjoy the feeling of health."

At the conclusion of our talk, I found myself asking Lafleur if he had ever thought of going to college. "Yes, I think I might have qualified," he said. "I preferred to try for a career in hockey. My father thought I should think seriously about going to the university. 'What if something happens to you?' he said. I told him I would take my chances."

JEAN BELIVEAU is currently a member of the five-man board of directors of Le Club de Hockey Canadien and the senior vice-president in charge of corporate affairs. He has actually functioned as a director of the Canadiens since 1972, when, shortly after retiring as an active player, he was made a director of Carena Bancorp, the company that then owned the team. When his retirement was only weeks away, Sam Pollock, the general manager, and David Molson, representing the owners, spoke to him and proposed a Jean Beliveau Night to honor him for his incalculable contributions to Montreal hockey. Beliveau said he would agree to this under certain conditions. "I don't need a car," he told Pollock and Molson. "I don't need carts full of gifts. I will accept souvenirs from my teammates, from the club management, and from the team we'll be playing that night." Molson and Pollock understood and consented. The next day, a close friend of Beliveau's, who knew of his impending retirement, told him he had been approached by a number of companies and individuals who wanted to show in some tangible way their appreciation of what Beliveau had done over the years. He asked Beliveau how he would feel if contributions could be made to set up a foundation whose purpose would be to disburse money to small organizations that could make good use of it—Beliveau would act as the disburser. After thinking it over, Beliveau told his friend that nothing would give him greater pleasure, and not long afterward the Jean Beliveau Foundation, with total assets of a hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars, was established. Over the past seven years, the funds have more than doubled. The foundation has meanwhile given away approximately a hundred and forty thousand dollars. "They haven't been large gifts," Beliveau explained when I called on him in his office in the Forum. "For instance, we sent a check last week to a minor hockey association in Nicolet that needed sweaters for its Midget team. We sent another check to a small swimming club that needed some stop-watches. Being able to help out in this way gives me a very good feeling."

Today, at forty-seven, Beliveau weighs two hundred and five pounds, his old playing weight. He keeps it there by watching his diet and by jogging ten to twelve miles a week. He exercises nearly every working day, changing at midday from his conservative business suit into a sweatsuit and loping a mile or two around the oval walkway behind the top row of the white-seat section of the Forum. A few gray hairs have infiltrated, but otherwise he looks much as he did during his playing days, except when he puts on his gold-rimmed reading glasses. Then he looks like a judge or a college president. Aside from his administrative duties with the Canadiens, there is a lot to keep him busy. He receives forty to seventy personal letters a week, and, as you would expect of a man of his conscientiousness, answers them all. Civic organizations continually seek his participation, and he works with the Chamber of Commerce, the Easter Seal Society, and several others. From time to time, he serves on special city committees, such as one that welcomed a Russian delegation early this winter. He makes a good many appearances at sports functions, but a year ago started to cut down on the amount of travelling he does and the number of

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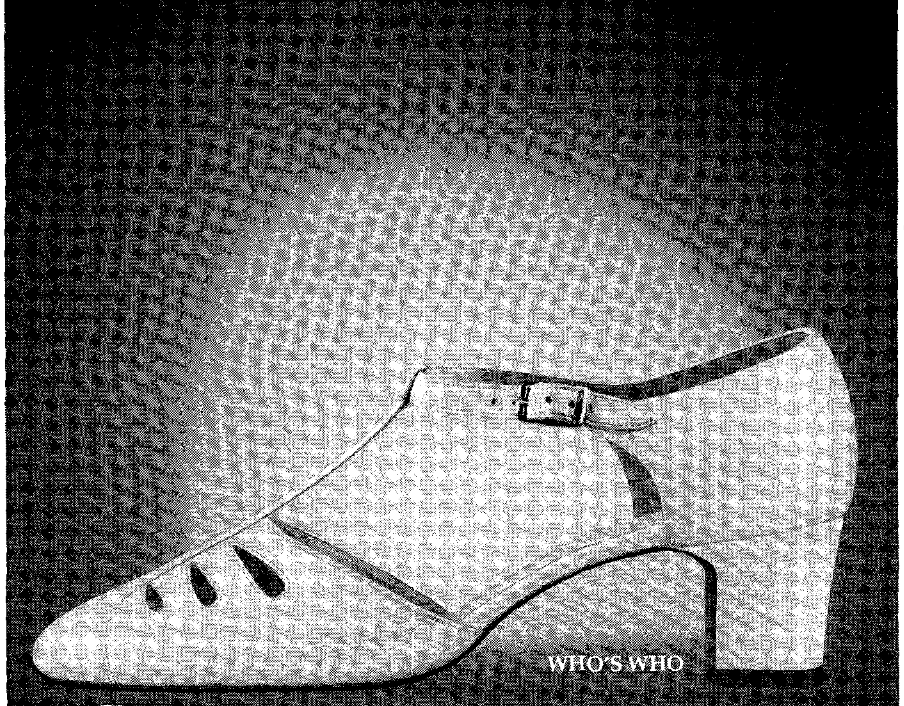

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speeches he undertakes. Nevertheless, he flew out to San Diego last September to tape a television show with Tom Seaver, a man he holds in the highest esteem. Beliveau is on the board of six corporations, including Dominion Textiles and Carena Bancorp. Since 1969, when he incorporated himself, he has been extremely selective about the products he endorses and the firms with which he chooses to be affiliated. Two of the latter are RCA and the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Beliveau, in brief, is one of the most admired and sought-after men in Canada. His long and memorable career, his distinguished appearance, and his capability all contribute to this, of course, but the quality that sets him apart—and always has—is his genuineness. He never means to be dramatic, but when he tells you that for twenty summers he and a friend used to fish for red trout in the Murray River but that he hasn't got around to doing any fishing to speak of since his friend's death, you are moved. So are you when he says, "Not counting the foundation, I suppose the thing I've helped with that I'm proudest of is the student-exchange program that the Canadiens set up eight years ago. On weekends during the hockey season, a team from a school outside Montreal comes to the city to play a team from one of our local schools. The visiting players arrive on Friday and stay with families in Montreal. The two teams play on Saturday afternoon, and that night they go to the Canadiens game together. Over three thousand youngsters have played here under this program."

Beliveau lives with his wife and their daughter, Hélène, south of the city across the Jacques Cartier Bridge, in a modest house he bought twenty-three years ago. On evenings at home, he invariably finds the time to do some reading—biographies, for the most part. On hockey nights, he is at the Forum. When I saw him there one night, his eyes alight like a young man's at the expectation of watching a first-rate game, it brought to mind something he had said to me earlier: "As a player, I felt that when the day arrived that coming to the Forum for a game or a practice became a chore, it would be time to retire. It never became a chore. I enjoyed every minute on the ice."

ONE morning when the floor of the Forum was being set up for a rock concert the Canadiens' practice was shifted to the arena in Verdun, a suburb situated across the Lachine Ca-

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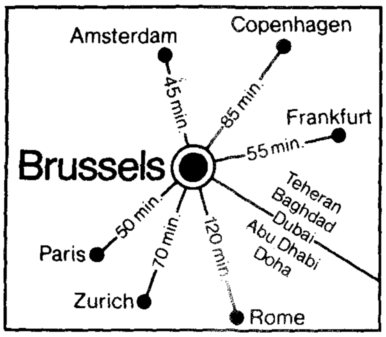
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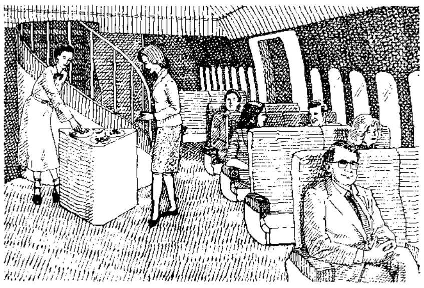

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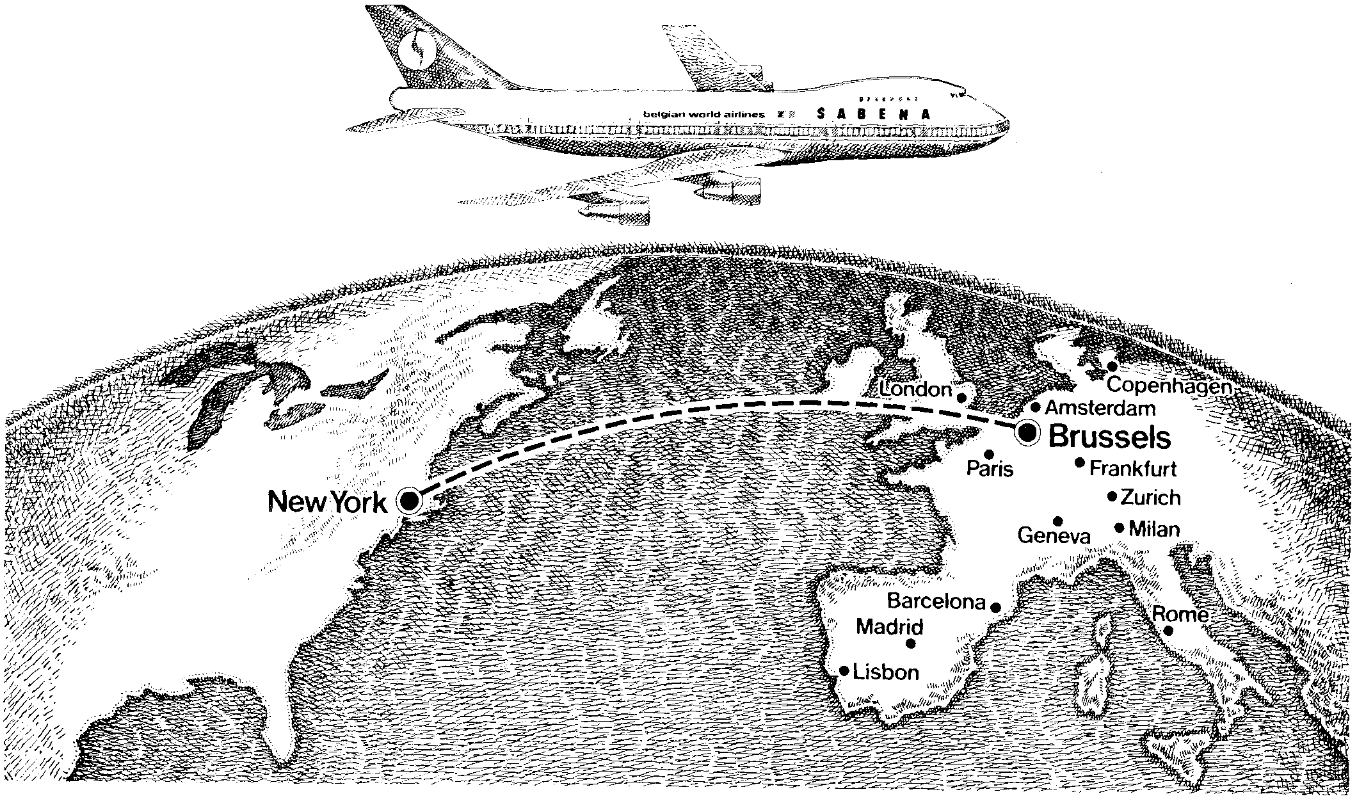
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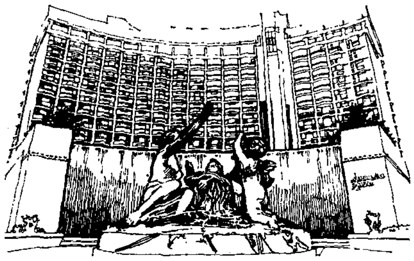

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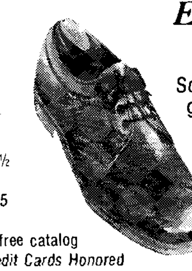

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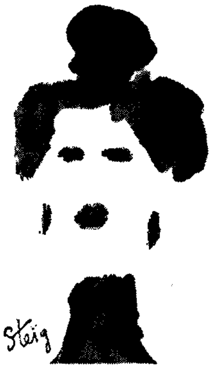
nal. Scotty Bowman, the Canadiens' coach, was driven out to the practice by two boyhood friends who are now Montreal firemen. I went along with them. During a game, as he paces behind the players' bench, Bowman wears one set expression—his jaw juts up at about the same angle that Mussolini's did, and it gives him an air of arrogance. It is misleading. Bowman is a likable, direct man who goes at his job assiduously and without theatricality and who is himself at all times.

The practice that morning was extremely instructive. To begin with, each of the four forward lines and the three sets of defensemen were dressed in different-colored uniforms, so that they could keep track of each other more easily and work in combination more smoothly during their turns on the ice. (Bowman adopted this wrinkle after watching a practice session of the Czechoslovakian team that toured Canada and the United States in 1976.) The Canadiens used a practice drill I had never seen before. The three men in a forward line did not immediately try to score when they came on the ice. Instead, they skated toward the goal at one end, passing the puck as they would when setting up a play; then they turned and skated toward the goal at the other end, passing the puck as they went; then they turned once more, and this time as they came down the ice they tried to score against the two defensemen who moved out to frustrate their efforts. (Bowman picked up this drill from Doug Harvey, one of the best defensemen of all time, who played for him when Bowman coached the St. Louis Blues. Harvey felt that little benefit resulted if during a practice session the forwards tried to score when they were fresh, inasmuch as they rarely operate under these conditions in a game.) The Canadiens devoted a good deal of time to two other drills as well: clearing the puck out of the defensive zone—a standard drill all teams emphasize—and working the defensemen so cohesively into the attack that they take half the shots.



On the ride back to the Forum after the practice, while Bowman and his two friends were chatting, I began to reflect, and not for the first time, on how his life in hockey reads like a tale from an old-time storybook. Bowman was born in Verdun in 1933, the son of a blacksmith who had emigrated from Forfar, in Scotland. In 1951, when he was eighteen and one of the brightest lights on the Junior Canadiens, he suffered a serious head injury that ended his playing career. He spent the next sixteen years in the Canadiens organization, scouting, trouble-shooting throughout the farm system, and coaching both amateur and minor-league professional teams. It was assumed in many quarters that whenever Toe Blake chose to terminate his long and successful tenure as the Canadiens' coach the job would probably go to Bowman. However, when the league expanded, in 1967, Bowman left the Canadiens to become the assistant coach of the St. Louis Blues, one of the six new teams that came into being that year. Shortly after the season got under way, he was moved up to head coach. He did a magnificent job in St. Louis. The first three of his four years there, he drove his gallimaufry of aged veterans, castoffs, and green kids all the way to the Stanley Cup final series. The fourth year, the Blues had to settle for second place in the West Division, but that spring—1971—Bowman was offered the opportunity he had long dreamed of: the chance to coach the Canadiens. He has done well. During its seven seasons under Bowman, the team has won the Stanley Cup four times—in 1973 and successively in 1976, 1977, and 1978. The triumph in 1976 was undoubtedly the sweetest. In the final series, the Canadiens whipped the Philadelphia Flyers, the rough-and-tough Broad Street Bullies, who had won the Cup the two previous years. What is more, they did it by sweeping four straight games. The key to their triumph was the strategy Bowman devised for containing Bobby Clarke, the Flyers' resourceful center, who was the heart of the team. Since there was no one player on the Canadiens who could handle Clarke, Bowman used a corps of three centers on him, substituting a fresh man every twenty-five seconds or so. Slowly but surely, the trio wore Clarke down in each game and blunted the Flyers' offense. Bowman's ambition is to win a total of seven hundred games in regular-season N.H.L. play, which would make him the winningest coach in league history. During his first eleven seasons in the N.H.L., his teams won four hundred and seventy-seven (out of seven hundred and ninety-two) games, so at the start of this season he had two hundred and twenty-three

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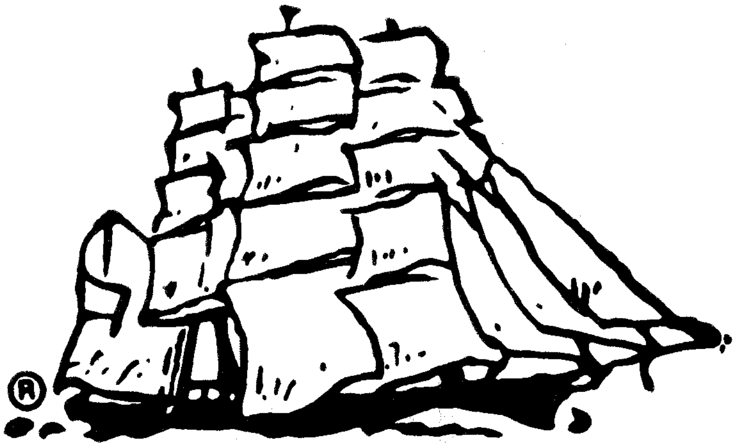

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victories to go. All things being equal, he should reach the seven-hundred mark sometime during the 1981-82 season.

A coach with a record like that is well worth listening to when he discusses how he has gone about running his team. Bowman believes that in hockey, as in nearly all sports, you must first build a sturdy defense: a team with a low goals-against average is bound to finish near the top. No one knows better than he that the Canadiens' success in recent years has depended on having a pair of excellent goalies, Ken Dryden and Michel (Bunny) Larocque, and three of the best defensemen in the league: Larry Robinson, Guy Lapointe, and Serge Savard. What has occupied Bowman primarily is putting together the right blend of forward lines to complement this rear-guard strength. "You have to have skillful forwards of all kinds these days," he says. "The ones who are offensive specialists must be able to check acceptably. You need a good many defensive specialists. If they can get you a few goals now and then, that helps. And you also need some grinders—aggressive guys who are tough and big and can handle the other teams' power lines. Of course, you've got to have specialists who are proficient at killing off penalties for you. Things like that. When you play an eighty-game schedule, you have to be able to utilize your full bench, and you can't afford to have one selfish player on your team."

THE high point of the montage of dynamic hockey action that used to introduce one of the network telecasts of N.H.L. games was a sequence that showed a player—a Boston Bruin, I believe—drilling the puck from about fifteen feet out on a low line toward the unprotected left half of the net for what looked like a sure goal until, at the last second, a long padded leg suddenly appeared from nowhere to block the shot in midair and deflect it wide of the goal. The long padded leg belonged to Ken Dryden, and this was just one of the many spectacular saves he made in the 1971 playoffs, when, having seen action in only six N.H.L. games after being called up from the Canadiens' top farm club, the Montreal Voyageurs, of the American Hockey League, he played all twenty games in the quarter-final, semifinal, and final rounds of a prolonged Stanley Cup elimination series, which the Canadiens at last won. Had Dryden, then twenty-three, slipped back to the minors the next year, never to be heard of again, he would have earned for himself a permanent niche in hockey history because of that performance. As it turned out, his dramatic début was only the first exploit of an astonishing career during which, through the 1977-78 season, he has been named to the All-Star Team four times, has twice won the Vezina Trophy (for the lowest goals-against average), and has twice more shared the trophy with Larocque, who has been the Canadiens' second goalie the last half-dozen years. At six feet four, Dryden is one of the tallest men ever to tend goal in the N.H.L., but he has the agility of a much smaller man, and his technique is exemplary. One is aware of his size only when a long leg shoots out at the last second or when, during those moments when the play is confined to the other end of the rink, he stands up straight in front of the goal and, with his hands and arms resting on his stick in a way that suggests Cincinnatus at his plow, surveys the distant proceedings.

Dryden, however, is much more than a goaltender *par excellence*. One gets a brief intimation of his other talents when a microphone is thrust in his face only minutes after he has been in the heat of the fray in a rather wild and angry game and he then proceeds to analyze calmly and precisely why the game was won or lost. "Oh, I think the goalie happens to be in a perfect position to have a good over-all view of a game," he once explained in an offhand way when he was complimented on a post-game recapitulation. There is some truth in this, I suppose, but the principal reason is that Dryden is a very intelligent man. A number of famous athletes have been authentic intellectuals—Bobby Jones, René Lacoste, Barry Wood, Byron (Whizzer) White, and Bill Bradley, for starters—and Dryden belongs in that special company. He is the only active player in hockey who is a lawyer, and while this may help to explain his articulateness, it is far from being the whole story.

Dryden, who comes from Hamilton, Ontario, is the second of three children of a building-materials broker who is now retired. His sister, who is four years younger, is a public-health nurse, and his brother, Dave, who is six years older, is at present the goalie for the Edmonton Oilers of the World Hockey Association, after earlier tours of duty with the New York Rangers, the Chicago Black Hawks, and the Buffalo Sabres of the N.H.L., as well as with the now defunct Chicago Cougars of the W.H.A. "We grew up in what

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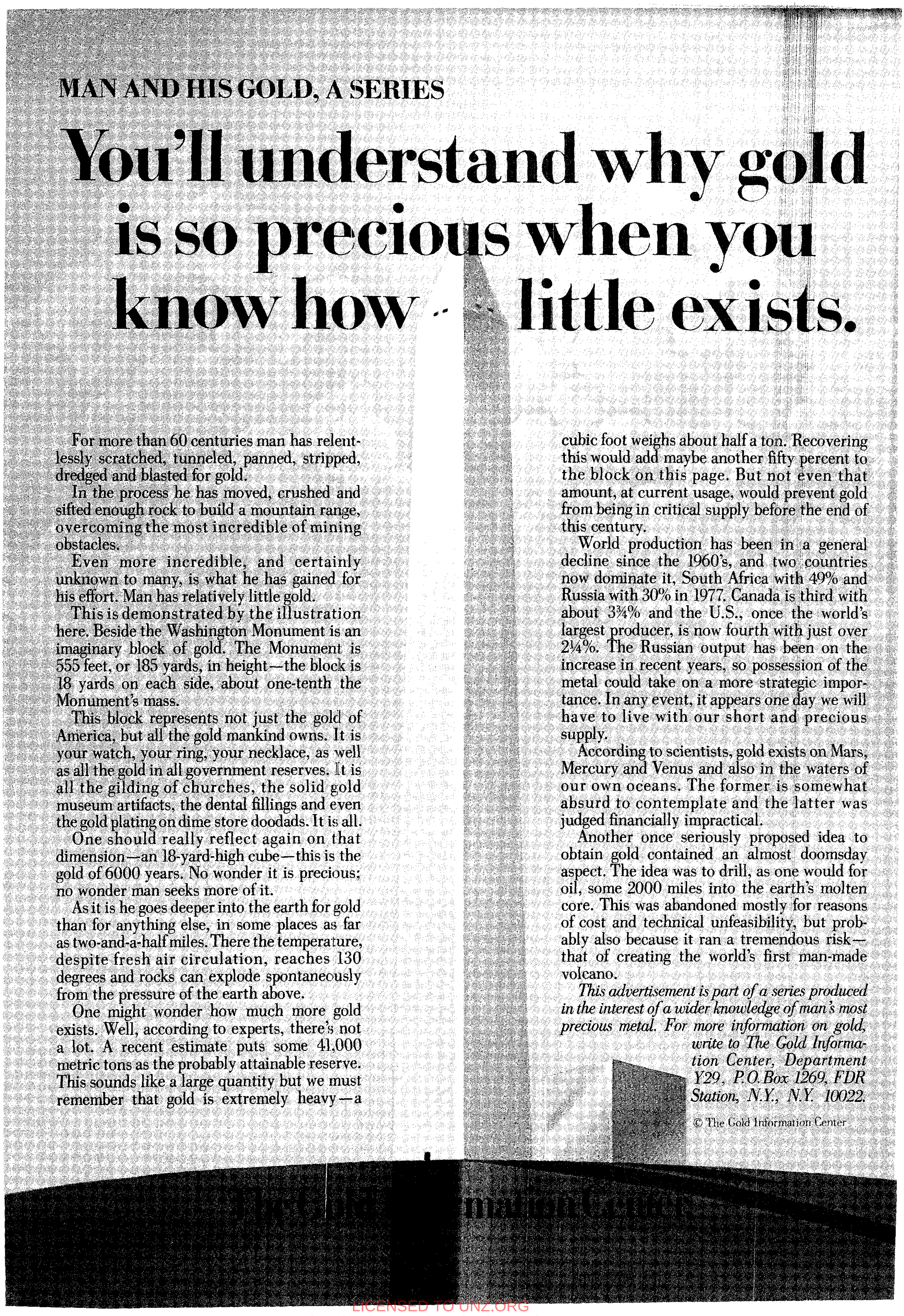

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According to scientists, gold exists on Mars, Mercury and Venus and also in the waters of our own oceans. The former is somewhat absurd to contemplate and the latter was judged financially impractical.

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seemed an average type of atmosphere at home," he said when I asked him about his boyhood. "We were deep into sports, but there was a good deal of emphasis on other things. What we thought and did in our family was quite understated but clearly understood." Possibly because his older brother had led the way, Dryden, a fairly good skater who might have played other positions, set out to become a goalie, and in his early days as a Junior began to attract attention. "You pretty much develop your own style," he told me. "You watch other goalies. They make an impression on you. Jacques Plante, naturally, would be one who did. He was responsible for two remarkable innovations: the protective mask for the goalie, and the practice whereby the goalie leaves the cage to help clear the puck out of trouble. Nearly all of us do that now."

Dryden wanted to go to college in the United States, and after looking into Princeton and Cornell—he had friends at both—elected to attend Cornell and to major in history. College hockey at that time was considered a dead-end street, but the Canadiens, who had acquired the rights to Dryden from the Bruins (who had drafted him at sixteen), kept an eye on his progress. In 1969, he graduated from Cornell—where, incidentally, he met a fellow history major who later became his wife. He wished to continue in hockey but also to study law, and in pursuit of those two ambitions he joined the Canadian National Team—an amateur team—in the autumn of 1969, because it was based in Winnipeg, which was also the home of the University of Manitoba Law School. Around Christmastime, the National Team was summarily disbanded. After thinking the situation over, Dryden decided that the best parlay for him would be to enter McGill Law School and join the Montreal Voyageurs as a part-time goalie. The following season, 1970-71, he posted a 2.68 goals-against average in thirty-three games with the Voyageurs before being called up by the Canadiens and astounding the hockey world with his wonderful play in the Stanley Cup. In 1971-72, he made the second N.H.L. All-Star Team, and the year after that the first All-Star Team. Then, when he and the Canadiens' management were unable to come to terms on an appropriate salary, Dryden made a surprising move. He left the team before the start of the 1973-74 season and spent the year in Toronto, where he broadcast the home games of the Toros, Toronto's entry in the W.H.A., and worked for a law firm. (He had received his law degree in 1973, but in Canada in order to be recognized as a lawyer it is mandatory to practice law for a year.) In Dryden's absence, the Canadiens, rotating three goalies, went through a rather dismal season, and Dryden's agent was able to negotiate with the team's management the richest contract for a goalie in history. Dryden was slightly disappointing his first year back, but after that he regained his old form and played a large part in the team's three straight championship seasons.

What lies ahead for Dryden when he finally hangs up the tools of ignorance? (That term has long been used to describe a baseball catcher's paraphernalia, but it would seem to apply no less aptly to a hockey goalie's gear.) "I don't know whether or not I'm going to practice law," Dryden said as we were ending our talk. "I'm leaning more toward working in public affairs, though from a non-governmental direction—somewhat along the lines of Ralph Nader's group or John Gardner's Common Cause. I find the realm of public affairs absorbing—you know, helping to found citizens-lobby groups, which can be more effective than they have been in the past, establishing a different set of priorities than the present interest groups, the whole matter of decision-making."

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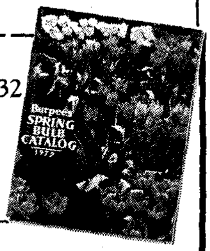

diens who have executed the play. And, finally, the intricate importance and complex character of the city of Montreal give the Forum a matchless ambience. When the Canadiens are playing a team from an American city, Roger Doucet, the Forum's resident vocalist, sings "The Star-Spangled Banner" in English, then sings "O Canada!" in French until he reaches the last twelve bars, when he switches to the English lyrics. Throughout the game, the announcements over the public-address system are made first in French, then in English. High above the ice, on one of the two steel catwalks that run the length of the rink, are the booths of the two television announcers, René Lecavalier, who does the play-by-play on the French telecast, and Danny Gallivan, who does the play-by-play on the English telecast. Both are bilingual. Lecavalier pronounces the names of the players who are not of French descent the way an English Canadian would, and, conversely, Gallivan pronounces the names of the players of French descent the way a Québécois would. Both men are now in their twenty-sixth year at their jobs. Throughout the game, the Forum organist fills in during the intervals when a stoppage in the action occurs. The tune he plays most often at these times is "Envoyons d'l'Avant," an old Habitant lumberjack song with a spirited tempo that gradually accelerates.

At a game with the Detroit Red Wings that I attended, just about the whole family of Le Club de Hockey Canadien was on hand. Frank Selke was in his regular box, deep in contemplation. Sam Pollock was in his regular box, and his successor as general manager, Irving Grundman, back in town after a trip to Nova Scotia to look over the Voyageurs, was in his. (Halifax has been the Voyageurs' home since the 1971-72 season.) In the private snack bar, situated on the level of the catwalks, a conglomeration of hockey writers, radio and television people, members of the club's front office, former stars, and assorted specialists from the Montreal N.H.L. headquarters were trading opinions as they ate hamburgers. Camil DesRoches, who was there, introduced me to Roger Bédard, the coach of Les Juniors de Montréal, and, subsequently, to Eric Taylor, of the Canadiens' scouting staff, who gamely tried to explain to me the subtler effects that the Amateur Draft will have on the Canadiens in the years ahead. Red Fisher, who is now in his twenty-fifth year writing hockey for the Montreal *Star,* told me that he thought that the

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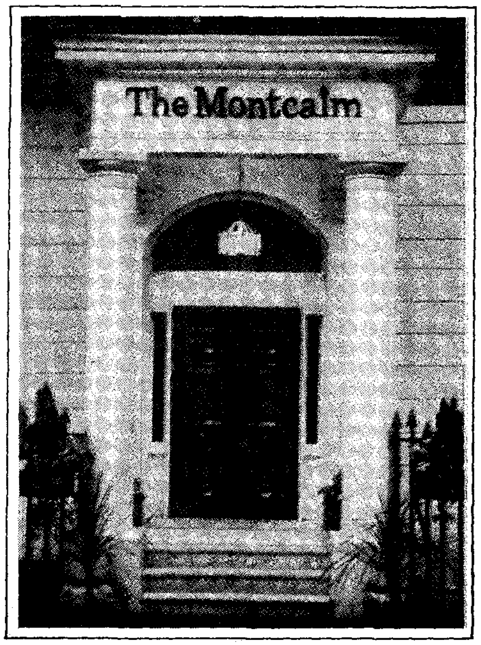
Canadiens' rooters are just as intense today as they were during Maurice Richard's era, though he knows that many people think otherwise. However, he feels that the quality of the players' talent has declined. I had a nice catch-up talk with Dick Irvin, Jr., the son of the former Canadiens coach, who has fared well as a hockey announcer; he does the play-by-play of the Canadiens games for a Montreal English-language radio station and does the "color" whenever "Hockey Night in Canada," which is televised on Saturdays over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's network, emanates from the Forum. I had a word or two with Beliveau as he seasoned his hamburger meticulously, and a few with Toe Blake, a charming and well-founded man who, now that he is no longer playing or coaching, devotes his major attention to his tavern, one of the most popular in the city for over a quarter of a century. (In Montreal, a tavern sells only beer or ale, and it is open only to men. If a man wants to buy a brew for a woman, they go to a *brasserie.*) Between periods, this small army returned to the snack bar from their stations on the catwalks to refresh themselves with banter and soft drinks. The Canadiens won the game easily, 8–3, but their play was lacklustre after the opening ten minutes. I walked up Boulevard Maisonneuve to my hotel at a leisurely pace, slowly savoring the evening.

ON the sixth of January, the Canadiens reached the halfway mark in the current season. On that date, they had won twenty-seven of their first forty games while tying five and losing eight. The N.H.L. is divided into four divisions—named for patriarchs of the league—and the Canadiens' record put them well out in front in theirs, the Norris Division, and as much as guaranteed them a spot in the Stanley Cup playoffs. (This year, the final games of the regular season take place on April 8th, and the preliminary rounds of the playoffs commence the next week.) However, on January 6th two other teams had better records than the Canadiens. (One reason this is worth noting is that the team that compiles the highest number of points during the regular season—a victory is worth two points, a tie is worth one—earns the right in the complex playoffs system to play the first, second, fifth, and seventh games of the best-of-seven quarter-final, semifinal, and final series on its home ice, and this is a valuable advantage.) After forty games, the Boston Bruins, the leaders of the Ad-



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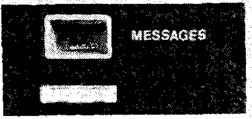

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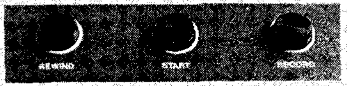

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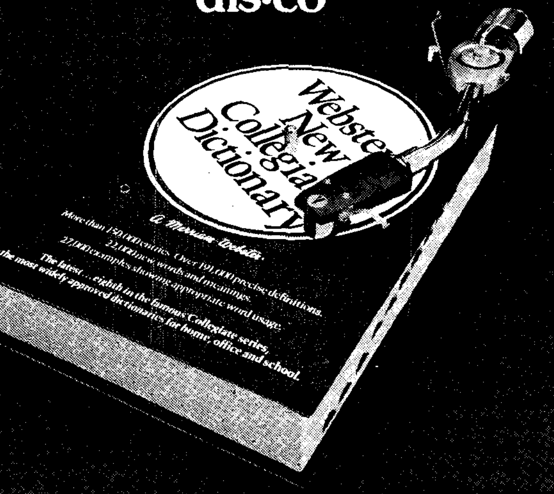

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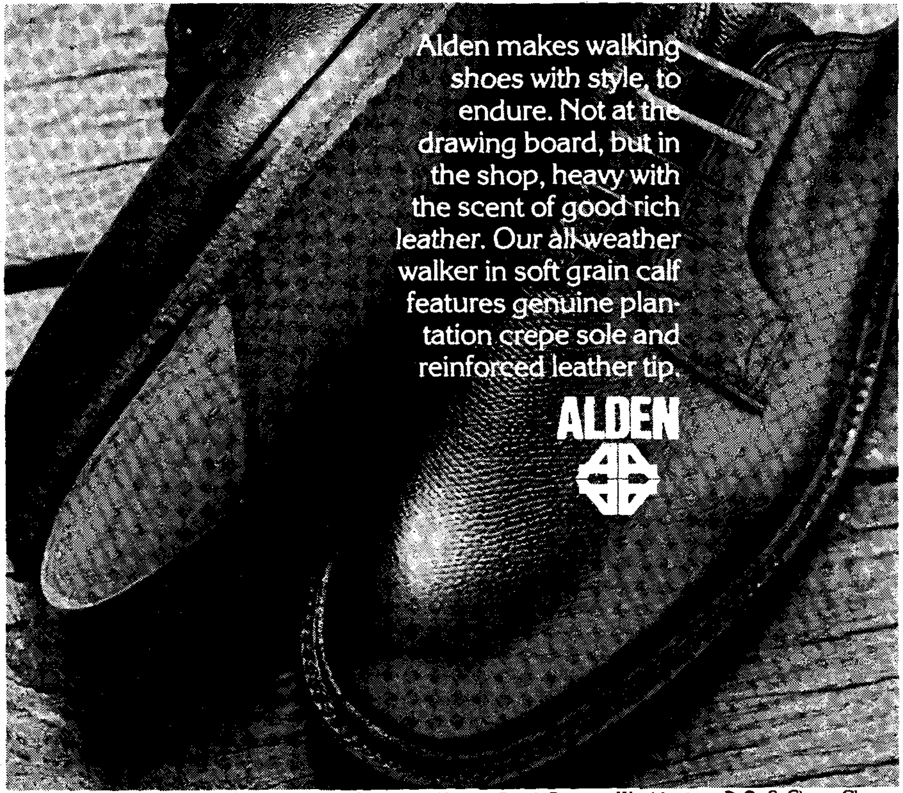

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ams Division, had won twenty-seven, tied seven, and lost six, and the New York Islanders, way out in front in the Patrick Division after thirty-eight games, had travelled at an even faster pace: twenty-six wins, seven ties, and only five losses. These strong performances by the Bruins and Islanders did not come as a surprise. Before the start of the season, the general feeling was that they were the two teams that stood the best chance of contesting the Canadiens' domination of the league. The Bruins boast a large number of boisterous, stubborn young players who buzz around tirelessly on offense and check vigorously on defense, and, under the coaching of Don Cherry, they have fused nicely with the core of veterans. The Bruins are not slick, but they play good, scrappy team hockey, and they can be dangerous if the opposing team relaxes and allows them to dictate the tempo and texture of play. The Islanders, an expansion team that received its franchise only in 1972, are quite a story. Well coached by Al Arbour, who wound up his career as a defenseman under Bowman in St. Louis, the Islanders stress position play. From the outset, they have had unusual success in the Amateur Draft, thanks to the ability of their general manager, Bill Torrey, to judge talent. (Torrey, by the way, grew up a block from the Forum.) The last couple of years, Torrey has been shopping for players who can skate, because he knows that speed is a requisite for any team that would stay with the Canadiens. The Islanders still have their weaknesses, but at the moment their first line of Clark Gillies, Bryan Trottier, and Mike Bossy is the highest-scoring forward line in the league. In Denis Potvin they have an All-Star defenseman, and they are well fixed in goal. It should be mentioned that there have been stretches throughout the season when the New York Rangers, the Atlanta Flames, and the belligerent old Philadelphia Flyers have played very sound hockey, but the percentages would indicate that if the Canadiens run into trouble in the playoffs, the Islanders or the Bruins are probably the teams that will provide it.

As for the Canadiens, they have been a terribly difficult team to assess this year. During the first half of the season, they had a couple of streaks in which they went for weeks without dropping a game, but over all their play was not as commanding as their record implied. For example, they did not look sharp against the weak teams. The fast-breaking, head-manning offense that for years has been synony-

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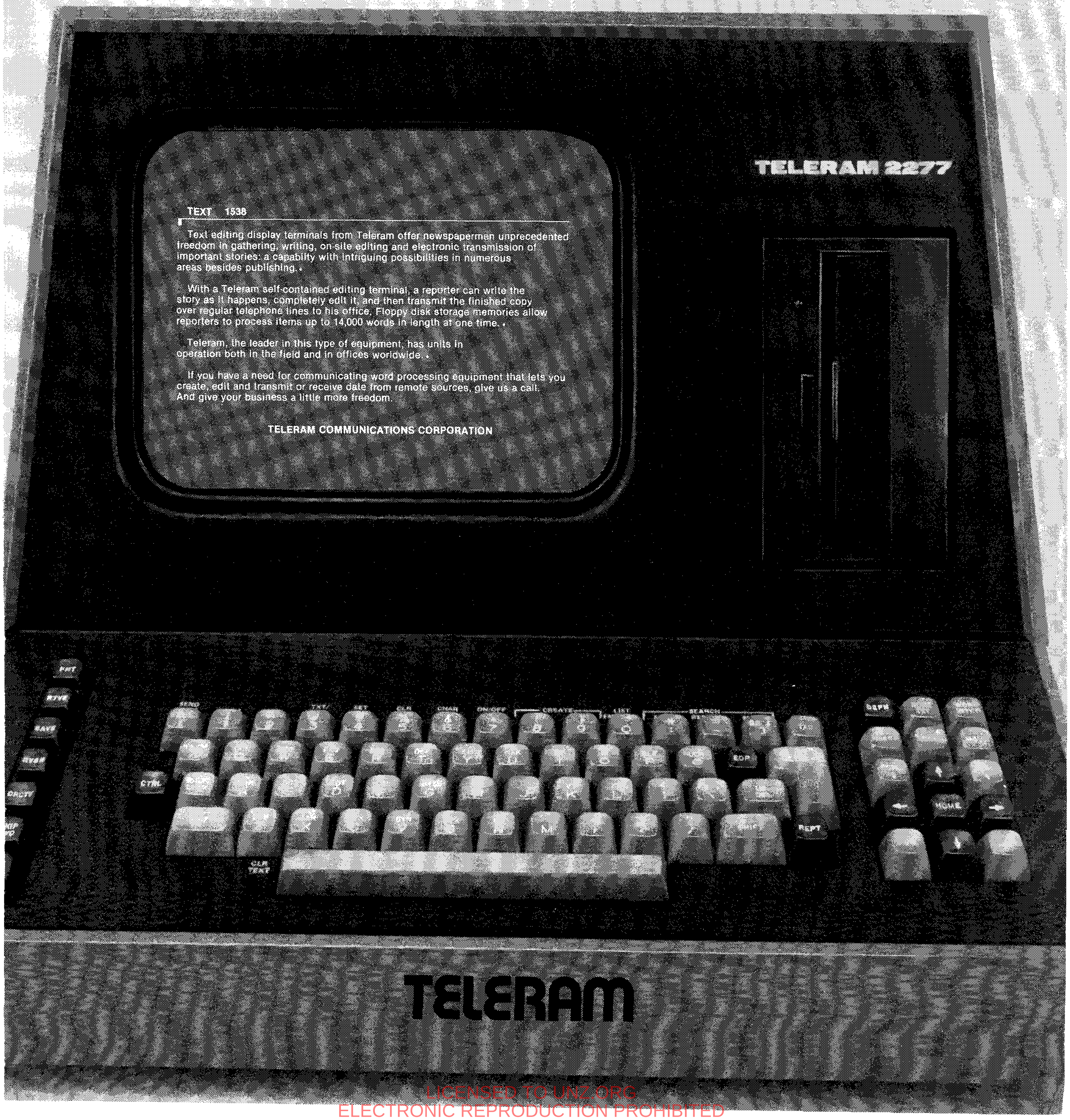

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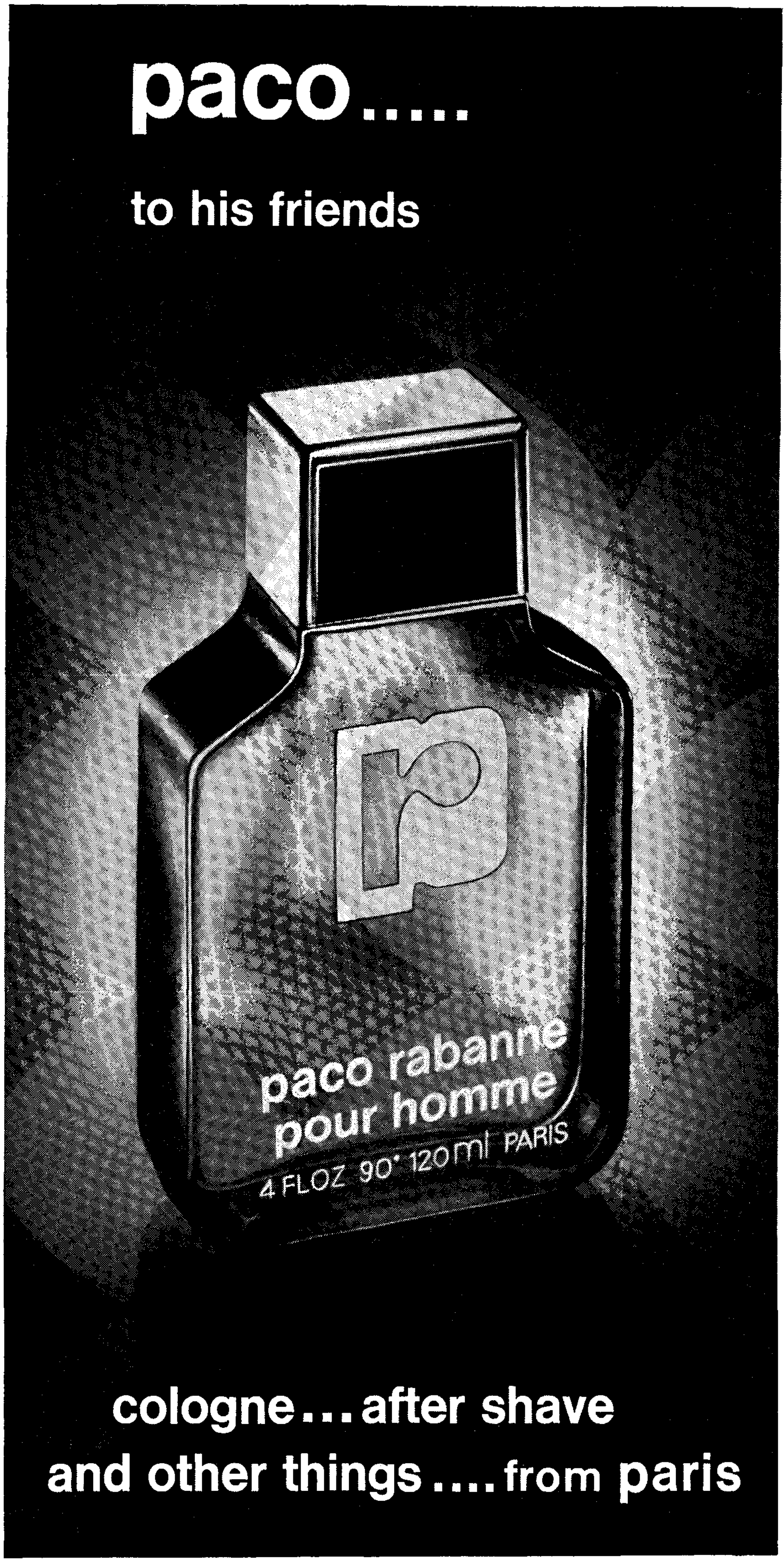

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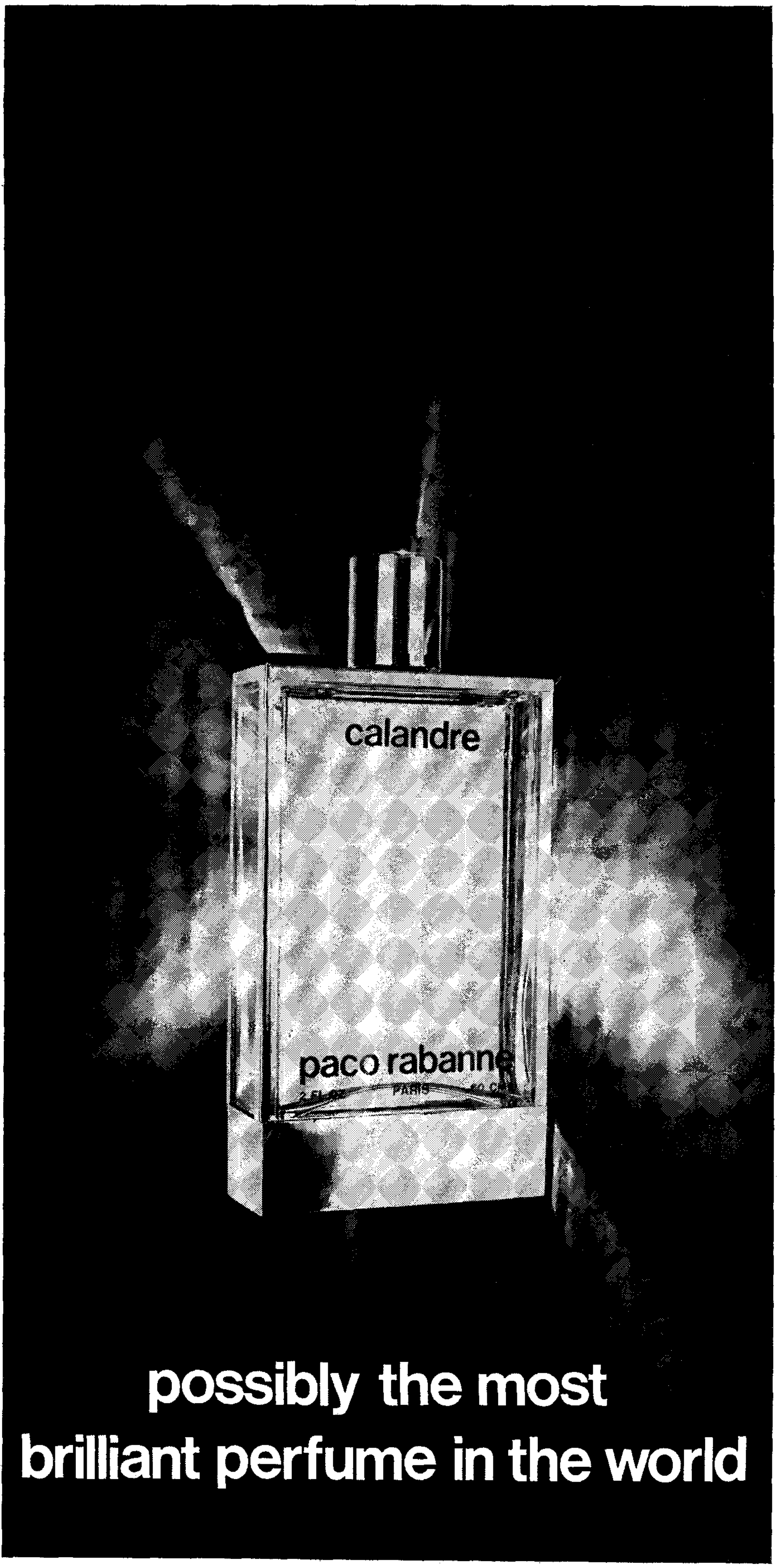
mous with the Canadiens was sometimes nowhere to be seen. During the last three weeks of January and throughout February, the Canadiens travelled at a fairly fast pace, losing only four games. By March 1st, they had opened up a fourteen-point lead on the badly faltering Bruins, but on that date they were leading the Islanders by only four points, and the Islanders had a game in hand. A significant game during this stretch took place on February 27th at the Nassau Coliseum, the Islanders' home arena, on Long Island. A victory would have given the Canadiens a six-point bulge, but an inspired Islander team blew them out of the rink, 7–3. This game underlined some typical failings of the Canadiens, even in victory, this season. Their defense has been diffident and spotty, and their attack has all but begun and ended with Lafleur's quicksilver forays. It is true that Jacques Lemaire, the team's best two-way center, was sidelined for ten weeks with a shoulder separation and that two other centers have suffered minor injuries, but this does not explain, really, why the team has not been able to move the puck this season with the flair one has long associated with the Canadiens. Maybe this is the inevitable result of the system that was introduced when the league expanded in the nineteen-sixties. The premise was to bring the new teams up to the level of the older ones as soon as possible, by giving the teams that finished lowest in the league standings each year the first crack at the players available in the Amateur Draft. Among other things, this ended, once and for all, the old convention whereby nearly all the best young French-Canadian players spawned on the rinks and ponds of Quebec ended up wearing the *bleu, blanc, et rouge*. Even the most vital dynasty cannot remain at the top unless it has a reasonable chance to renew its talent. The renaissance of the Yankee dynasty the last three years has depended almost entirely on their being both rich and smart enough to pick up a great many first-class players in the newly instituted free-agent market. In hockey, there are no free agents.

However, in midwinter the league race was not the topic of conversation on every hockey lover's lips. They scarcely paid it any attention, because of their absorption in the three-game Challenge Cup series between the Russian national team and the N.H.L. All-Stars, which was held in Madison Square Garden on February 8th, 10th, and 11th. A good many informed fans thought that Russia might win this short series. The Russian team had practiced together for many months this year—some sources said from July on—and a number of the older players on the team had been through prolonged training sessions and tournaments in many previous winters. As a result, the Russians had learned each other's habits—when to expect this or that linemate to drop a backhand pass behind as he skated by, when to expect this or that defenseman to cross the blue line and buttress the attack, and so on. On the other hand, the N.H.L. players, with only a few days to practice together, were relatively unacquainted with the moves and idiosyncrasies of the players from the other teams. Then, too, the Russians, because of the intensely Spartan nature of their training, were bound to be in better physical condition than the N.H.L. players.

The first game turned out to be a surprise. The N.H.L. All-Stars scored within sixteen seconds of the opening face-off and held the upper hand throughout the game, winning 4–2. Scotty Bowman, the coach of the All-Stars, knowing that the Russians like to set up quick-breaking plays down the middle of the ice, had instituted a defense that completely nullified this favorite Russian maneuver. (Seven Canadiens, by the way, had been selected for the twenty-five-man N.H.L. squad: Dryden; Robinson, Savard, and Lapointe on defense; and Lafleur, Steve Shutt, and Bob Gainey on the forward lines.) Unable to get an offense started in this first game, the Russians, both as skaters and hockey players, looked decidedly inferior to the Russian teams that had been sent to this country in 1972 and 1976. The second game was a different story. By bringing the puck up along the sides of the rink, the Russians met with far more success on offense. However, their celebrated goaltender, Vladislav Tretyak, had a very bad day. He failed to handle two stoppable shots in the first period and two more easy shots in the first five minutes of the second. Trailing 4–2 at this point, the Russians came to life. They fore-checked and back-checked more assiduously, and, slowly but surely, took control of the game, beating the All-Stars to the puck, constantly harrying them in their defensive zone, and, on the attack, setting up good shots on the goal with some of the brilliant precision passing that had astounded us during their first visit in 1972. They scored twice in the second period, to tie the game, and once more in the



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third period, to win it. The third game proved to be a disaster for the All-Stars. During the first ten minutes of play, it was evident that their game plan was to gain the upper hand by intimidating the Russians with punishing body checks and general roughhouse tactics. This strategy may have been based on the success they had enjoyed in 1972, when they came back to defeat the Russians in an eight-game series, played half in Canada and half in Russia, after discovering that the Russian defensemen did not know how to clear the belligerent Canadian forwards, who had camped right in front of Tretyak, out of that vital area. Well, this time the Russians knew how to deal with this and with the chronic overaggressiveness of the N.H.L. players, who attempted to awe the Russians by "taking the body" to them, to use the strange current phrase. The Russians absorbed the elbowing and charging and the rest of the uncalled infractions with hardly a flicker of expression, and kept going. After the opening ten minutes, which were scoreless, the N.H.L. Stars slowed down to a walk, or maybe it just seemed so as the tireless Russians began to skate faster and more purposefully, swarming all over the ice and preventing the All-Stars from getting well-organized attacks started. What was particularly mystifying was the ease with which they were able to take the puck away from such stars as Larry Robinson and Bobby Clarke, who are seldom subjected to this indignity. (Lafleur was the only All-Star whom they couldn't contain.) The explanation that makes most sense is that when the Russians check a player they first give him a quick nudge to slow him down and then, instead of trying to knock the player to the ice or into the boards—a not uncommon practice in the N.H.L.—they concentrate on making a fast jab with their stick to poke the puck away. The Russians are always on the move, and the moment a teammate checks an opposing player a second Russian is usually on hand to add a second check and to help gain control of the puck. The Russians can handle their sticks and they can skate, skate, skate. By the end of the second period, they led 2–0. By the end of the game, it was Russia 6, N.H.L. All-Stars 0. During the last ninety-four minutes of play—more than half of the second game and all of the third—the Russians scored nine goals and the All-Stars none.

Throughout Canada, the Challenge Cup series was regarded as nothing less than a national humiliation. It was as

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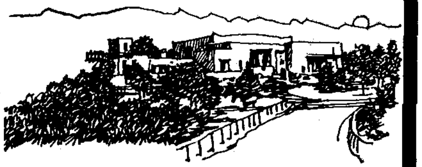

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if the great Japanese baseball team the Yomiuri Giants had come over to New York and routed the Yankees in a series for the world championship. After all, hockey is a Canadian game—they invented it. The Russians did not begin to play it until after the Second World War. The best one could do to explain what had happened in the Challenge Cup series was to point out that the Russian national team, having played together for a long time, necessarily had a considerable advantage over a collection of stars brought together for a one-week stand. Nevertheless, a number of Canadian hockey fans, looking the issue squarely in the eye, have come to some arresting conclusions: At the top level, the Russians are playing a better type of hockey than is currently being played in the N.H.L. They skate better, because they practice harder and longer. They handle their sticks more adroitly for that same reason. As the Russians have improved over the last dozen years, simultaneously the standard of play over here has declined in many significant respects. Young players eager for a professional career don't work on the fine points the way their fathers and grandfathers did. They work on their slap shots, since the high scorers are the men who reap the big contracts in this overly commercial age, and the hefty, bruising young men work on becoming "intimidators" and "enforcers," as they are called, because they know there is always a high-salary job open for a brawler. And they're right. When the Philadelphia Flyers climaxed their rise to power by winning the Stanley Cup in 1974 and 1975, their roster was an amalgam of talented players and outright goons, like Dave Schultz and Don Saleski, who had only a modicum of hockey ability but who were pretty capable hooligans. If an opposing star—a Lafleur, say—was causing the Flyers too much trouble, someone like Schultz purposely charged into him, rammed him against the boards, and started to pummel him, hoping that the other player would retaliate and that the referee would call a double penalty, which would be far more costly for the other team than for Philadelphia. A player who was so openly attacked couldn't ignore it and just skate away—that was out of the question. By refusing to act to control this ugly trend, the N.H.L. in effect sanctioned the calculated assaults of the goons and made it imperative for the other teams to marshal their own goon squads. One was forced to reach the conclusion that the N.H.L. tolerated this burgeoning violence because the

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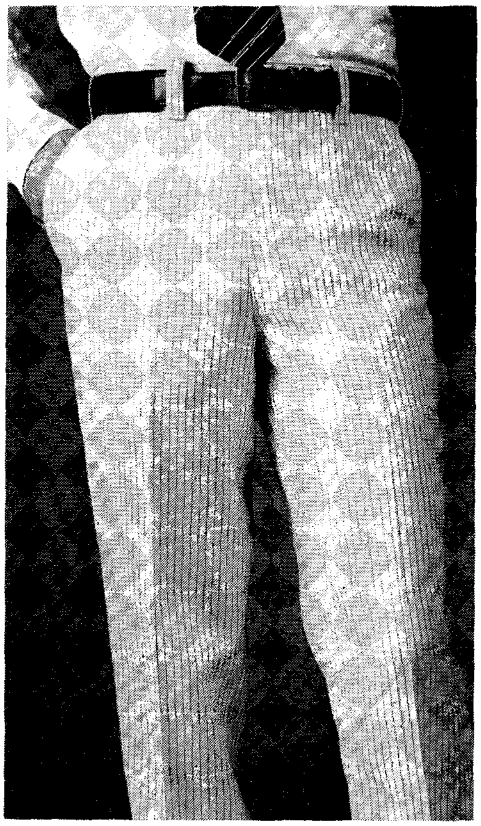

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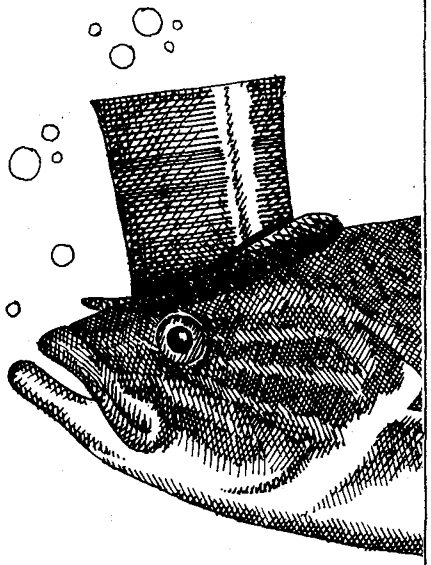
league thought it sold tickets. Anyhow, the point has now been reached where teams composed of kids in their early teens have their enforcers and their intimidators, as if hockey couldn't be played without them. Little wonder that, in this period when the game's atmosphere has changed so radically, only a small percentage of the players work from boyhood on to develop more finesse, which, as the Russians reminded us, is where the beauty of the game eventually resides. Quite a few Canadians have now reached the point where they are beginning to regard the Russian victory as a blessing in disguise. They feel it is bound to awaken us to a greater awareness that while clean, hard checking is an intrinsic part of hockey, violence isn't, and that when all is said and done there is no substitute for skill. Furthermore, to be able to keep pace with the Russians, aspiring young Canadian and American players are going to have to work diligently on their passing, their puck carrying, their defensive play, and all the other niceties of the game which have been more or less neglected. They are also going to have to find ways to become better and stronger skaters. Today, the roads in most parts of Canada are plowed down to the dirt or the asphalt or the concrete after a snowfall. As late as the Richard era, when it was not uncommon in many country districts for the snow left on the streets to get packed down hard until it practically gained the consistency of ice, Canadian boys skated to school down the roads, skated home down the roads, played hockey until it was time for dinner, and after dinner went out and played some more hockey if a pond in the vicinity happened to be lit up by a street lamp. You can see how a routine like that would develop marvellous skaters.

It should be added, I think, that the Stanley Cup playoffs are something altogether different from the end-of-the-season series that decide the year's championship in most other professional team sports. Some World Series are enthralling, but at least an equal number are anticlimactic. The 1979 Super Bowl game was very well played, but most of the Super Bowls have been plain dull. By the time one gets to the last round of the National Basketball Association playoffs, it is an effort to remember who is playing whom. On the other hand, Stanley Cup competition is like a second season of hockey. The players go all out, holding nothing in reserve. They skate with more abandon. They check more severely. How-



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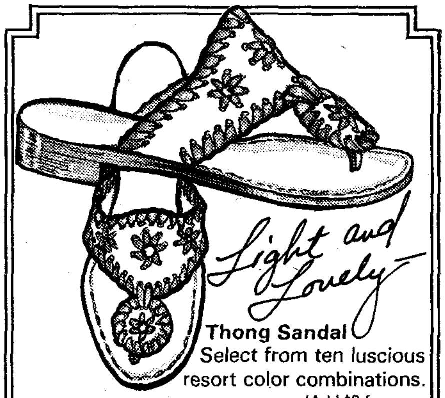

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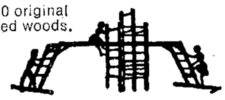

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ever, since penalties can be disastrous, they check cleanly. At times, the pace during these games can become so high-pitched that I have known sophisticated hockey fans to gasp wordlessly as they gazed in disbelief at the dervishes on the ice. When people assert that hockey action at its best is as exciting as anything in sports, it is the Stanley Cup windup they have in mind.

This year, the playoffs are bound to be more thought-provoking than usual. Whether they discuss it or not, most fans will surely be comparing the hockey played by the contending teams with the hockey the Russians showed us, and they will be wondering what steps must be taken if Canada—nearly all the players in the N.H.L. are Canadian—is to regain its birthright. They will also be paying special attention to the Canadiens. If they win their fourth straight Stanley Cup, that will be something, of course. If they win the Cup with a flourish, certain groups are bound to propose that the Canadiens, all by themselves, might possibly be able to handle the Russian team, which would probably be expecting too much. Perhaps the most important aspect of the playoffs, since Le Club de Hockey Canadien has been associated for so long with the best expression of the game on this continent and has been *the* force in its development, will be the standard of play that the team produces at this critical juncture in hockey history. We all will be watching to see if the Canadiens *sont là*, and are likely to be in the years ahead.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Gardenia, whose appearance marks his Broadway musical debut, learned his numbers "step by step, inch by inch last summer, with Michael's dance captains Tom Reed and Drew Davis." He had first come to Bennett's attention by singing and dancing for the director at the drop of any hat. "At parties or dinners," admitted Gardenia, "I'd tell him, 'Michael, you make musicals. Let me star in one.' "—*Stephen M. Silverman in the Post.*

Miss Loudon, who won a Tony in "Annie," was, of course, a natural for a musical; Mr. Gardenia, however, was not. He had never sung or danced, and he was not wildly excited about trying. Try it, Mr. Bennett said. He invited Mr. Gardenia to the studio, where he had set up a bar with dim lights, and even some potted plants. He offered Mr. Gardenia some Scotch; he produced two women with whom he could dance. Mr. Gardenia did this for a week, and found he was enjoying himself. He decided he would do "Ballroom."—*John Corry in the Times.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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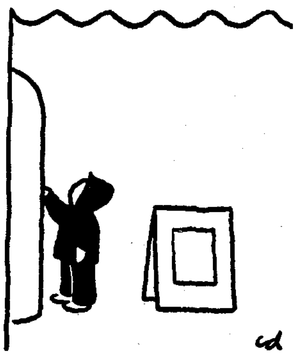
THE pang of exile. The late Russian novelist Vladimir Nabokov and the English-based Czech-born playwright Tom Stoppard share it. Stoppard has adapted Nabokov's 1936 novel "Despair" for the screen, and it has been filmed, under that title, by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. The three men have the same disguise of preciosity, which has to do in Nabokov's and Stoppard's case with the shams demanded of the émigré speaking a strange language and needing to seem at ease.



Early in the nineteen-sixties, before the 1965 English-language revised version of his novel was published, Nabokov and I spoke in the mountains of Switzerland of how best to translate his Russian title, "Otchayanie." We considered "A Cry" and "A Howl." At the time, he opted for "A Howl" and put it down on one of the innumerable index cards that he used like a deck of playing cards in making one of his incomparable novels. Perhaps he was attracted to "A Howl" as expressing the ache of missing Russia. The film begins with the tragic words, spoken by Dirk Bogarde as the hero, Hermann Hermann, "Russia, which we have lost forever . . ." Who is the "we"? White Russians, of whom Hermann is one? The world? Or both, perhaps? Hermann, in his urgency to adjust to strange territory, has adopted a tone of flippancy perfectly suited to Fassbinder's way of making films. Tragedy is never far behind. Hermann says that all the information he has about himself is from forged documents. In this, the saddest and wittiest performance of Dirk Bogarde's career, which exactly catches the careful and slightly-off enunciation of a connoisseur speaking a learned language that he secretly hates, we are made to sense that the hero feels himself to be a forged document, really dwelling in other circumstances, knowing other people.

We are in Berlin, where Nabokov himself took root after fleeing Russia. (He never learned German, though.) Hermann's friends and cronies are a George Grosz gallery of grotesques. He makes love to a fat wife called Lydia (Andréa Ferréol), who wanders about sublimely naked apart from little socks and high heels, and who complains about having lost her lipstick when her mouth is jammy with it. Also not wearing much—just a Victorian-looking black bathing suit, which he sometimes covers with a coat—is a bulging cousin of Lydia's called Ardalion (Volker Spengler), a redhead who belies the usual assumption that redheads have liveliness by being extremely dozy, in a very grumpy way, when he is awake. Only Hermann is meticulously dressed and alert. Also aloof. He sees the multilingual earth as leaving dirt on his shoes.

Hermann has been forced by the ignominy of circumstance to own, of all fatuous things, a chocolate factory, as if he weren't agonizingly aware of such more crucial matters as the political upheavals in the Ruhr. Lydia stuffs chocolates into her mouth as though she were stoking a boiler. The ethical point of the film, which Fassbinder elegantly makes, is the fatuity that indeed overtakes intelligent people plundered of their origins and forced into wiles. Fatuity is also the drive of the plot. Hermann is determined to commit the perfect murder of a man whom he conceives to be his double, by changing places with him. His victim is Felix (Klaus Löwitsch), who, crazily, is not remotely his double. But Hermann, being a doomed man in a doomed land already up to its ears in guns, butter, and deadly ambition, thinks he can overcome the difficulty by growing a beard like Felix's. The life that he is leaving behind him is nothing, so he sheds it on his slithery course, which nominally has to do with cheating an insurance company but, it is clear, actually has to do with exchanging his pent-up life for any other. Dirk Bogarde is beautifully cast. His performance is full of pettiness and facial fuss that are a wall to hide great trouble of mind and great displacement of temperament. The intentional mannerisms of the performances are matched by Fassbinder's technique, which indulges—as though stuffing the wretched chocolates—in shots through decorated glass, and the ominous ticking of clocks in scenes that we know to be portentously absurd. Hermann Hermann—his two names are indicatively the same, as though he were floundering even for an identity—wants to take action, takes action, but then finds himself where he stood in the first place. All his careful émigré dressing will not put order into this disturbed world of the nineteen-thirties. The fatuous murder he commits for a change of character is an effort to make local events the events of his life, to possess at least a history when world history has robbed him of it.

Fassbinder is an amazingly prolific director; born in 1946, he has already made more than thirty films in his short career. He belongs to what is called "the new wave" of West German directors, but he is hard to number among them. Good artists are seldom alike. He delights in pulling audiences' noses; he delights in, so to say, offering them a pinch of glucose when he knows they hope it is cocaine. Fassbinder is no cocaine dealer. His concern—contradicted by the film's surface—is with the maintaining of stoicism, gentleness, and sanity in chaotic situations. He is extremely intelligent. He must be much troubled by the split Germany, and much troubled by the worldwide evidence of the receding brainpan. His best earlier film that we have so far seen in this country is "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant." It is genuinely bitter and also very funny, with a fierce humor that remains in the mind for good. In "Despair," some people will have their attention waylaid by the intentional facetiousness of Fassbinder's direction. Other people will take joy in the quite unfacetious English that Stoppard has so thoroughly mastered. The key and moving point of this comic film is Hermann's fib that Felix is his brother. In Russia, when he could speak without forgery, he never had a brother. He is now quite alone in the world.

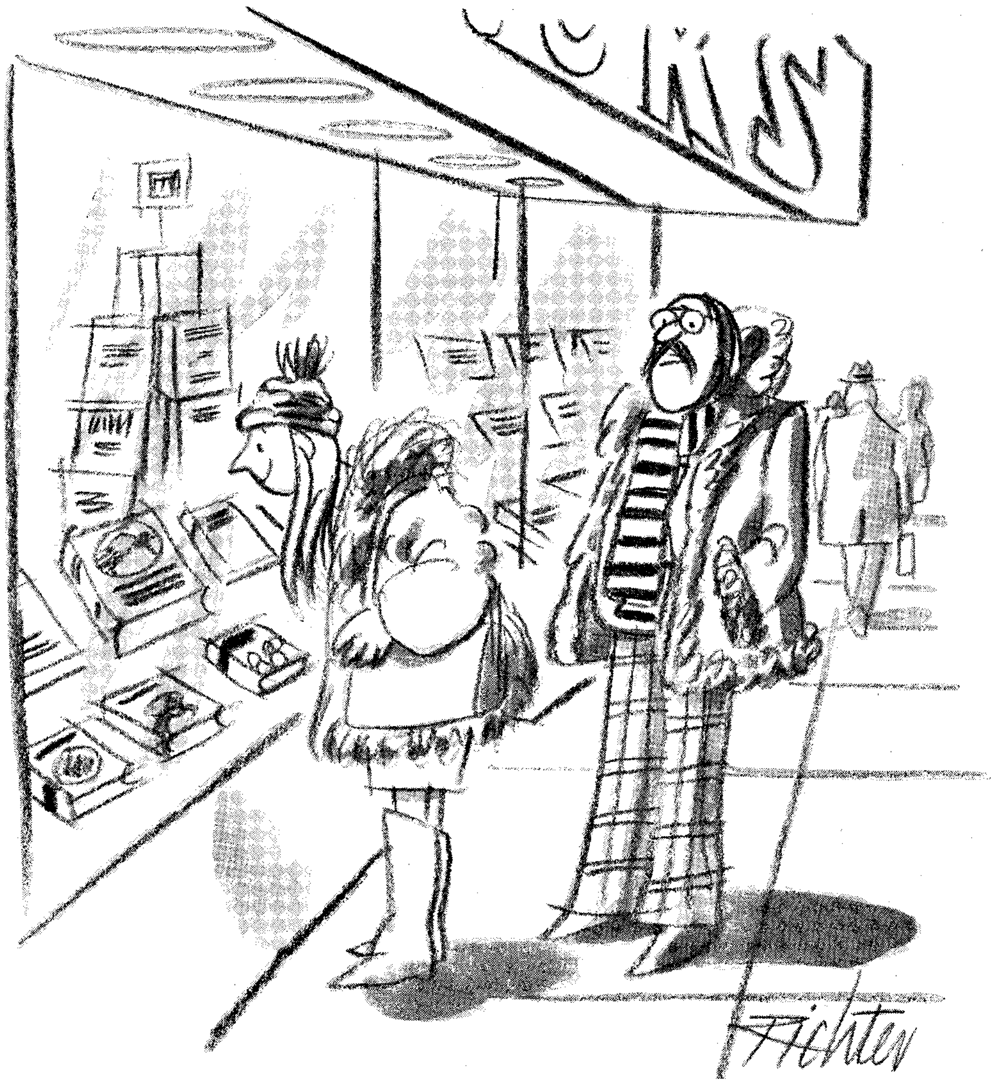
IT has sometimes been said that Poland, in the thick of Europe as it is, and so often carved up, is divided into two selves: the romantic and the classical. The filmmaker Andrzej Wajda belongs to the first half; his fellow-filmmaker the late Andrzej Munk—killed in a car crash in 1961—belonged to the second half. Munk was a man with hair like a sink brush. He made, among other wonderful films, "Eroica."

Wajda is now being accorded a retrospective at Hunter College. First, though, about Polish cinema. It is free as cinema is nowhere else in Eastern Europe, perhaps because of the historic link between Poland and Western Europe (a lot of Poles speak French, German, or English); perhaps because of the Poles' bold insistence on clinging both to Catholicism and to Communism; perhaps because of the bravery of Poles in the face of Russia, which this tiny and beleaguered country regards as square. In the middle of Warsaw, there stands a silly iced-cake building, put up by Russians, that is named the Palace of Culture and Science. The Poles, who are more cultivated by miles than bureaucratic Soviet culture-mongers, regard it with unenraged amusement. The wryness may be a part of the celebrated Polish talent for the black joke. At the height of Stalinism, Moscow bureaucrats demanded that every Main Street in Poland be renamed Stalin Street. When I was being driven by a Polish friend down a filthy little street full of potato peelings in a very small town in Poland, I was startled to see that the street was named Stalin Street. My friend explained that it had been called Main Street "in medieval times."

Censorship. Andrzej Munk told me that he got round it by deliberately inserting in his films passages that he knew were bound to be cut: passages that he didn't care about. The purblind censors did indeed cut them, and nearly always left intact the dissident passages that Munk cared about passionately. Warsaw has a wonderfully joyful spirit, in spite of everything. The bookstalls in the streets, crowded in spring sunshine like the sweet-pea stalls and the barrows of cherries, are full of magazines and newspapers about the arts, with no apparent inhibitions about covering abstract painting or jazz or contemporary Western European playwrights. The theatre flourishes; the Institute of Art has an enviable library of foreign books; and the Polish cinema continues to thrum with talent.

In the Wajda retrospective, which includes "Kanal" and "Ashes and Diamonds," from his trilogy about the Second World War and the Polish uprising, but omits the even more significant "A Generation," there are newer films that speak for the courageous freedom of Polish cinema. One is "Man of Marble," made, finally, in 1976, after many fruitless trips to Ministers of Culture year after year. It is about a Stakhanovite bricklayer who became a national hero in Stalin's reign but soon ceased to be remembered. The crucial question raised by the film is not so much what happened to him as whether it is possible to trace the fate of a discarded hero as ideology changes. Aesthetically, "Man of Marble" is a film about a film. It is also about the close relationship between the workers and the intelligentsia in Poland: a relationship that barely exists in English-speaking countries but is very strong, as we saw in the Czech spring of 1968, in some Eastern European countries. The bricklayer is a model man, according to the Soviet-based Polish Communist ethos. A young woman filmmaker tries to track him down, and in flashbacks we learn what the old official films hid. We learn that he was a coerced creation of the Party of the State, that this record-breaking bricklayer who has heaved his thirty-thousandth brick through an official window has been arrested on a trumpery spy charge, and that he has now, after Stalin's reign, chosen to disappear—into the very working class that political acclaim hauled him from. "Man of Marble" is densely political. The roots of its ending are in the Polish workers' uprising in Gdańsk in 1970. It ran into trouble with the censors because of its dissent from the prevailing political line, and though it was seen at the Cannes Film Festival it was screened outside competition, because of the opposition of Soviet-run bureaucrats.

"Everything for Sale" (1968)—rueful title—is clearly inspired by the life and death of Zbigniew Cybulski, the dark-spectacled man who played the hero of "Ashes and Diamonds," and who was beloved of the Polish people. He died in 1967, on his way from working in Wroclaw to working in Warsaw. He tried to jump onto a train just pulling out, and fell between two coaches. The immensely convivial and beguiling actor, of a handsomeness and with a quality of the debonair which his countrymen compared to James Dean's, had grown too heavy for onlookers to rescue him. What an end. The film is, of course, without him, but it is haunted by him for everyone who knows of the manner of his death. We are told that an unnamed dead man—obviously Cybulski—was to have played the leading actor of the picture we watch in the making. Its director's wife (Beata Tyszkiewicz) is the dead actor's former mistress and the mother of his child. She and the dead actor's



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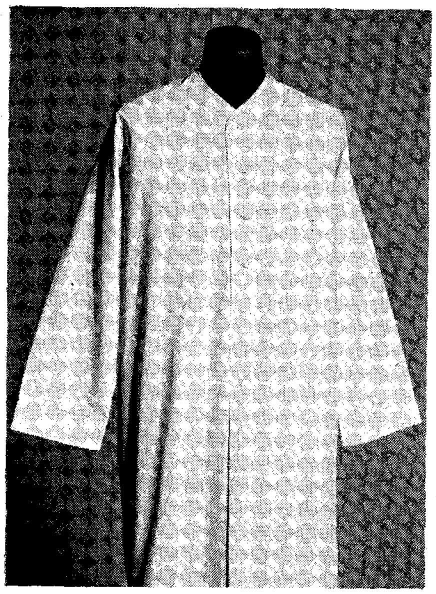

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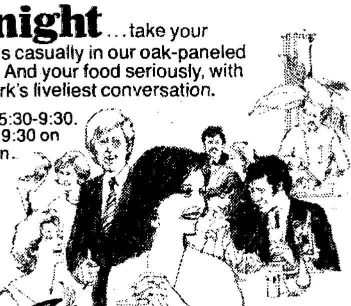

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wife, Elżbieta (Elżbieta Czyżewska), are searching, first, for the truth about whatever might have happened to him and, later, for what they remember of him. The film, being a film within a film, is sometimes obscurantist, with the replacement star, Daniel (Daniel Olbrychski), a nonentity of a chap with a beard, insisting that he does not want to step into someone else's shoes. There are many shots of horses, one reminding you of the legend of Poland's hapless last cavalry charge against German tanks, several reminding you that Wajda was brought up in a cavalry barracks. Parts of the film misleadingly suggest that the aged Surrealist movement of the rest of Europe is only just being caught up with in Poland. The second half is slow, but there are interesting references to Wajda's own "Lotna" (1959), a very romantic film in color about the early Polish resistance to the Nazis. Lotna is a white horse whose hooves we hear clattering on marble as it charges riderless into a grand mansion and up the stairs. This is not only a film in which an idiosyncratic and beautiful white horse largely figures. Like the Wajda season, it transmits the sense of what it is to be Polish, and to have been so long nationally torn up.

BECAUSE of the wave of strikes in England, and because the unions there are now so powerful that they are taking over the Labour Party originally formed to advance their hopes, a lot of English people who have always voted left are saying that in the next election they are not going to vote at all. An equivalent thing seems to have been happening here in spades. So it is reviving and moving to see Martin Ritt's "Norma Rae," written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). The film speaks with vivacity about the impoverished. It has none of the sophisticated cynicism that now sees the vested interests of the labor movement as matching industrialists' in this leading capitalist society. Rather, it has an innocence that almost seems to go back to the thirties.

It is actually 1978, and we are in the American South, in a mill where cotton balls fly about like schoolboys' snowballs and where the sound of the machines makes human speech inaudible. The heroine of the story, Norma Rae (Sally Field), is a slight, under-educated, decisive Southerner. The film is the story of a nubile woman who says, "I got three kids, a drawerful of bills, and a husband who doesn't like what I'm doing." She is married to a man (Beau Bridges) who cannot keep pace with her, for all his goodness of heart. It is Norma Rae, with her frustrations and her tenacity, who gives shape to his life and body to the film, which is rather oversimple in idiom and structure. She surmounts the idle insults of management, the work of bringing up three children, and the difficulty of coping with private life in the effort to bring unionism to the largely non-unionized textile industry. She carries on her effort with no loss of stamina or charm. This film should bring the fragile-looking Sally Field, well known as a TV performer, into new territory of film and theatre, which reveal TV to be the minimal—though sometimes instructive—living-room instrument that most of us have found it. The performance is fiery and funny. Miss Field has a quality of Americanness that pervades the film. Norma Rae survives the death of her gently boozing father (Pat Hingle), caused by factory bosses' lack of attention, as she survives every other trouble. She resolves to improve her intellect by reading Dylan Thomas. Other places, other matters. This unusually intellectual film, with its historical self-consciousness, is about a more flaming but less heralded creator than Dylan Thomas. Norma Rae and the actual women before her have been innovators and instigators.

This may be the first film we have ever seen about a fighting woman in the South. We are used to films about middle-class neurotic women in America with nothing much that interests them. This picture is historically fascinating in what it tells us of the labor movement, and it does honor to a particular sort of involved character who will not be intimidated. Well done. After seeing this, the world-weary are likely to be exhilarated and to cast their votes. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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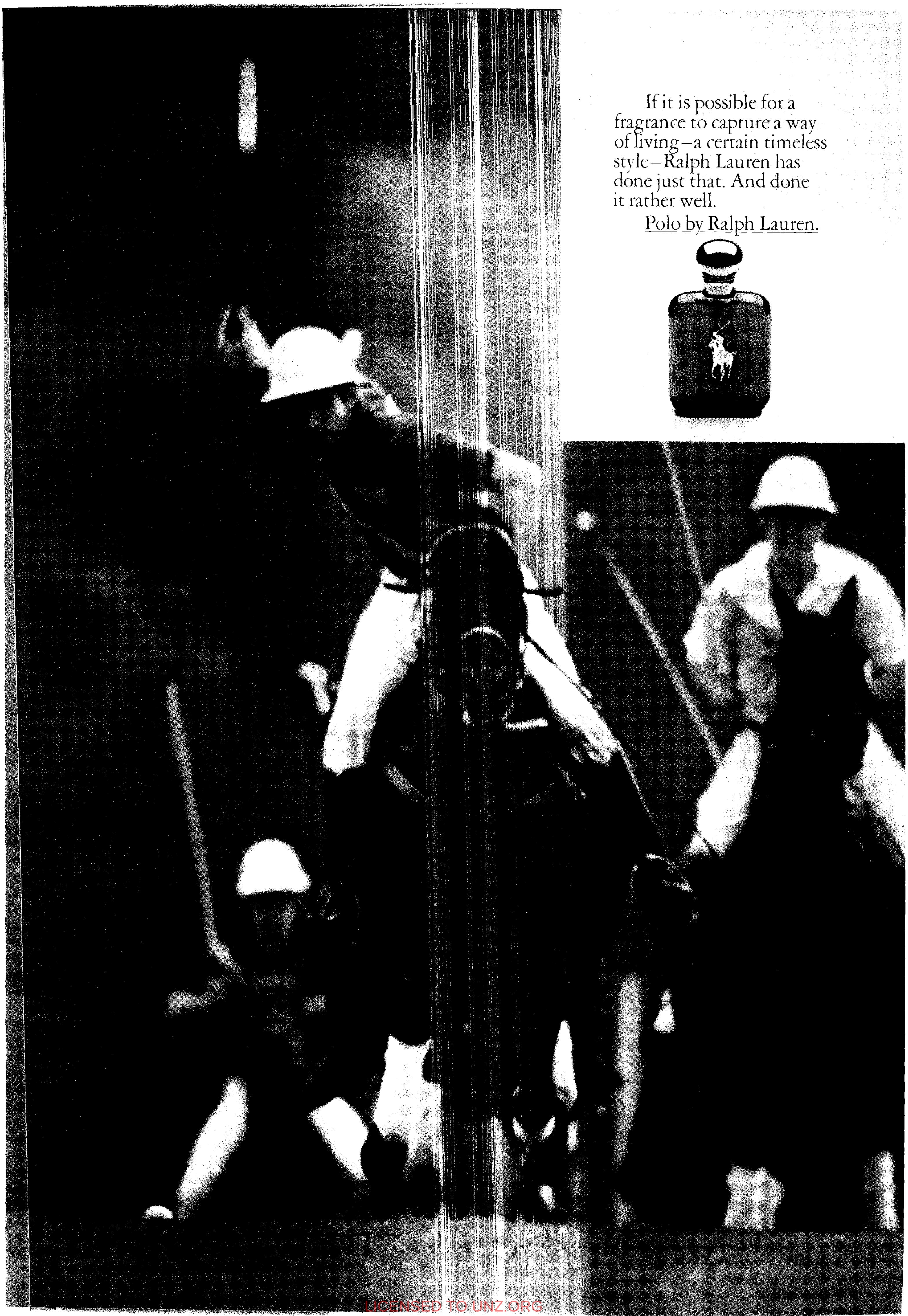

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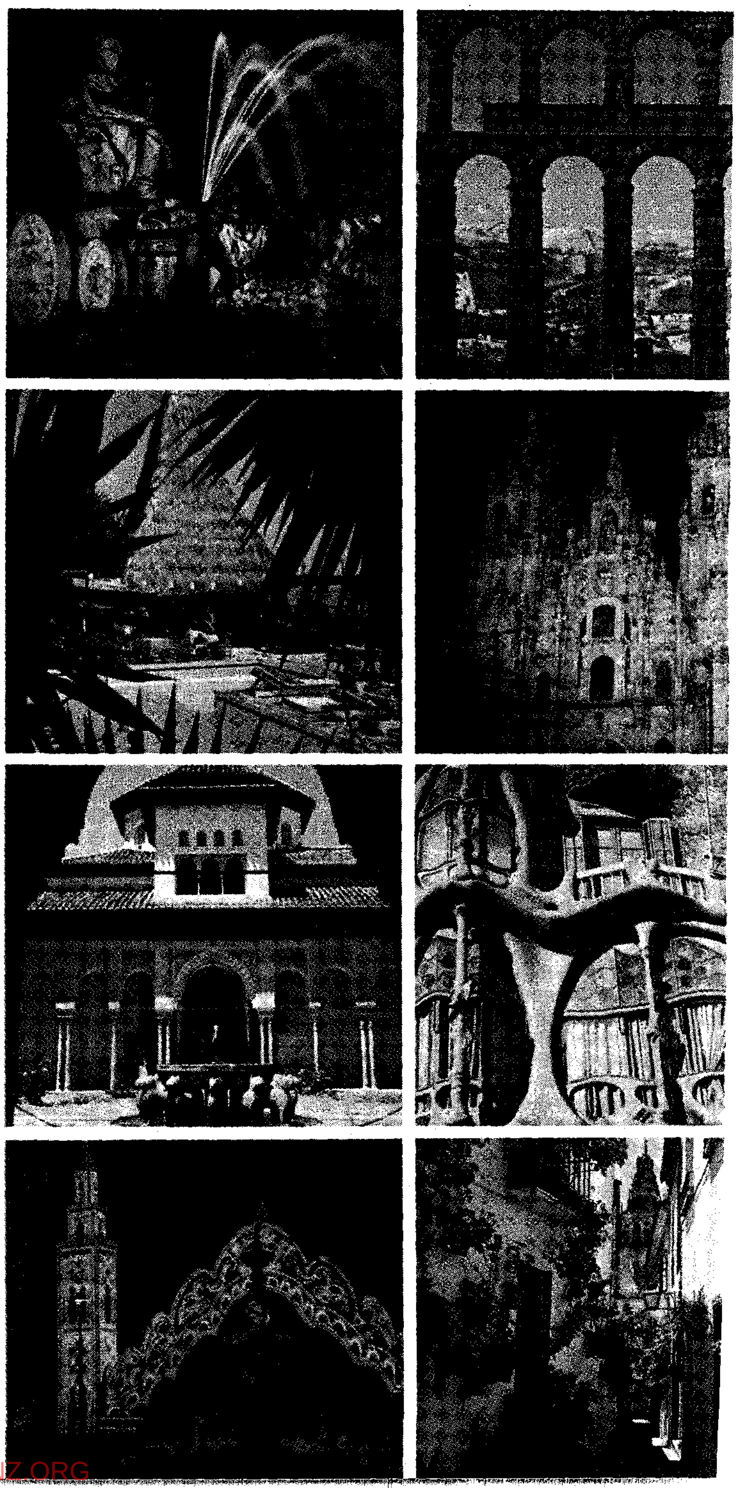

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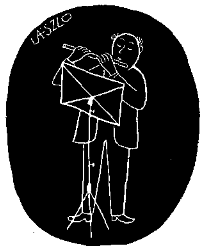
MUSICAL EVENTS

Tableaux

EZRA LADERMAN's opera "Galileo Galilei" was given its first performance last month, by the Tri-Cities Opera, in Binghamton, New York. The piece was expanded from a ninety-minute oratorio commissioned by CBS television and filmed in Riverside Church in 1967. The libretto is by Joe Darion. It is not so much a drama, like Brecht's "Leben des Galilei," as a dramatized documentary—facts of Galileo's life laid out in a series of tableaux. There are three acts, of increasing length: roughly twenty-five, forty, and fifty minutes. In the first of them, Galileo, in youth, falls foul of his hidebound colleagues at the University of Padua and then hears a chorus of the mindless, threatening mob. In the second, a Papal council considers his unorthodox teaching; the women in his life—his mistress, his daughters, his bawds—sing of him; and Cardinal Bellarmine establishes the terms by which the Church will allow him to publish: he must propound the Copernican theory as a hypothesis only. In Act III, under a new Pope, Galileo is hauled before the Inquisition; after a long, distasteful dance of torture, he recants. In an epilogue, old and blind, he defiantly sends off his last book to Holland for publication. There is no theatrical action. There is little conflict except in dialogues between Galileo and his Friend, a mezzo-soprano role and less a character than a sharer of what would otherwise be soliloquies. Nevertheless, "Galileo Galilei" worked well in the theatre and held the attention securely. The score is arresting, and the staging was brilliant. The libretto is less cogent, being at once glib and humdrum. In a program note, Darion and Laderman say, "Galileo Galilei had within him everything that is good and noble in mankind and everything that is weak and mean and ignoble—which is to say that he was a human being like all the rest of us. But . . . his genius lit up the skies, and his weaknesses brought him before the Inquisition and under the shadow of the rope and the flames." That is fluffy, and inapplicable to both the historical and this operatic Galileo. It was hardly the man's weaknesses that brought him before the Inquisition. He was never in serious danger of torture. And in the character as represented there is nothing particularly good and noble, and nothing particularly mean and ignoble except, maybe, a lack of emotional generosity in dealings with women.



The opera invites comparisons with others based on historical personages: Pfitzner's "Palestrina," Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," and, above all, his "Die Harmonie der Welt," which is about Galileo's contemporary Johannes Kepler. When the comparisons are made, the plainness of Laderman's and Darion's opera and their reluctance to transcend the documentary framework become apparent. Pfitzner's Palestrina is a musician wrestling with style, tradition, and the contradictory impulses of personal weariness and artistic duty. Hindemith's Mathis is an artist discovering whether he can better serve suffering mankind with a sword or with his art. Hindemith's Kepler is at once a philosopher seeking (like Hindemith) to descry a harmonious order beneath the muddles of life and a scientist reluctant to serve employers who may harness his discoveries to destruction. In all three operas, a listener senses and shares the creators' concerns. The conflicts and affirmations of the plot inspire and are made manifest in the music. The subjects are important and of personal application to anyone who ever wonders how he should spend his days in this world. Not so "Galileo Galilei," which does not go beyond a this happened and then that happened. The creators point no parable, pronounce no judgment, explicit or implicit, and do not invite their listeners to define and judge. Nevertheless, what happens happens in a lively way.

Laderman's forte is writing catchy jingles: "Seven is a holy number" (a scherzo for a trio of professors), "The Anonymous Beast of Rome" (a scherzo macabre for the mob), "The Holy Mother Church" (a chromatic chorale), "Simple as a sword, Clean, clean, clean as a flame" (a Carl Orff-like rhythmic chant for the torturers), "He took us and used us and gave us away" (a lilting lament that punctuates the women's scene). From these jingles, chants, refrains, brought back to underpin the free passages of recitative or lyrical arioso, extended scenes are built. Jingles apart, the music is hard to describe. It is decent, satisfying, intelligently and strongly made. But I hear no note of passion in it. Good sense, not inner necessity, seems to have said: Cast the Friend as a mezzo-soprano, and add the central scene of bawds, etc., so that women's voices may provide some variety in an otherwise all-male drama. The disagreeable song-and-dance torture sequence is there as if in response to the question How can we introduce action into Act III? At the last, in Galileo's final solo, some emotion does shine out, in the setting of "The earth moves! The truth is the truth! It is God's truth, and to deny it is to deny God! . . . I abjure my abjuration!"

The performance, given by the Tri-Cities Opera in collaboration with the State University of New York at Binghamton, where Laderman teaches, was excellent. Carmen Savoca, who directed, and Peyton Hibbitt, who conducted, founded the Tri-Cities Opera thirty years ago. Their company has been the nursery for several admirable young singers—among them Cynthia Clarey, Louise Wohlafka, and Jake Gardner. Although the repertory has been pretty conservative—"The Barber" the only Rossini, "Lucia" the only Donizetti, "Carmen" the only Bizet, no Marschner or Moniuszko, Keiser or Handel, Fauré or César Franck—there are two previous world premières in the annals: Myron Fink's "Jeremiah" and Richard Brooks's chamber opera "Rapunzel." "Galileo" had a lofty, light, handsome set, by John Bielenberg—an airy construction, open to Galileo's starry skies, that could hold all the chorus and allow them to move about on various levels. Staging, lighting, and costuming were intelligent, stylish, and helpful to the piece. Kenneth Bell was impressive in the title role, and others of the large cast who deserve mention are Catherine Allard (one of Galileo's daughters), Gerald Grahame and Bruce Reed (Interrogator in the alternate casts), Randolph Messing (Bellarmine), and Robert Lischetti (Urban VIII). The chorus of fifty sang their important and not easy music with clarity and confidence. The three cities served by the company are Binghamton, Endicott, and Johnson City. It plays in the Binghamton Forum, a large theatre, seating fifteen hundred, but one in which just about every word was clear.

"MATHIS DER MALER" heads my list of unjustly neglected twentieth-century operas. Neither the Metropolitan nor the City Opera has yet got round to producing it. (London's two big companies have been equally remiss.) Hindemith's preceding opera, the comedy "Neues vom Tage," was given its New York première by the

Manhattan School of Music this month. This was a stylish, accurate, and spirited presentation of one of the best twentieth-century comic operas. The plot is slight as can be—a set of connected sketches satirizing the sensational press and the public taste to which it panders. The title could be translated "The Daily News;" in fact, the piece was done in a bright English translation, by Don Moreland, as "News of the Day." Beneath the fun and foolery there is sharpness and twinkling, clear-eyed observation. The music, wonderfully resourceful, affords pleasures like those of listening to Bach at his most exuberantly inventive. Neatness, energy, wit, and variety of motion, texture, and color conspire to delight one.

The staging was by Lou Galterio, who strikes me as the best American opera director. Maxine Willi Klein's scenery and Steven Feldman's costumes were smart, pretty Art Deco—a style that may have become a designer's cliché but was here used freshly, elegantly, and with distinction as a perfect match for the late-twenties music. I heard—twice over, for the opera was almost new to me (and far more enjoyable here than I had found it in a fussy Vienna Volksoper staging)—trim performances from Lauren Wagner and Richard Harrell, as Laura and Edward, the principal roles; from Marc Krause, as Mr. Herman, the professional co-respondent; from Mikki Shiff, as a reporter; from just about everyone in the large, well-prepared cast. How many professional companies could muster a chorus of a dozen young, pretty blond secretaries all looking exactly alike and precisely in period? Bruce Ferden, conducting, moved rather jerkily, and he was very prominent, for he had been jacked up waist-high out of the pit, but he kept the music flowing and sounded lines as well as rhythms. There was good playing from the student orchestra. Dorothy Uris had coached the cast to sing English properly. Hindemith's revised score, of 1953, vocally less florid than the 1929 original, was used. The production was a high point of New York's operatic season so far—something to set beside the Met's "Billy Budd" and the City Opera's "Street Scene."

IN 1833, the year after "L'Elisir d'Amore," Donizetti brought out four unusual and very successful operas. All four could boast distinguished literary origins: "Il Furioso all'Isola di San Domingo" is after—a long way after—an episode in "Don Quixote;" "Parisina" is after Byron; "Torquato Tasso" has Goethe, Goldoni, and Byron in its ancestry; and "Lucrezia Borgia" is after Victor Hugo. Three of the four operas are set in Ferrara, at the Este court. Two of them, "Il Furioso" and "Tasso," were composed for a twenty-two-year-old baritone, Giorgio Ronconi (later Verdi's first Nabucco), who seems to have inspired both the librettist, Jacopo Ferretti, and the composer to venture beyond the bounds of Ottocento formula and write psychologically far-ranging dramas. Cardenio, the hero of "Il Furioso," has been driven mad by his wife's unfaithfulness; subject to fits of violence, he wanders through the lush Caribbean island. There is no subplot: the opera is concerned with the effects of his encountering his wife and his brother, and his eventual return to sanity. So far as I know, neither of these two baritone operas has received a worthy revival in our day; no new young Ronconi has appeared to bring them back into the limelight. A Siena production of "Il Furioso," in 1958, with Ugo Savarese and Gabriella Tucci, had no immediate issue. Then the opera was cut to shreds in Spoleto, Italy, in 1967, and again in "Spoleto U.S.A.," alias Charleston, last year. Last month's production, by the New Opera Theatre of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, restored some but not all of the missing music. Once again, a reduced orchestration was used. Even so, the small orchestra played too loud; Richard Dufallo, conducting, drowned singers whom he should have accompanied. The scenery and costumes were borrowed from Spoleto. The direction, by Ian Strasfogel, did not extend to getting the chorus to move competently. The result was village-hall opera with a mixture of some accomplished elements. Although Stephen Dickson lacked the vocal resources to do justice to the richness of the title role, he seemed to feel the force of the music. Pamela Myers, the soprano, had her moments; her voice is a potentially exciting instrument, as yet unschooled. The tenor, Richard Barrett, was painful, and the buffo, Donnie Ray Albert, unpolished. Nevertheless, something came across. It was not an evening wasted. One got an idea of what this picturesque, passionate opera might be when properly done. Sensibly, it was sung in English, but the cast needed Mrs. Uris's attention. From the protagonist we had things like "I'm-a in-a love-a with-a you."

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Vocal Vivaldi

AS an opera composer, Antonio Vivaldi has been somewhat neglected. A first recording of one of his numerous operas, "Tito Manlio," has recently appeared, done by a brilliant cast that includes Giancarlo Luccardi, Rose Wagemann, Julia Hamari, Birgit Finnilä, Margaret Marshall, Domenico Trimarchi, Norma Lerer, and Claes Ahnsjö, with the Berlin Radio Chorus, the Berlin Chamber Orchestra, and various instrumental soloists, under the baton of Vittorio Negri (Philips 6769 004; ten sides). The work is squarely in the *opera-seria* tradition, though it

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has a happy ending. The libretto concerns a war between the Romans and the Latins, with a couple of love affairs crossing the battle lines. I hope this is the first product of a worthwhile venture by Philips into Vivaldi's operatic output. The performance is wonderful.

EDUARD VAN BEINUM was one of the greatest maestros to deal with the Romantic repertoire. A contemporary of Toscanini and Furtwängler, he succeeded Willem Mengelberg at the head of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw. A good cross-section of his remarkable abilities is provided by an album called "The Art of Eduard van Beinum," issued recently by Philips (6768 023, mono; sixteen sides). The anthology contained in the album ranges all the way from Bruckner's Fifth Symphony to Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Everything is magnificently done—by his own Concertgebouw Orchestra—but the Bruckner Fifth stands out. Van Beinum was among the best Bruckner conductors of his time.

There is something very special about Bulgarian choruses, with their powerful, deep-bass singers. Just issued is Rachmaninoff's "Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom," sung a cappella by the Chorus of the Bulgarian Radio, of Sofia, under the baton of Mikhil Milkov (Angel SB-3864; four sides). This is one of Rachmaninoff's half-dozen or so religious works, written more or less in the style of the old Slavonic Chant, and sung in Church Slavonic. It is deeply moving, and is performed with enormous fervor.

Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2, already familiar on records, has been newly recorded by the Rotterdam Philharmonic, under Edo de Waart (Philips 9500 309; single disc). It is eloquently done.

It is pleasant to report that a significant number of contemporary American composers are breaking loose from the tyranny of Schoenberg's twelve-tone system and other atonal methods, and have returned to writing what I would call communicative music. Peters International has just released a record containing Alan Hovhaness's "Talin," Wayne Barlow's "The Winter's Passed," Jeffrey Kaufman's Pastorale for Strings, Nicolas Flagello's "Adoration" from "The Judgment of St. Francis," and Jean Berger's Short Overture for Strings (PLE 071; single). All of these are worthwhile compositions. The Hovhaness work was inspired by an ancient Armenian cathedral he visited, and is somewhat Oriental in flavor. The Barlow is based on Appalachian folk music, and has an elegiac quality. The Kaufman is nostalgic and melodious, and the Berger item is neoclassical and sprightly.

Randall Thompson's Symphony No. 1 and his "The Testament of Freedom" have been recorded by the Utah Symphony and Utah Chorale, under the baton of Maurice Abravanel, with Alexander Schreiner at the organ (Angel S-37315; single). I have always regarded Thompson as our finest living symphonist, and though his First Symphony is not quite equal to his second, it is still the work of a master craftsman. "The Testament of Freedom" is stirring in its patriotic fervor.

Gene Gutchë and Vincent Persichetti are two of the most individualistic composers working in America today. Gutchë's "Icarus" and Persichetti's "The Hollow Men" have recently appeared on a record—the first work performed by the Rochester Philharmonic, under David Zinman, and the second by the Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York, with R. Ted Parker, trumpet, under Robert Karrenin (Turnabout TV 34705; single). Both composers write atonally and are a bit noisy, but Gutchë in particular has a remarkably original style.

Works for trumpet, two oboes, bassoon, strings, and continuo by Telemann, Johann Melchior Molter, and Johann Friedrich Fasch are performed by André Bernard, trumpet; Pierre Pierlot and Jacques Chambon, oboes; Jean-Pierre Laroque, bassoon; and the Ensemble Instrumental de France, Jean-Pierre Wallez conductor (Peters International PLE 067; single). Mr. Bernard is certainly a virtuoso on the high Baroque trumpet, and the music is generally agreeable and the performance skillful.

The contemporary Soviet composer Rodion Shchedrin's Concertos Nos. 1 and 3 for Piano and Orchestra have been recorded by the U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra, with the composer as soloist, under the direction of Evgeni Svetlanov (Melodiya/Westminster WG-8359; single). Shchedrin is a powerful composer in the tradition of Prokofieff, and his Concerto No. 1 is a masterpiece. The No. 3 is atonal and less interesting, but all the music is exciting, and both concertos are well played.

Schumann's Concerto in A Minor for Cello and Orchestra and Saint-Saëns' Concerto No. 1 for the same instruments are performed by Janos Starker with the Philharmonia Orchestra, under the baton of Carlo Maria Giulini (Seraphim S-60266;

single). Starker is one of the outstanding cello virtuosos of today, with a distinguished style and perfect technique. This is a recording of special quality.

The Russian whiz-bang pianist Lazar Berman plays Schubert's Sonata in B Flat, Opus Posthumous D. 960 (Angel S-37495; single). This is virtuoso playing in the grand manner.

Gabrieli's Canzoni e Sonate—from the Sacrae Symphoniae (1597), which was written for an ensemble at St. Mark's in Venice, and from Canzoni e Sonate (1615)—have been recorded by the London Cornett and Sackbut Ensemble, Andrew Parrott conductor (Archiv Produktion 2533 406; single). The performance is meticulous, and the music has great power.

THERE are a number of standard war-horses that have recently shown up, all of them played with the utmost brilliance and authenticity. One is Sibelius's Symphony No. 1, performed by the Moscow Radio Large Symphony Orchestra, Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting (Melodiya/Westminster WG-8361; single). Another is Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," done by the Dresden State Orchestra, under Rudolf Kempe (Seraphim S-60315; single). Still another is Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," coupled with his "Don Juan," played by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, under Bernard Haitink, with Tibor de Machula, cello (Philips 9500 440; single).

Richard Cumming's Twenty-four Preludes, along with Samuel Barber's Sonata for Piano, have been recorded by John Browning (Desto Records DC 7120; single). Mr. Browning's performances are, of course, scrupulous. The Barber sonata is well known. Mr. Cumming's Preludes, which are alternately contemplative and spirited, are tonally ambiguous but well written for the piano and pleasing to the ear.

The remarkable Irish flutist James Galway, with the assistance of I Solisti di Zagreb, under Tonko Ninic, concertmaster, has recorded two Bach concertos along with his Suite in B Minor (RCA ARL1-2907; single). Galway has a powerful tone, which permits him more leeway in dynamics than most flutists possess. His technique is scintillating and his Bach style impeccable. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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AFFAIRS OF STATE

MARCH 11

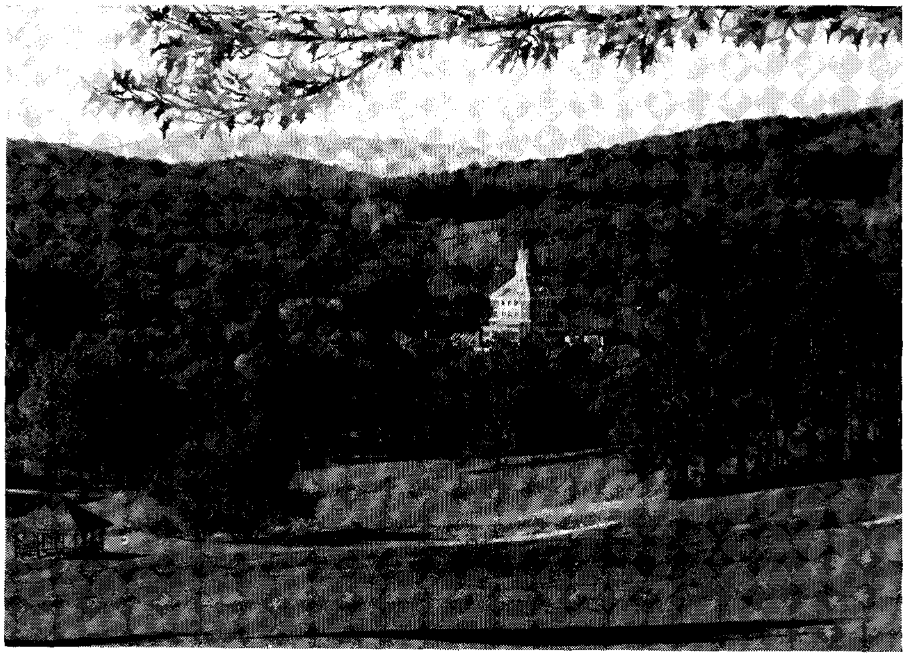
ACCORDING to the National Taxpayer's Union, twenty-eight state legislatures, six short of the required two-thirds, have passed resolutions—or "applications," to use the language of Article V of the Constitution—petitioning Congress to call a convention for the purpose of proposing and ratifying a constitutional amendment that would mandate a balanced federal budget. Though it would seem rather a simple matter to verify such a claim, in fact it is not. Some legislatures have not officially apprised the House and Senate of the action they are reported to have taken. Whether these omissions or oversights are of legal consequence is, like so much about the amendment process, far from clear, though obviously Congress cannot respond to petitions it has not received. In one state, Nevada, the legislature has passed a resolution and the governor has vetoed it; whether the veto invalidates the application is another unsettled legal question. Iowa is counted as a state that has made an application, but last month its legislature passed a resolution giving Congress until July 1, 1980, to approve a budget-balancing amendment of its own, thus making a convention unnecessary. (Scores of such proposed amendments are currently on the House and Senate calendars.) The language of the amendments proposed by the legislatures varies from state to state and from sponsor to sponsor. In some states, the upper and lower houses have adopted different phraseologies. Some of the amendments are simple to the point of being simplistic—for example, one-sentence stipulations that expenditures shall not exceed revenues in any given year. Others define their terms at considerable length. Delaware's application calls for a convention only when thirty-three other states support an amendment in precisely the wording that Delaware has chosen; thus far, no state has done this.

Most opinion surveys show that more than seventy per cent of Americans want a balanced budget and some sort of law requiring one. In Congress, where everyone preaches fiscal responsibility, enthusiasm for an amendment is minimal and for a constitutional convention just about nonexistent. It is to be assumed that by no means all those who have sponsored their own versions of an amendment are eager to see them become part of the Constitution. For one thing, the members of a Congress that, perhaps by simple miscalculation, outspent revenues might be subject to imprisonment or other penalties. For another, Congress—like the President, who has described a convention as "the worst imaginable route" to a balanced budget—has responsibilities other than fiscal, and the approval that would meet an amendment might, in political terms, be offset by the anger of those interests that would have to live with reduced appropriations. For there is not much doubt that a balanced budget—a genuine one, and not a mere exercise in arithmetical coverup—would be costly to state and municipal governments and would increase unemployment. (Had an amendment been in force five years ago, the unemployment rate, according to Charles Schultze, the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, would have been almost half again as high, reaching twelve per cent instead of eight and a half.) Moreover, there are few who see a balanced budget, mandated or otherwise, as an effective curb on inflation. That government spending and profligacy are a large causative factor no one denies, and in many quarters—among investors here and in money markets abroad—there would be a rise in confidence if the deficit were reduced to zero. But Lawrence Klein, an economist at the University of Pennsylvania and one of Carter's principal advisers in his 1976 campaign, has estimated that a shift from a twenty-nine-billion-dollar deficit in 1980 to a balance in 1983 would bring down the rate of inflation by only one or possibly two per cent. Chase Econometrics, a forecasting service of the Chase Manhattan Bank, is less sanguine, putting

"Another drink du jour, please."

the figure at between one-half and one per cent.

Still, it seems more than likely that this Congress will adopt and submit to the states what—except in the improbable event that an anti-abortion or an equal-rights amendment is adopted earlier—would be the twenty-seventh amendment. Such a proposed amendment would be supported, reluctantly, by many who see no great value in it but would vote for almost anything that would avert the calling of a constitutional convention. Most lawyers and legislators find the very thought of such a gathering chilling and subversive. Even non-lawyers and anti-spending zealots like Howard Jarvis, who spearheaded the movement for California's Proposition Thirteen, are scandalized by the prospect. "It would put the Constitution back on the drawing board, where every radical crackpot or special-interest group would have the chance to write the supreme law of the land," Jarvis recently said. A study commissioned by the American Bar Association five years ago concluded that a convention could be an "orderly mechanism . . . [for] change when circumstances require its use"—provided its jurisdiction could be settled in advance and its deliberations limited to specified subjects—but the fear of what Senator Kennedy has called "a darker side to the amendment process" is based on the fact that Article V, although a model of spare and concise language, has nothing to say about how a convention is to be organized, and sets no limits on its authority. The only convention ever held was the one in Philadelphia in 1787; its ostensible purpose was to make certain changes in the Articles of Confederation, but what it did was to jettison that charter and write an entirely new and very different one. There is nothing in Article V that would prevent this from happening again, and it is at least theoretically possible that another convention could reinstate segregation, and even slavery; throw out much or all of the Bill of Rights (free speech, free press, separation of church and state, the prohibition against unreasonable searches and seizures); eliminate the Fourteenth Amendment's due-process clause and reverse any Supreme Court decision the members didn't like, including the one-man-one-vote rule; and perhaps, for good measure, eliminate the Supreme Court itself. (Before he died, in 1969, Everett Dirksen, the Republican leader in the Senate, almost succeeded in a campaign to call a convention to over-



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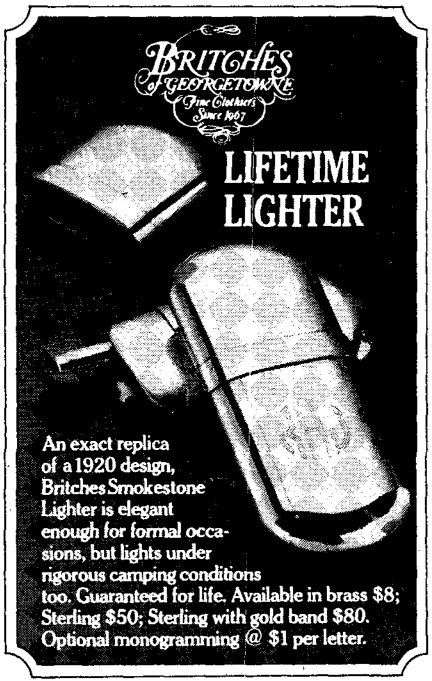

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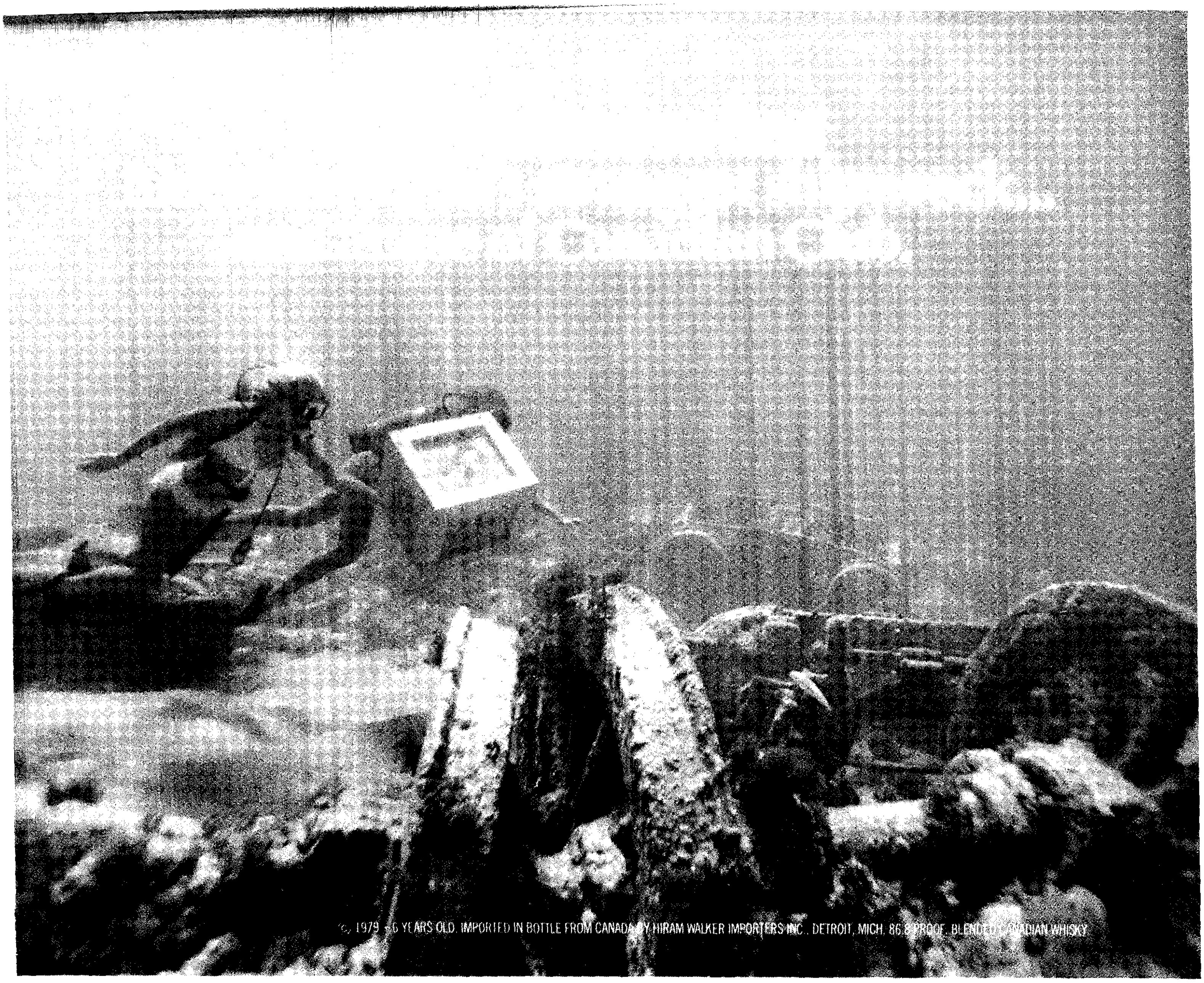
turn the one-man-one-vote decision; all but one of the necessary thirty-four states had adopted resolutions to that effect, and if he had lived he might have kept the movement going and won the support of one more legislature.) The junking of major provisions of the Constitution would no doubt lead to great disorder—possibly even to civil war—but, strictly speaking, such actions would no more constitute a usurpation of power than did the actions of the Framers two centuries ago. Congress might try to lay down—in advance—some ground rules, establishing, for example, such matters as the eligibility of delegates, the manner in which they might be elected or selected, the role of the judiciary, and whether simple majorities, or two-thirds or three-fourths or whatever, should carry the day. No present laws are addressed to these subjects, and, as Harriet Pilpel, the New York attorney, pointed out in a recent Op-Ed article in the *Times*, "no set of rules presented by one Congress would necessarily be binding on either the convention or the next Congress." The convention might—and not illegally—declare itself superior to the Congress.

There is a case against a budget-balancing amendment that has nothing to do with the economic wisdom of any specific proposal or with the hidden dangers of a convention. It is simply that the amendment process should be used as sparingly as a surgeon's knife, and only as a legislative tool of last resort. The Constitution as it stands is a model of its kind, not only because it outlines (except in Article V) the procedures of orderly government and offers protection to the individual against the state but also because it is couched in language that is straightforward for the most part and is mercifully brief and free from clutter. Its very brevity is one of the features that have commended it to other new republics and democracies. Since the first ten amendments—the Bill of Rights—it has been amended only sixteen times, or only fourteen if one counts the Eighteenth Amendment (Prohibition) and the Twenty-first (Repeal) as cancelling one another out. An amendment dealing with such a relatively abstruse and complicated matter as the relationship between financial outlays and revenues (unless it were to be as simple, and essentially meaningless, as some of the proposed versions) would have to be full of definitions, and, as Senator Muskie has said, would come close to introducing algebraic formulas into a document that can at present be read at a sitting and understood, though not without some expenditure of intellectual energy, by any reasonably literate citizen. In contrast to it, the Constitution of the State of New York is so long and has been so often amended that it is difficult even for jurists to recall what is in it and what is not. Milton Friedman, the Nobel laureate in economics, and a group of colleagues have drafted a proposal for a budget-balancing amendment that would, in their view, meet the technical objections raised by their conservative fellow-economists and their liberal critics. Its language is not cloudy or ambiguous; there is so much of it, though, that one provision uses more words than the entire Bill of Rights.

One theory holds that the vagaries of Article V—its failure to limit the powers of the convention or deal with procedural details—were no mere oversight but a deliberate use by the Framers of a scare tactic that would present Congress with such a dangerous alternative to the responsible use of its own powers that no convention would ever be held. "The convention method of amending the Constitution," William Safire, an advocate of the amendment proposed by Friedman, has written, "was provided by the Founding Fathers as a way of lighting a fire under the Congress if the government in Washington did not prove responsive to the will of most of the states." In a television interview last month, Governor Brown said that the "harsh winds" generated by the threat of a convention were "essential" for getting action in Washington. The drafters of the Constitution were a canny lot, but it seems unlikely that any of them thought of Article V as a kind of legalistic hotfoot. And if they did—if their idea was to promote *legislative responsibility*—their method, or non-method, accomplished nothing of the sort. Senator Dirksen scored a near-miss when he sought by means of a constitutional convention to set aside the Supreme Court decision on equitable representation. And many years earlier, when extending the suffrage to eighteen-year-olds was a lively issue (the eighteen-year-old vote finally



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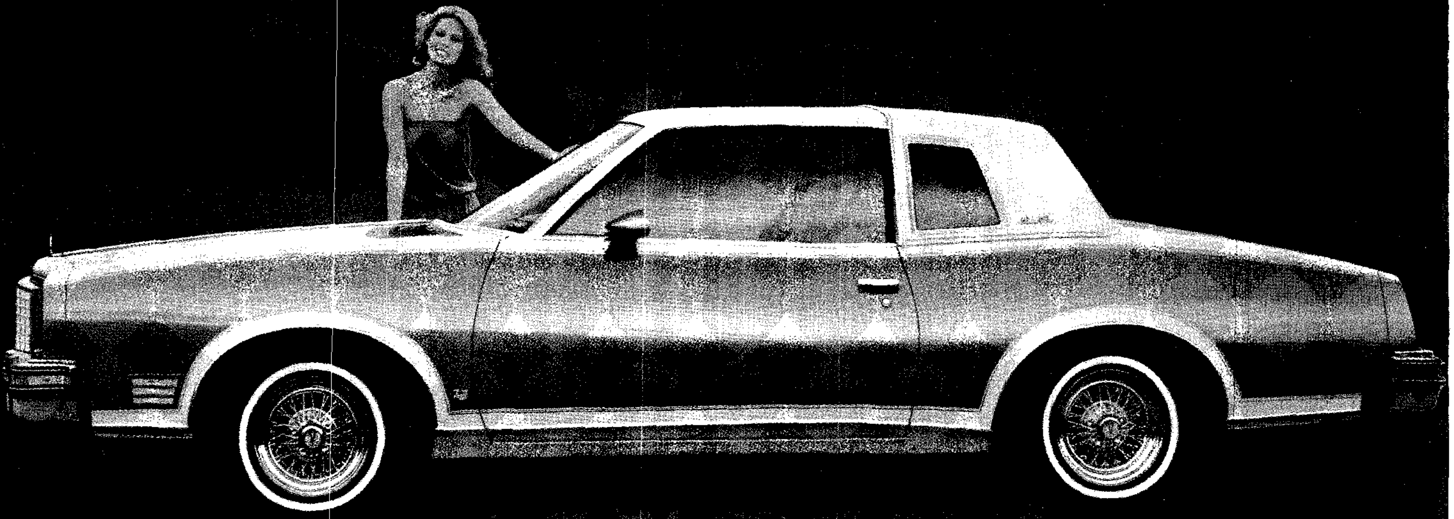

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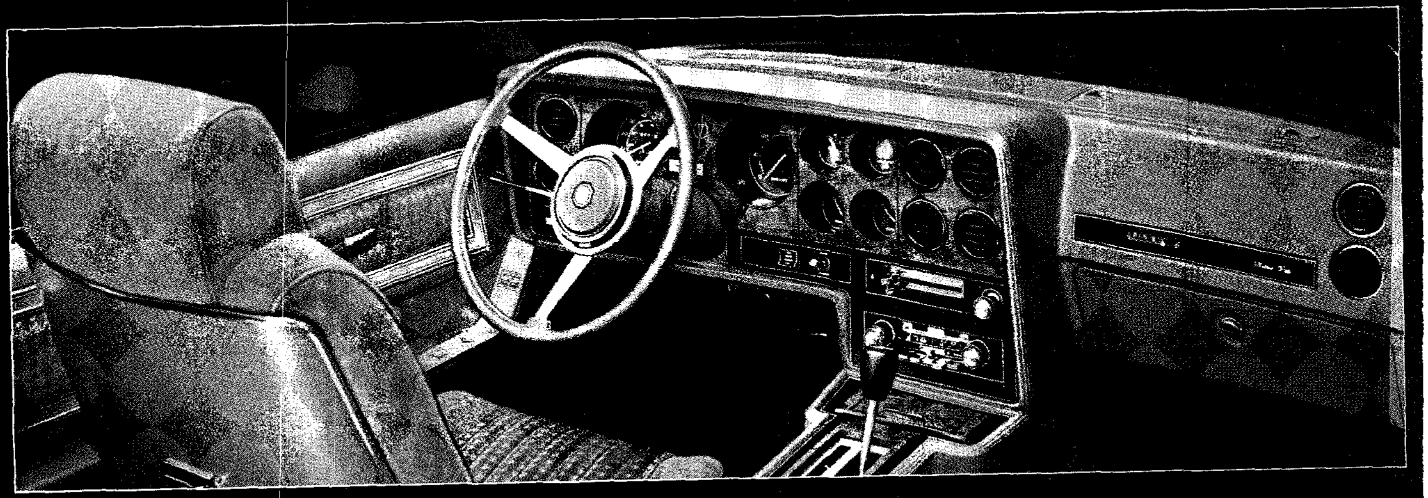

THE 1979 PONTIACS OUR BEST GET BETTER

became law with the adoption of the Twenty-sixth Amendment, in 1971), he quite candidly explained that he was using Article V as a means of *avoiding* his senatorial responsibilities. He himself had no strong views on the subject, he said; he merely wanted Congress to approve the suffrage amendment so that it could exercise "its prerogative under the Constitution of the United States by saying to the States of the Union, 'It is your baby now. Call in the people and hear from them, and then determine what, in your judgment, should be done.' " As for what was determined by the legislatures, he said he could look upon it with a gratifying detachment. "If the legislatures say 'No,' that will be all right with the junior Senator from Illinois; if they say 'Yes,' it will also be all right with me." And when Thomas Hennings, then the leading constitutional scholar in the Senate, questioned this approach, Dirksen's colleague William Knowland, then the Republican leader, said, "What in the world are [you] afraid of in submitting the matter to the . . . States of the Union? Why not let the states express themselves? I am willing to rely on the judgment of the states."

Many of the scores of proposed amendments on the calendars of the House and Senate Judiciary Committees bear the names of so many sponsors that one gets the feeling there is hardly a self-respecting member of Congress who does not have some plan to improve the Constitution. However, the subjects dealt with, and the remedies proposed, amount to no more than ten or fifteen, and in many cases the language of the amendments is identical, or nearly so. Budget-balancing leads the list, and those amendments that do more than state a general principle—expenditures must not exceed revenues—vary mostly in the ceilings they set on the percentage of the gross national product that may be spent on federal projects; the figures range from a low of fifteen per cent to a high of thirty-three and a third. (In most cases, the military, as might be expected, is exempt from these standards of frugality.) There are several amendments that deal with abortion—"Due process and equal protection [shall be] afforded to an individual from the moment of conception"—and some that would override statutes outlawing capital punishment. (The solicitude of the right-to-life movement seems never to extend to certain classes of felons.) Many proposed amendments would legitimize prayer in schools and other public buildings. There are many anti-

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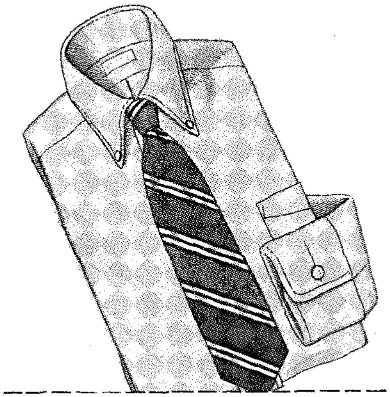

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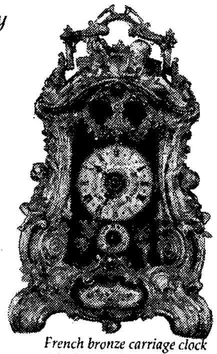

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busing proposals—some giving parents the right to choose the schools their children may attend, others requiring attendance on the basis of propinquity. There are proposals to abolish the Electoral College and provide for the direct election of the President and Vice-President, and one for maintaining that archaic institution but giving statewide winners a bonus of electoral votes, which would insure that the winner of the popular vote would have no chance of being counted out when the electors meet. There are some that would provide for a single six-year term for President and Vice-President, and others that would limit the terms of judges and force retirement at a certain age, generally seventy-five. And, clearly in response to Watergate, there are several that would give Congress the right to approve or disapprove Presidential pardons, especially for "a criminal offense against the United States for which [a] person has not been convicted."

Of the proposed amendments on this year's docket, only a few of which are being considered by the appropriate subcommittees, it can be said that most deal with problems that are of serious national concern or, like those sponsored by the anti-abortion movement, at least embody the convictions of significant and determined constituencies. Some could be enacted by statutes, or else the principles behind them could be established by the courts. (There are many legislators who support the equal-rights amendment largely because they do not wish to be associated with its opponents, but who believe that its essential guarantees could be provided outside the Constitution. The amendment itself, though a twenty-four-word model of compression and precision, will, if finally passed, be a subject of much *litigation*—possibly with the kind of "separate but equal" decisions that bedevilled the civil-rights movement for so many decades.) Few of the proposed amendments, though, are essentially frivolous, which is more than can be said for many proposals that were under consideration in earlier years. It used to be that the amendment process provided a convenient way for harried legislators to get rid of friends and supporters who came in with the most politically *outré* propositions—those of single taxers, vegetarians, members of the Flat Earth Society, and the like—by saying that their schemes merited serious debate and were of such fundamental, even revolutionary, importance that they should be set in the form of amend-

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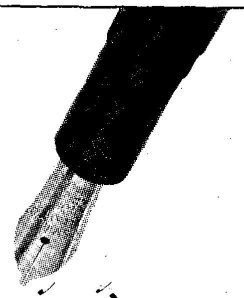
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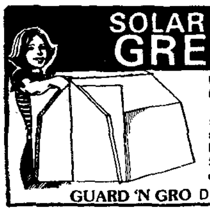
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ments to the Constitution. This would hugely impress the petitioners and get the legislators off the hook. This year, there are a few proposals for abolishing the income tax (repealing the Sixteenth Amendment); in earlier years there were scores of them. A quarter of a century ago, the Senate had under consideration an amendment that would redefine treason in such a way that it would apply not only to those sworn to the destruction of the state but to anyone attempting to "weaken it . . . whether or not by force or violence." In the climate that then prevailed, it had considerable support. The Bricker amendment, which would have taken control of foreign policy from a quite cautious and circumspect President, Dwight Eisenhower, and put it in the hands of a hawkish Congress, came within a single vote of passing the Senate. (Two decades later, when the hawks were in the White House and Congress was a restraining force, the War Powers Act of 1973 redressed some of the balance.) Another amendment proposed in the Eisenhower years would have invalidated the First Amendment with the assertion "This nation devoutly recognizes the authority and law of Jesus Christ, Saviour and Ruler of Nations, through whom are bestowed the blessings of Almighty God." Still another would have prevented "interference with or limitation upon the power of any state to regulate health, morals, education, marriage, and good order in the state." Had that passed, it would have been a state's-right law with a vengeance, keeping all three branches of the federal government out of activities in many fields in which they have been busying themselves over the intervening years. Perhaps the amendment most needed now is one clarifying the whole amendment process.

—Richard Rovere

•

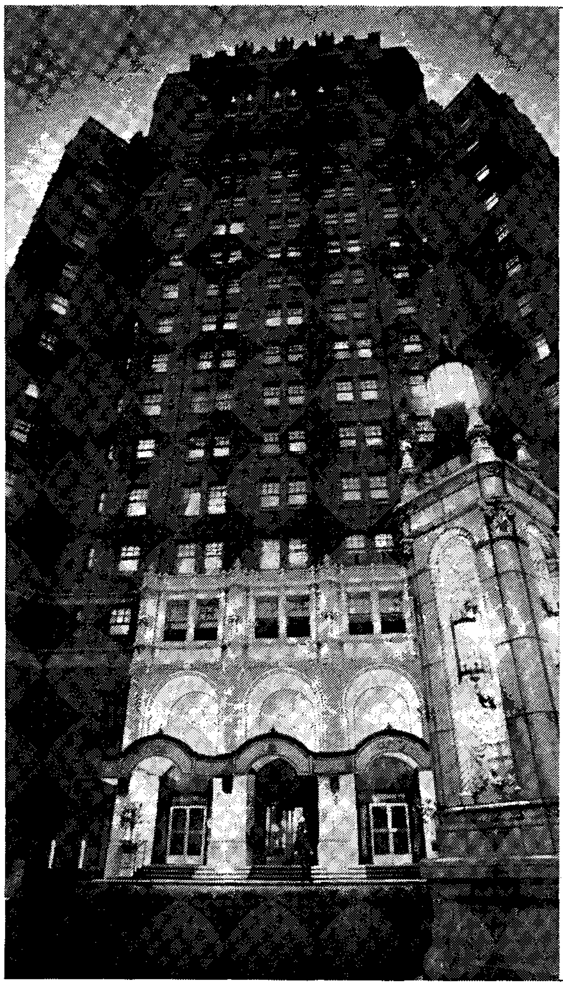
Bats have good eyesight and can see in daylight, but commonly fly at night. According to the sixth-century B.C. Greek philosopher Aesop, avoidance of creditors was the bats' motivation for night flying, and there have been various other explanations.—*"Pictorial Guide to the Mammals of North America," by Leonard L. Rue III.*

Aesop was a notorious deadbeat.

•

Mr. Cox said the baby was conceived while studying in England and it voided their insurance.—*Harvard University Gazette.*

Must have taxed their credulity, too.



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Arts of Survival

Bertolt Brecht died on August 14, 1956. He had carefully chosen the site of his own grave. It lies, as Klaus Völker tells us in his full-scale "Brecht: A Biography" (The Seabury Press; $14.95), in the Dorotheen Cemetery of Berlin, diagonally across from that of Hegel. The neighborhood is indicative. Like Hegel, Brecht anchored his sense of human reality inside history. Like Hegel, he found drama peculiarly expressive of the elemental and enduring facts of both private and social conflict. They both used the word "dialectic" to cover wide areas of what they took to be the fierce but creative collisions and contradictions in human affairs. But Brecht distrusted Hegel's abstruseness, his insistence on a magisterial, systematic treatment of philosophical questions, and his ultimate alliance with the powers that were. Brecht felt that all important truths were inseparable from the roughage of matter, from the defiant disorders of common existence. During his exile in Denmark, in the nineteen-thirties, Brecht decorated an oak beam in his workroom with the words "THE TRUTH IS CONCRETE" and kept a small toy donkey on his windowsill. A tag hung around the donkey's neck. On it Brecht had written, "Even I must understand it." So there would, in the Dorotheen Cemetery, be occasion for hearty polemic with Professor Hegel. And in nearby graves there would be a phalanx of wives, mistresses, friends to give support: the bard of Stalinism and East German dourness, Johannes R. Becher; the composer Hanns Eisler; and three of the formidably gifted, harrowed women in Brecht's voracious life—Helene Weigel, Elisabeth Hauptmann, and Ruth Berlau. In short, there would be a kaffeeklatsch in eternity, of the sly, pugnacious kind that had kept Brecht going through the long night of the twentieth century.

As he tells us in one of his most famous poems, "I, Bertolt Brecht, came from the black forests. My mother carried me into the towns as I lay in her body." The particular town was Augsburg, the time February, 1898. Daily routine was idyllic and provincial. Völker is right in dwelling on the carnal zest of Brecht's early days—on the river frolics, student pranks, and easy lewdness of days and nights in and out of the *Gymnasium*. Brecht was not particularly handsome, but from early adolescence on he found women both willing and indispensable. Gifted men discover that women feel flattered by the frank ubiquity of their desire. Many of Brecht's sweetest and most acid lyrics speak of sex and the river; the lights that move on the water are always those of the Lech in Augsburg.

But if there was Arcadian nonchalance, there was, and again from early adolescence onward, a deep shrewdness. The trait is central to Brecht's genius and survivals. It is a sort of rural cunning—teasing, evasive, oddly incorruptible in its egotism. But it is more than that: it is a source of dispassionate and private strength peculiarly German, peculiarly apt for those who have had to think and create within a rigid and tragically vulnerable society. Luther had it, and so did Heidegger. Thus, world war was for the young Brecht little more than an extraneous impediment. It threatened the unfolding of his talents, it challenged, in a gross and lunatic manner, his utter commitment to vitality. Brecht sat it out, on medical grounds, until October, 1918. When conscription loomed inescapably, he hurriedly took up medical studies. After three weeks in barracks, he became a medical orderly in his beloved Augsburg. The Armistice was only days away. But this sage pacifism did not prevent Brecht from demanding the most faithful possible accounts of trench warfare from his less fortunate companions, such as Caspar Neher, later his stage designer and intimate collaborator. Genius drinks deep of other lives.

It also puts circumstance to eminent use. Shakespeare's achievements are inseparable from the special density of social, erotic, and political experience in London at the moment of transition from early-Tudor caution to Elizabethan prodigality. In an analogous way, the explosion of Brecht's talents is indivisible from the climate of the twenties in Munich and Berlin. Völker mentions the relevant events but does not bring to life their stormy complexity. Here the work of John Willett on Brecht and his background remains indispensable. Brecht plunged into a unique caldron of aesthetic and political ener-

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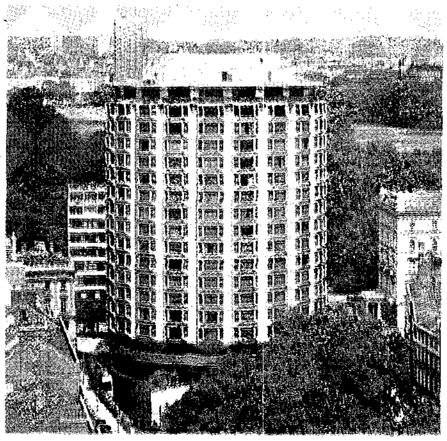

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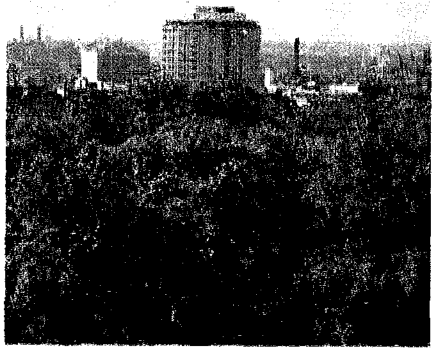

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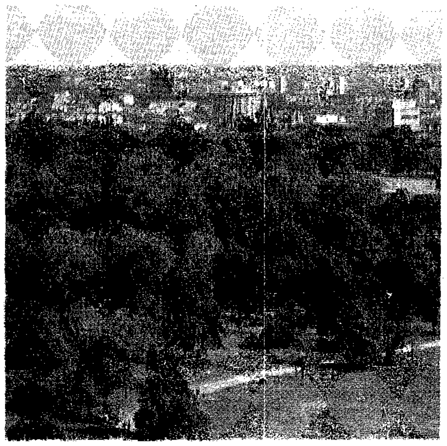

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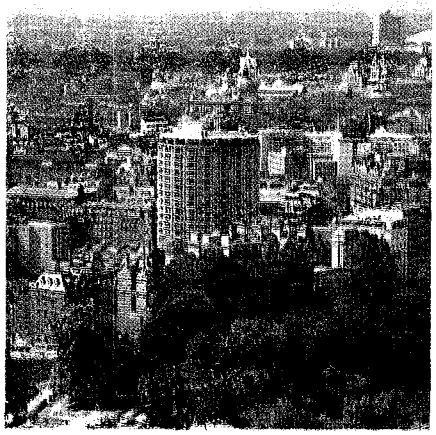

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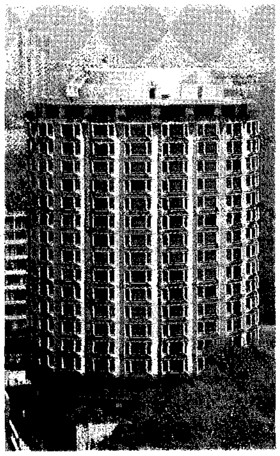

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gies: Dada and early Surrealism, the fireworks of the new cinema, the challenge from the anarchist and Communist left, the savage riposte by a defeated but vengeful military establishment, economic collapse and artistic boom. To the end of his career, Brecht would draw on the techniques of the cabaret and the boxing ring, of the circus and the athletic slapstick of the silent film. He would enlist the jazz rhythms and collages, the Fauve dramatizations and Cubist austerities which made up the kaleidoscope of the twenties and early thirties. "Baal" and "In the Jungle of the Cities" are virtuoso exercises in raw Expressionism, as are the drawings of George Grosz. "The Threepenny Opera," whose stormy première on August 31, 1928, catapulted Brecht and Kurt Weill to fame, and that much finer mock opera "Rise and Fall of the Town of Mahagonny" are unrepeatably cunning hybrids of the syncopations, exotica, sexy sweet-and-sour, and fascination with city lights which marked the years of inflation, crash, and approaching catastrophe. They are exactly as occasional—and, through the honest cynicism of their occasionality, exactly as timeless—as Picasso's "Demoiselles d'Avignon." In Brecht's studied garb—leather jacket, cloth cap—in the symbolic uses to which he put his steel-rimmed spectacles and large cigars, he remained a ringmaster and cabaret balladeer out of the world of Wedekind and Al Jolson. To the very last, the planes that passed overhead were to him the Spirit of St. Louis. (One of the first significant works ever written for radio was Brecht and Weill's cantata "The Flight of the Lindberghs," in which the plural stands for the forces of nature and the crowds that made the flight what it was.)

Weimar Berlin is the determinant factor in Brecht's Marxism. Here again, the Völker book, which was translated by John Nowell, is useful on the outward facts but not very penetrating. Brecht had observed the short life and ugly demise of the separatist Communist regime in Bavaria. In the period from 1926 to 1929, he read Marx and picked up a rough-and-ready usage of Marxist economic terms. From a characteristically safe window, he was a witness of the homicidal suppression of a Communist demonstration by the Berlin police, under its Social Democrat chief, on May Day, 1929. Outrage edged Brecht into the Communist Party.

Brecht's adherence was, however, an idiosyncratic posture from the outset, equally indigestible to the official Soviet cultural apparatus, to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, before which Brecht made a notorious appearance on October 30, 1947, and to the mummified mandarins who ruled East Germany after the war. What Brecht found in Marx was a genius for sarcasm matching his own, and an ability to derive a symbolic rhetoric and sweep of horizon from the nuts and bolts of things. Certain prophecies uttered by Marx or attributed to him by his followers—exactitudes in this regard did not trouble Brecht—seemed to make sense of the cycle of depression and world war. To proclaim oneself a Communist was to exasperate even further a bourgeois public and a bourgeois literary establishment which Brecht loathed (while making very sure that it paid him sharply negotiated rights and royalties). It was the loathing of the tyrannized schoolboy for the wax-collared pedagogue. It was the gut loathing of the factory hand for the upholstered boss. There was in Brecht's politics far more of anarchic bohemia, of ragged-trousered philanthropy and Rabelaisian malice, than there was of theoretical, Party-disciplined faith.

Völker is right when he says that Brecht sought in Communism not an ideological anchor but a work method, a practical aesthetic. And nothing could make him forsake idiosyncrasy, derision. Brecht's proposal for dealing with the East German popular risings of June 17, 1953—namely, that the regime ought to elect a new people—is a classic of anarchist wit. Walter Benjamin had noted, long before, "Whenever I refer to conditions in Russia, Brecht's comments are highly skeptical." So skeptical that Brecht hastened through the Socialist motherland as fast as the Trans-Siberian Railroad (first class) would carry him, to take up exile amid the doomed fleshpots of Santa Monica. So skeptical that Brecht, the panjandrum of East German literature, died with an Austrian passport in his pocket and a Swiss bank account for his royalties. In Brecht, cunning was the spring of life. Hence, one conjectures, the scratchy vehemence of his dislike for Kafka, in whom he sensed the absolute purity, the disinterestedness of the condemned. Kafka's outlook, confided Brecht to Benjamin, himself an eternal loser, "is that of a man caught under the wheels." Brecht had

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to ride the rails at times, but he was never under the wheels. He came through.

Herr Völker, who is co-editor of Brecht's complete works, provides a reliable account of the tortuous journey. Brecht and Helene Weigel fled to Prague on the day after the Reichstag fire. Thus began almost sixteen years of wandering and exile. Six were spent in America, mostly in California. Twenty-four hours after his testimony before the House committee, testimony that was characteristically oblique and sagacious, Brecht was on a flight home to Europe. He shopped around for a base in Switzerland and flirted seriously with the idea of settling in Austria. When he did return to the eastern sector of Berlin, on October 22, 1948, he did so pretty much on his own shrewd terms. Nevertheless, the atmosphere proved hard to take. It was "stinking provincial," and local bureaucrats were as myopic and self-inflated as Congressman J. Parnell Thomas and his colleagues had been. It took the success of the Berlin production of "Mother Courage and Her Children," in January, 1949, and the mounting evidence of Brecht's international celebrity to make life in the Chausseestrasse more generous. But not even the award of a Stalin Peace Prize, in 1954, made of Bert Brecht a comfortable luminary.

The inspired work of the Berliner Ensemble, whose tour of Western Europe turned out to be one of the revelations in the history of the theatre, was often received with indifference or frank distaste at home. The famous techniques of didacticism, of alienation, of epic movement bewildered or bored the local audience. Oppressed by the gray chicaneries of daily existence, East Berliners hungered for entertainment and reassurance. Brecht's needle showers gave them neither. Soon Brecht offered two wry observations: his most responsive public was coming over from the western half of the city, and he had wanted "too much Communism" to be acceptable among his own. At the same time, he sensed that he would be in a thoroughly false position if he emigrated once more, as other East German artists and writers were doing. Where else would the state underwrite the limitless rehearsal time, the experiments in staging, the high seriousness of repertoire which made of the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm the most supple, personally willed histrionic medium since Wagner's Bayreuth or the Moscow Art Theatre of Stanislavski?

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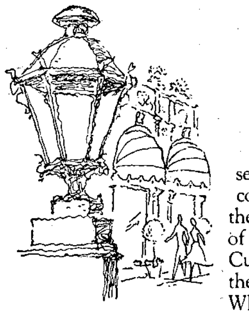

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Brecht believed, as did his great opponent the Marxist critic and philosopher Georg Lukács, that the horrors of Soviet Communism were horrors of stupidity, of historical bad luck. They had sprung from Russian backwardness and from the successive pressures of Hitlerism and the Cold War. As such, they were reparable. Even Stalinism contained within it, though in a perverted form, those germs of sacrificial will, of rational confidence which might transform the earth—a utopian view set out in the almost embarrassing prologue to "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" and given unforgivably gross, cruel expression in some of the didactic plays, such as "The Measure Adopted." The evils of American-style mercantile imperialism, on the other hand, seemed to Brecht irremediable. If these were allowed to pour their detergent flood across mankind, the planet would not recover. Brecht had hated California.

Brecht's peregrinations were heavy with domestic complications. It was rare that, at any given moment in his life, Brecht found himself involved sexually and intellectually with fewer than three women—more than once under a single roof. Both during his Scandinavian exile and in California, money was often desperately short. During his six years in the United States, Brecht worked on more than fifty film projects, treatments, scenarios. Only one was realized. Peter Lorre, Lion Feuchtwanger, Charles Laughton tried to help. Brecht acted as a script doctor. He collaborated with W. H. Auden on an adaptation of Webster's "Duchess of Malfi." (I saw this incandescent production; the Broadway playhouse was cold and almost empty.) Brecht came to know in every grubby particular the rival sycophancies, the internecine gossip, the sour pathos of refugee existence. He found literally unbearable the affluent serenities of his greatest living rival, Thomas Mann. The very young Brecht had already chosen Mann as the necessary target and enemy of his own ambitions. Now fate had thrown them up on the same antiseptic shore. When Brecht opted for East Germany, he was grimly aware that Thomas Mann had chosen Switzerland.

But the extraordinary fact is that wherever he was, and however meagre his circumstances, Brecht continued to pour out plays and poems at full pressure. He dragged his ménages after him. He ruthlessly exploited the devotion of his intimates. He cut his losses: he did not lift a finger when Carola Neher, an early flame—the Polly of

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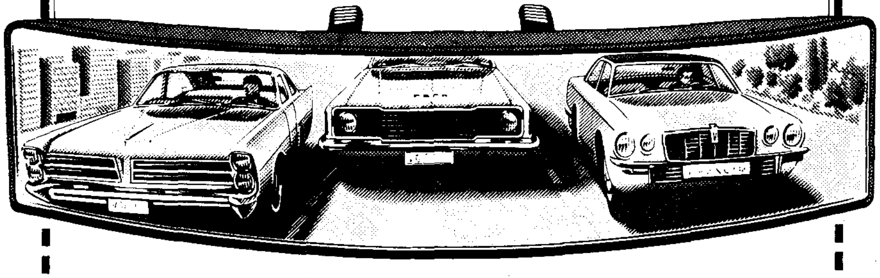

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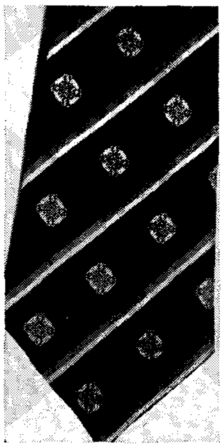

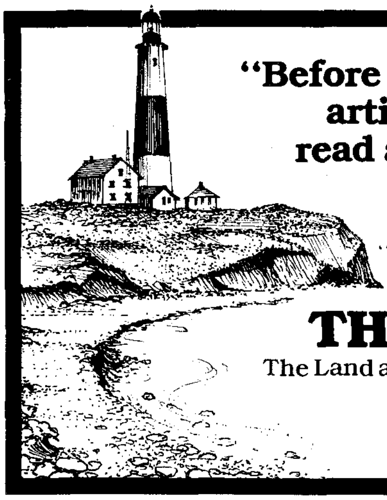

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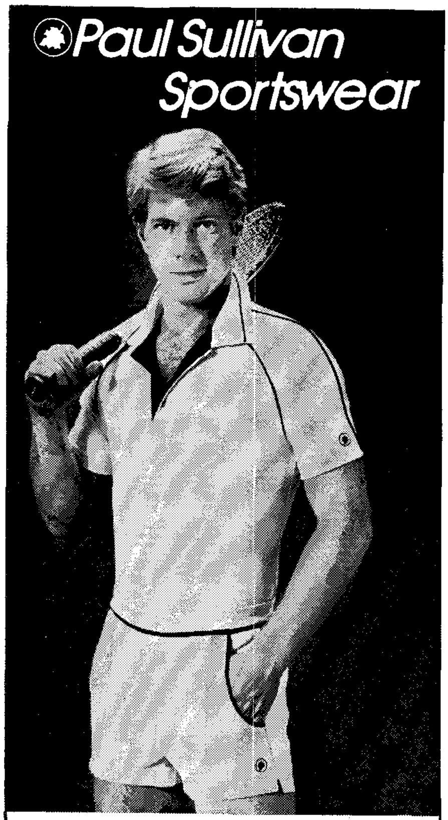
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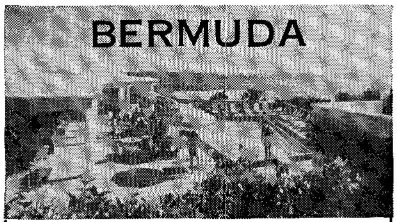
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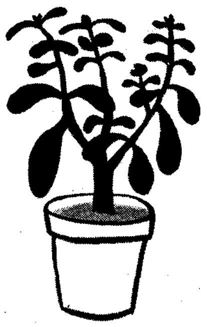
"The Threepenny Opera"—was arrested by the N.K.V.D. and shipped to her Arctic death. Brecht managed to make himself more or less immune to adversity. Craft and craftsmanship came together. Völker skates too lightly over the mendacities and indifference that marked Brecht's arts of survival.

But all the sly tenacities that made of Brecht a less than radiant person find embodiments of genius in his plays. Witness Puntila and his man; Azdak, of "The Caucasian Chalk Circle;" the enigmatically clever protagonist of "The Good Woman of Setzuan;" Brecht's Galileo, with his feline wisdom. What is there more important than survival, especially in the man-eating season of Hitler, of Stalin, of nuclear stalemate? This corner-of-the-mouth metaphysics attains supreme expression in the closing tableau of "Mother Courage." Her children bestially, uselessly done to death in a wasteland, Courage harnesses herself to her wagon. The stage begins to turn in an accelerating vortex of crazed misery. She opens her gaunt mouth as if to scream—as if to scream her anguish to the edges of the inhuman world. No sound comes; or, rather, what knifes across the theatre is the same terrible cry that comes from the torn mouth of the horse in Picasso's "Guernica." Courage starts pulling. There is brandy, and gunpowder from the same supply that killed her daughter perhaps, to be sold, and to be sold for profit, at the next charnel house. Her cry is the loudest silence that art has known since the broken scream of Cassandra in the House of Atreus. But whereas Cassandra's cry says death, the open mouth of Mother Courage trumpets life—at any obscene, self-mocking cost. One cannot return to the good old things, Brecht taught. One begins with the bad new ones. Each bloody morning.



As often happens with major writers and artists, Brecht has since his death undergone a partial eclipse. The Berliner Ensemble productions, once instinct with spontaneity, have more or less stiffened into academicism. Not very many of Brecht's plays are currently in the repertoire, even in Eastern Europe. (Or ought one to say particularly there?) Increasingly—and Brecht would have been the first to concur—the *Kitsch* magic of "The Threepenny Opera" and of "Mahagonny" are felt to be very much due to the inventions, to the ragtime fun and sorrows of Kurt Weill, one of the absurdly underrated masters of twentieth-century music. "Mack the Knife," "Alabama Song," "Surabaya Johnny," and Jenny's bloodcurdling ballad of the ship with eight sails haunt the imagination not so much for their cobbled, often derivative lyrics as for their tunes. Will they long survive the voice of Lotte Lenya? (How much of Britten's writing for voice will survive Peter Pears?) Brecht's plays, in turn, demand a discipline of executive style, an alertness to the honed poetry of argument ("the dialectic"), very difficult to achieve on and to communicate winningly from the commercial stage. Brecht himself always feared that this would be the case—that the spread of a Broadway-type dramaturgy and theatre economy would silence his works. Moreover, the aftertaste of the Stalin era, in all its direct and tangential manifestations, lingers sickeningly. Unavoidably, it clings to aspects of Brecht's career and achievements. Professional Cold Warriors and muddled liberals as well flinch from the man.

But can the stature of Brecht's work be seriously in doubt? What modern playwright can stand beside the creator of "Baal," of "Mother Courage," of "Galileo," of "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," to cite only the most evident masterpieces? No theatrical practice since Ibsen's can compare in the ability to transmute the life of thought into that of the human voice and body. None has produced a gallery of characters comparable in the pressure of their presentness. It is not fatuous to invoke the Shakespearean precedent when one thinks of Azdak, Grusche, Courage, or Galileo Galilei as Brecht conceived of him. What other twentieth-century dramatist, except Paul Claudel, would stand such comparison?

But it may be that the poetry is as enduring or even more so. Klaus Völker scarcely touches on this essential aspect. Now that the ballads, love lyrics, satires, mock pastorals, homilies, and political verse have been assembled, it is clear that Brecht was that very rare phenomenon a great poet for whom poetry is an almost everyday visitation and drawing of breath. Because Brecht's best poems are often so uncannily "natural" and so unobtrusive in their use of the pace of common speech, they are difficult to translate. But there is no doubt that the two great German poets of the first half of this century

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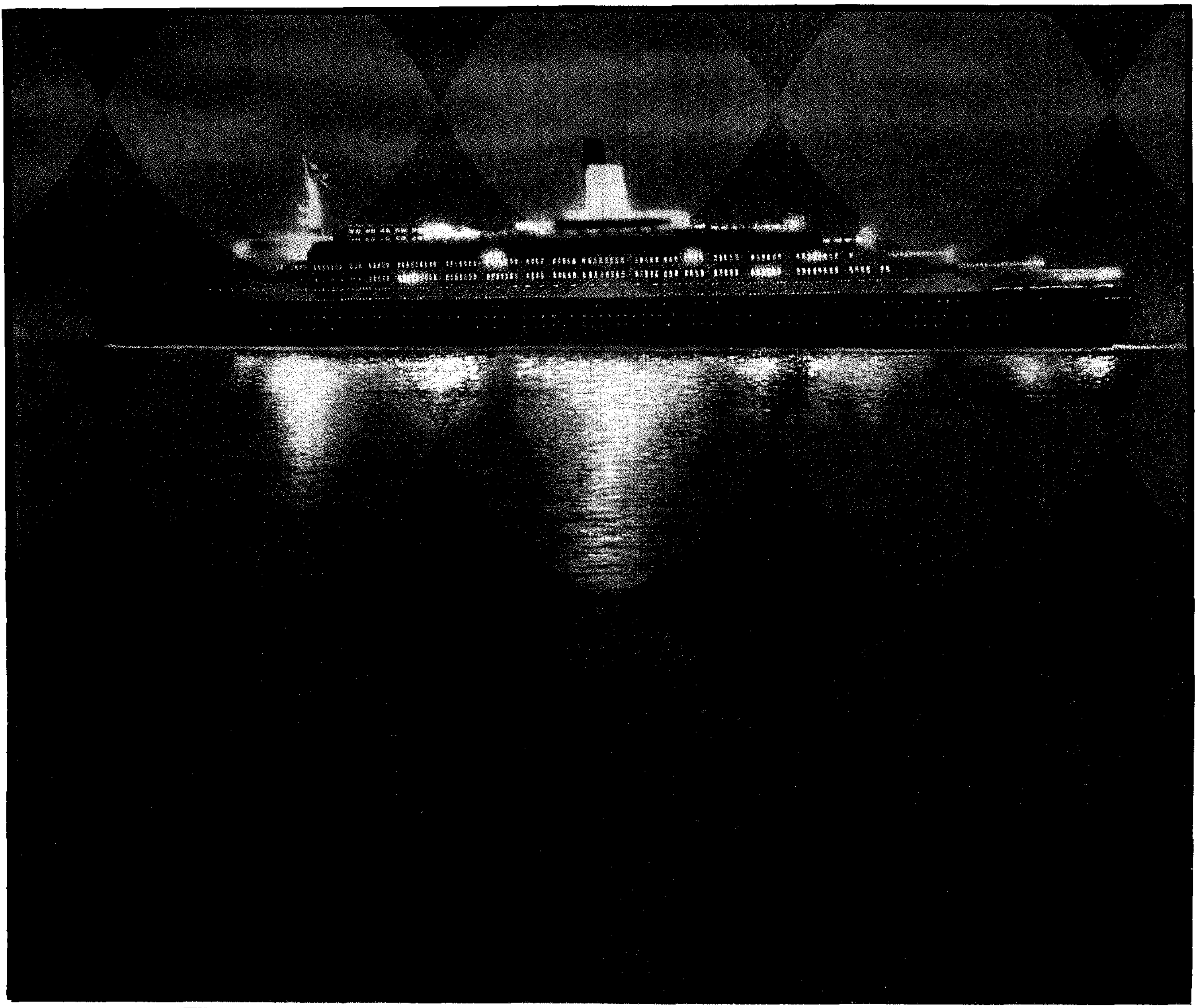

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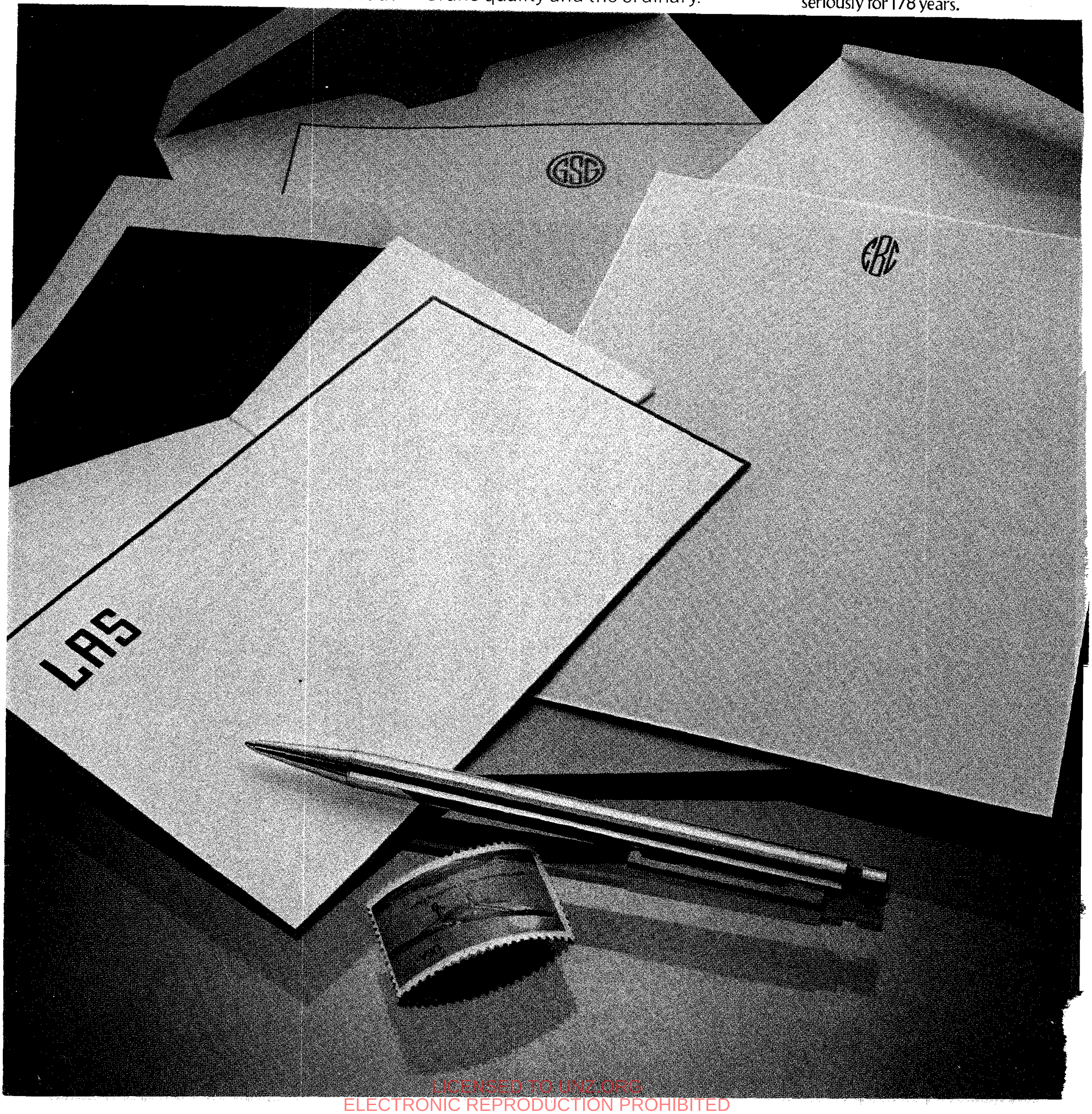

were Rilke and Brecht. And there are poems of love, of uncertain at-homeness in the landscapes of menace in which Brecht, the ironist and survivor from the black forests, touches as near to the heart of being as does the poet of the "Duino Elegies." For Bertolt Brecht, there are many lives still to come, as no doubt there are other, more probing biographies.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

An Accomplished Woman, by Nancy Price (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $8.95). A sort of modern American sequel to "La Nouvelle Héloïse," this is the story of Catherine, bright and beautiful, who was orphaned in infancy, in the nineteen-twenties, and was reared and educated by an indulgent young step-uncle named Thorn, who had been in love with Catherine's mother. Thorn is a naturalist, and from early childhood Catherine shares his scientific curiosity and helps him with his research. Her precocity surprises occasional visitors to their isolated house; if they present her with a doll, she may answer with an embarrassed "Thank you," and then offer a discourse on butterfly cocoons. Catherine and Thorn become lovers, of course, but the reincarnation of mother in daughter disturbs Thorn as much as it excites him, and when Catherine reaches college age Thorn finds reason to return to France (where he was raised), and then disappears during the Second World War. Being innocent of the sexual stereotypes that everyone else takes for granted, Catherine is unpopular with her giggly peers, but her cool self-reliance serves her well in the long run. Nancy Price's account of Catherine's efforts to remain true to herself, without and then with both money and marriage, is not entirely successful—fifteen years are accounted for with little of the elegant detail that illuminates the earlier pages—but curiosity about Thorn and the possible reunion of two altered people will keep most readers attentive to the end.

GENERAL

The Warsaw Diary of Adam Czerniakow: Prelude to Doom, edited by Raul Hilberg, Stanislaw Staron, and Josef Kermisz; translated from the Polish by Stanislaw Staron and the staff of *Yad Vashem* (Stein & Day; $16.95). The author of this diary, a Polish Jew, was an engineer prominent in public affairs who, after the fall of Poland in 1939, was selected by the Germans to head the Jewish Council of Warsaw. This was an organization invented by the occupying power which, in time, managed another creation of the Nazis, the Warsaw Ghetto. Czerniakow's diary, meticulously factual and nonetheless moving, closes just before his suicide, on July 23, 1942. That was the day the Germans, who had repeatedly assured him—even as late as July 20th—that they contemplated no change in policy, began deporting the inhabitants of the ghetto to the camp at Treblinka. Czerniakow did not think of himself as either a hero or a historian, but his diary shows him as both. It also illuminates German occupation policy during the Second World War. The Germans began by being "correct;" pleading the necessities of war, they imposed nefarious policies but executed them consistently and, for the most part, politely. The Poles, by contrast, erupted in anti-Semitic violence—pogroms, looting, random beatings, calculated robbery; in Warsaw, the Germans often appeared as the Jews' protectors. Then, too, the Germans told Czerniakow that Europe's Jews would be resettled in Madagascar after the war, and it appears that his informants believed what they told him. Conditions worsened bit by bit, and one can see from Czerniakow's day-by-day record that every German victory was followed by another degree of brutality: the ghetto walls were not built until France fell, the "Final Solution" was not decided upon until early in 1942, when German power seemed everywhere irresistible and the United States seemed to have no navy. Though Czerniakow, of course, did not know of that German decision, he felt its effects: German Jews, expelled from their native land, and gypsies, too, began arriving in Warsaw's shrunken, starving ghetto. In short, the German occupiers edged their atrocities forward one step at a time, never pushing further than they thought they could get away with. Nazism, Czerniakow tells us, was not ignorance but calibrated wickedness.

The Journey Through Wales/The Description of Wales, by Gerald of Wales, translated from the Latin by Lewis Thorpe (Pen-

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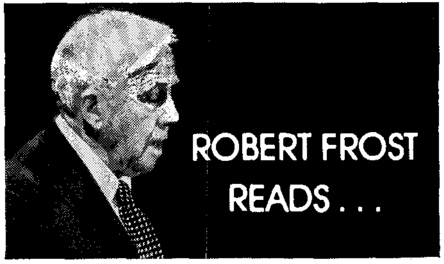

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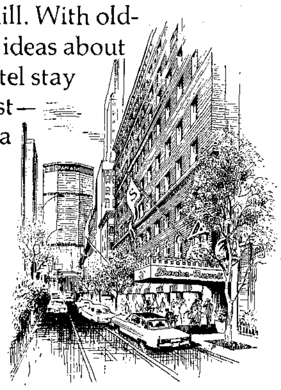
guin; $3.95). Gerald of Wales, one-quarter Welsh and three-quarters Norman, was Archdeacon of Brecon when, in 1188, he travelled with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, to preach the Third Crusade in the recently subjugated Welsh territories. Though Gerald has been mined by other chroniclers, this is the first reliable translation of his medieval-Latin text, and it is a delight. Like many another medieval writer, Gerald knows the classics intimately, and quotes them often; what he lacks of the classic spirit is the sense of form—he zigzags and wanders and meanders. Gerald knew the English King Henry II and the sons who succeeded him, Richard and John—indeed, he went to Ireland as John's chaplain—and he also saw the drawbacks of Welsh society, yet he was critical of these rulers and of their administration of the conquered land. He does like fighting, though; he records any feat of valor and every feat of brutality. He is witty, and a great appreciator of jokes and wit, and extremely astute about human motivation. In fact, he is so sharp that we wonder whether he believes everything he tells us about miracles, prodigies of faithful dogs, idiosyncrasies of wild-animal behavior, and the rest.

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY: A BIOGRAPHY OF JULIA WARD HOWE, by Deborah Pickman Clifford (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $15). Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910), author of the stirring "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was the daughter of a rich New York City banker whose evangelical religion almost smothered her in negatives: no balls, no opera (though Julia always loved music), and no parties outside the family—not to mention practically no formal education, because she was a girl. Her husband, Samuel Gridley Howe, the famous New England reformer and teacher of the handicapped, not only lost most of his wife's inheritance but loaded her down with new prohibitions: no existence apart from his, and no ideas about, say, philosophy or art. Remarkably, this attractive woman remained merry and creative and gave herself a formidable education. (In her old age, a grandchild heard her giggle as she translated "The Cat and the Fiddle" into classical Greek.) Though Mrs. Howe's published verse was rarely distinguished, her dedication to every good



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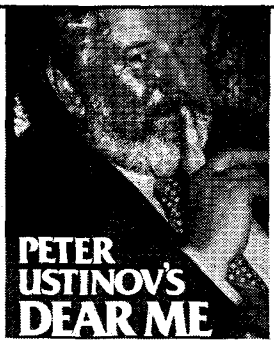

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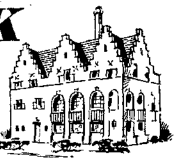

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cause, from abolition on, gave her, in time, the status of a national heroine. Her eminence was due to goodness, but the pleasure of this book is her unquenchably high spirits.

The South Fork: The Land and the People of Eastern Long Island, by Everett T. Rattray (Random House; $10). The South Fork (settled in 1640) is that part of outermost Long Island known to its numerous summer visitors and to the metropolitan press that follows their holiday high jinks as "the Hamptons," but it is the natural history and the ingrained character of the South Fork, and not the fashionable Hamptons, that are celebrated here. The celebration is an eloquent one. Mr. Rattray, publisher of the weekly East Hampton *Star* (founded 1885), is a member of an old East Hampton family, and he grew up, a bright and attentive listener, in the cultural richness of a wide circle of ruminative, storytelling relatives. From these oral historians, from much out-of-the-way reading, and from his own experience and sharp reportorial observation, he has drawn a portrait of a place that captures both its uniqueness and its universality—a portrait that brings agreeably to mind A. C. Greene's masterly evocation of West Texas, "A Personal Country." Illustrated with drawings and with an endpaper map by Peter Dohanos.

Barnett Newman, by Harold Rosenberg (Abrams; $45). Essentially, this is a lavishly illustrated picture book, with the bulk of this Abstract Expressionist painter's work reproduced in decent to first-rate color, and with all phases and facets of his art laid out with a magisterial straightforwardness. In addition to the plates, there are many biographical documents on and photographs of the chunky, dressy, monocle-wearing artist, who was the opposite of camera-shy. Accompanying these is a long essay that is less a biography of the painter or an assessment of his work than a presentation—and defense—of the notion that modern art can be about "lofty ideas and exalted passions." Mr. Rosenberg's text is often exasperating. He takes too many of Newman's rhetorical, grandiloquent sayings at face value, and he labors his point that Newman has been misunderstood—and trivialized—by his critics and the public, who mistakenly see his work in strictly aesthetic or biographical terms. And yet, in its over-all effect the

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essay is undeniably stirring. Regardless of how accurate a presentation of Newman one feels it to be, one believes in the bigness of Rosenberg's vision, his belief—expressed in an unfussy yet delicately chiselled prose—that the work of an artist can form "an event that combines the heroic, the pathetic, the philosophical, the aesthetic."

NEW YORK ETCHINGS (1905-49), by John Sloan, edited by Helen Farr Sloan (Dover; $4). John Sloan made a large number of prints on a variety of subjects, but those of New York life, brought together by his widow in this simple, handsomely designed book, are his best-known. At his height, in the 1925 "Snowstorm in the Village"—a nighttime view of the Jefferson Market Courthouse and the Sixth Avenue "L" during a raging snow—he gives us one of the most majestic and endearing images we have of old New York, and also an etching in which he pitted his skill and energies against the work of those master printmakers of the past whom he admired so much. In the majority of the other prints here—vignettes of people browsing in art galleries, sleeping on rooftops on hot summer nights, squabbling on the street—the poetry is of a more blustery and O. Henryish sort; these images have a mild, Christmas-card charm. The more than sixty prints are serviceably reproduced (with some muddied exceptions), and beneath each are comments by Sloan himself—brief, casual remarks about what the scene meant to him or how he made the plate.

NOTE: Whitney Balliett's "American Singers," a collection of pieces that first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Oxford ($10).... "The Pendulum and the Toxic Cloud," by Thomas Whiteside, has been published by Yale ($15). Much of the contents originally appeared in these pages.

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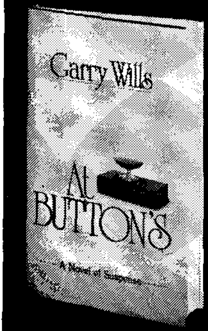

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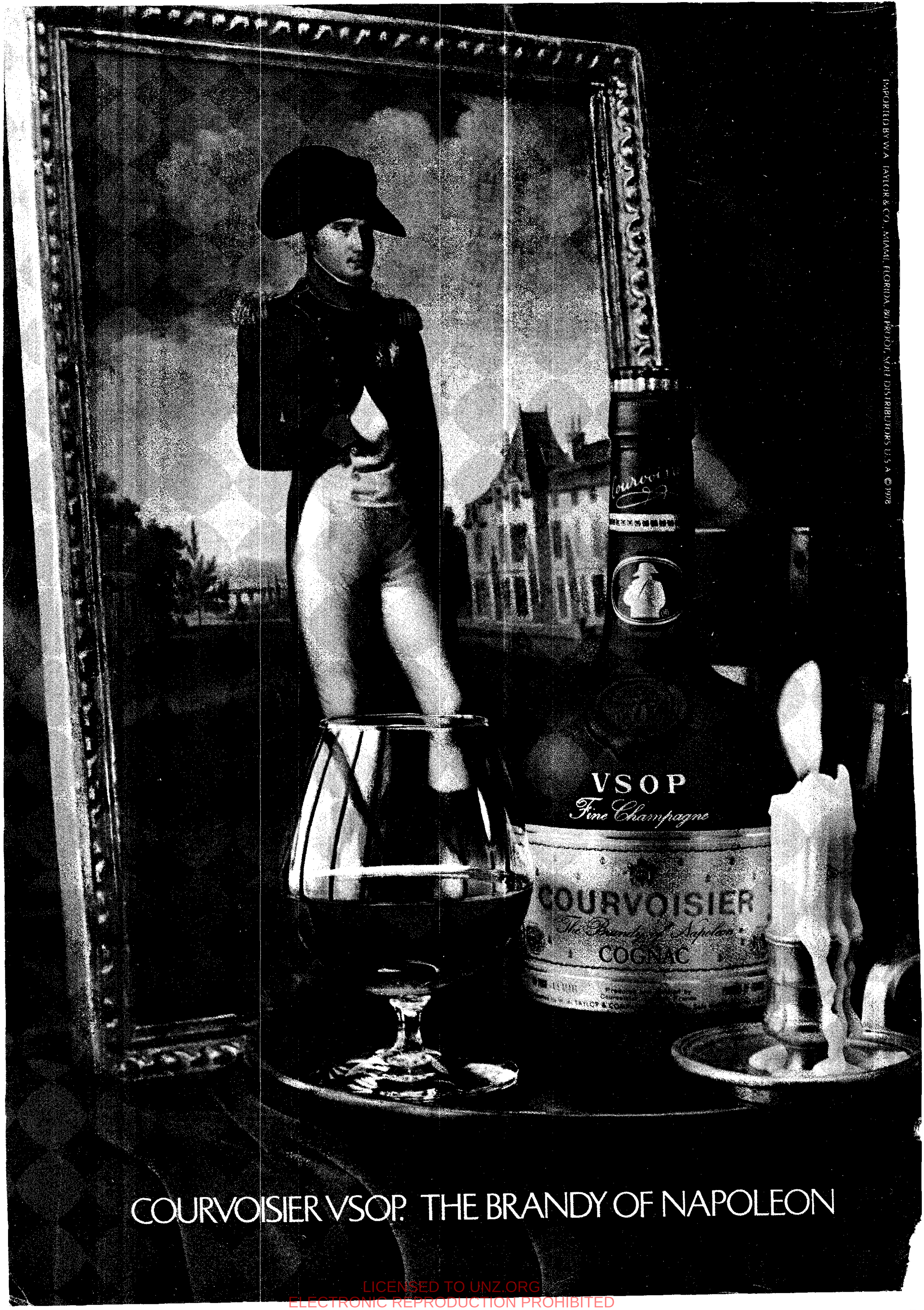
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